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T H E
M A N N E R S
OF THE
A G E:

IN THIRTEEN
M O R A L S A T I R S.

W R I T T E N
With a Design to expose the Vicious and
Irregular Conduct of BOTH SEXES, in
the various Pursuits of Life.

*Falsus Honos juvat, & mendax infamia terret
Quem, nisi Mendosum, & Mendacem? HOR.*

L O N D O N :
Printed for JER. BATLEY, at the Dove in
Pater-noster Row. M,DCC,XXXIII.

THE
MANNERS
OF THE
A. G. E.



The Manners of the Age.

S A T I R I.

Inscrib'd to

The Reverend Dr. T O U N G.

— *In vitium libertas excidit, & vim*
Dignam lege, regi —

Hor.

FORGIVE me, sacred bard, if I aspire,
Without thy art, to touch thy hallow'd lyre;
Part of thy muse's lawrel proudly claim,
Fond of thy subject, tho' I want thy fame;
With her own fools I treat our isle again,
The lumber and the leavings of thy pen;

* A volume in *octavo*, quite too small

To rail at half, much less to hold 'em all;
Which, *Hydra*-like, lop'd off by thee before,
Shoot up afresh, and multiply the more;
Rout 'em this hour, they come the next in play,
Like mushrooms, sprung, and perfect in a day;
Infest the bar, the senate and the pit,
The throne of wisdom, and the seats of wit.

In vain her friendly ink correction spills,
While folly sprouts as fast as satire kills!
Three *Wrongheads*, vanquish'd in the page before,
Astound'd, in the next to find 'em four.

Disdain not then the muse, tho' weak her might,
Who dares appear thy second in the fight;
Tho' much thy arm has done, yet, ah! believe
More left behind, for others to achieve;
The gleanings of thy fruitful field, not small,
With pains and patience cou'd we pick up all.
One Race extinct, as busy and as bold
New vanities each year succeed the old;

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Bloom in the box, our drawing-rooms, and quires;
The sons, in every look, how like their fires;
The mask and fertile ring, kind modern schools;
That flock us, when we dread a death of fools;
Which, bound to bless us with a long increase,
Take wondrous pains the line shou'd never cease;
Friends to the lov'd succession, who with care
Provide, no folly dies without an heir;
With brothers stock'd, shou'd *Phœbus* in a rage
Of the great *laureat*, rob the present age.

Too weak their single pow'r to guard their right,
Poets, like petty monarchs, shou'd unite;
Of some superior rival's arm afraid,
Be wise in time, and call in foreign aid:
The task to bards confed'rate does belong,
To combat foes in force and forehead strong;
In the dire battle, daring to appear
Vice in the front, and madness in the rear;
In vain the one retreats, the other flies,
Kind courts and camps still sending fresh supplies:

To day the legions routed by our pen,
 Entire, to-morrow, charge and close again;
 While puns and prattle join in their defence,
 And beaux with ladies club their kindred sense;
 Their ardent zeal attest, and genius prove,
 To guard each dear simplicity they love.
 While fresh recruits their batter'd squadrons fill,
 Detach'd each eye from hazard and quadril;
 Troops rushing on, the combat to renew,
 From senate some, and some from counters too.
 Ambitious leaders, who in fame advance
 As they improve in dress, in song, and dance;
 By each judicious hero deem'd unfit,
 That reason shou'd usurp the rights of wit;
 That sense and vertue should a conquest gain,
 And triumph o'er the vicious and the vain.

Oh did thy genius thy own theme inspire,
 Touch'd with thy heat, and glowing with thy fire;
 No more, instead of sense, shou'd sound persuade;
 Reality less lov'd and priz'd than shade;

Strip'd

Strip'd of truth's garb, delusion shou'd appear;
 Nor vertue, with a sigh, the scorner hear;
 With penitence o'erwhelm'd, remorse, and shame,
 Guilt shou'd no longer smile, or pride defame;
 Deep in each heart the satir shou'd descend,
 Make *W*——n blush, and harden'd *D*——
 Its power acknowledg'd, and its point confess;
 Dart pangs and horror through the impious breast;
 Reclaim'd, or else amaz'd, each period read
 With pain or fear, with sadness, or with dread;
 Scarce more afraid of their own thoughts;
 To terrify that guilt it cannot cure.

As those who to the throne their smiles convey,
 Gain by the gift more honour than they pay;
 So when I own my self thy muse's friend,
 I only with more art my self commend;
 On the reflexion of thy worth I live;
 And praising thee, enjoy the praise I give;
 Since to applaud thy verse, and sing thy fame,
 Is but ambition, veild with friendship's name;

511

A pride

A pride that wears good-nature's fair disguise,
To think with kings— extol thee with the wise;
Tho' great Examples *Britain* now displays,
Where prudence governs, and where virtue sways;
By pride or ignorance misled, how few
Reject the *fatal*, or the *fair* pursue?
From pleasures, purchas'd with a sigh, refrain;
Begun in shame, and sure to end in pain?
Slaves to our own, and oft another's will,
We court vain shadows, charm'd and cheated still;
Fond of those paths that wisdom bids us shun,
By our own wretched choice, how oft undone?

Pity, soft partner of the *British* throne,
Your piety should bless your self alone;
So few your virtues prize, who own your sway,
Less fond to imitate, than to obey!
Of what you boast, they but behold a part;
Fir'd with your glory, strangers to your heart;
That sanctity of life! a lov'd renown
You nobly rate above your birth or crown:

Did

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Did those, before your sacred throne who bend,
Transcribe your worth, as well as fame attend;
Vertue wou'd soon her ancient power regain,
Falshood a blush, and guilt inspire a pain;
Your sex instructed their own hearts to fear,
Smiling no more at crimes, that claim a tear;
This verse had then been lost — or willing praise
Adorn'd each page, where satir now inveighs.

What else has *Britain* left the bold to awe,
Or combat vice, too hard, or close for law?
The friend of vertue daring to appear,
When courts are silent, and when pulpits fear;
When justice waves her blunted sword in vain,
Or winks at crimes she trembles to arraign;
Lolls on her reverend couch in downy ease,
Fond to absolve — and fearful to displease;
Seeming, as in her giddy trance she lies,
A power depriv'd of hands, as well as eyes;
Her sentence, by another's will, defin'd,
And lame in all her acts, as well as blind.

Where-

Where'er we look, the scenes that round appear
Draw from the wife a censure, or a tear;
Which man, howe'er debas'd, can never view,
Without a share of pain, and pity too.
Gay slavery, treach'rous friendship, gentle spite,
False tears, triumphant guilt, and injur'd right;
Obsequious looks, that throw the keenest dart,
Vows that deceive, and smiles that gall the heart;
Hate, when most cruel, most obliging still;
Fraud that wou'd kiss, good-nature that wou'd kill;
Blushes and coyness in coquets and prudes;
Birth that is base, and honour that deludes.
Falsehood and guilt, aspiring to renown,
And smooth-tongu'd treason writing for the crown.
In vertue's cause, if others dread the fight,
Let fatir arm—the muse assert her right;
The goddess on her sacred throne maintain,
Scourge of the base, and terror to the vain.

Say then, who first shall feel her venom'd sting?
That flattering, false, delusive hiding thing

Hypocrisy,

Hypocrisy, shall first the shaft abide,
Her power as ample as her empire wide;
Tutor'd by art, who feign'd emotions feels,
Prays in the rake, and in the wanton kneels;
A courtier's to be false, and to delude
Assumes the pious visage of a prude;
In guile and fraud instructed to excel,
A cowl her garb—her dearest lodge a cell,
When most enrag'd, most still her passion sleeps;
Sedate in wrath, and while she murders, weeps:
All friendship, when she acts a treach'rous part;
Love on her brow, perdition in her heart;
The veil she takes, when purpos'd to beguile,
The smooth profession, and the artful smile;
Her soft address, from kind good-nature took;
From courtesy, her manners, air, and look;
Without a solemn vow her power still weak;
Which 'ere she breathes, she first resolves to break.
Drest in a fair disguise, all ranks we view;
Truth prais'd by many, practis'd but by few.

That love and hate which in each bosom reign,
 Mankind may sometimes feel, but oftner feign.
 Passion's no more the picture of the mind,
 Where treason flatters, and where rage is kind;
 Where smooth revenge conceals her bloody will,
 And takes the fondest look, when arm'd to kill;
 Can for your safety vow, and pray and weep,
 When it designs the thrust thou'd be more deep.

When does the soul its real thoughts impart;
 The tongue unfold the language of the heart?
 Seeming so near, how vast a distance lies
 Between the treach'rous soul, and gentle eyes?
 Taught, for a foe, a soft concern to wear,
 And, when he falls, to drop the largest tear
 Pity'd his lost command, and new disgrace,
 By whom? The friend that push'd him out of place!

On *Cinna's* cheek behold the finish'd leer,
 The oily courtier grafted on the peer!
 As you approach, he reaches out his hand
 The first, to know the service you command;

Impatient

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Impatient, till you point him out the way,
 Past friendships with a present post, to pay
 You ask—he smiles—‘ For that, let me alone;
 ‘ The king, you know, and I, have long been one;
 ‘ Attend no other levee, sure of me,
 ‘ My heart did ever with my hand agree;
 ‘ The place you ask is yours—I know ’twill do,
 ‘ If you can wait one post—at furthest two!
 ‘ The court, each week, has vacant seats and stalls,
 ‘ And this may serve you—till a better falls,
 ‘ With T——’s staff I know the queen is vex’d;
 ‘ How pleas’d to think your turn is to be next!
 ‘ Fortune, long cruel, makes me now amends,
 ‘ That, by her smile, I thus can serve my friends;
 ‘ To touch a salary, the joy but small,
 ‘ Obliging those we like and prize—is all.
 The fav’rite bows—and thanks him for his fame;
 And Cinna in two hours—forgets his name.
 The self-same honour, ’ere the farce is o’er,
 Engag’d for one, now promis’d to a score!

Who all enjoy at home a blissful rest,
Enrich'd by dreams, and by delusions blest.

Genteel, tho' courts and custom make the way,
To sooth the wretch you purpose to betray;
Yet who are those, who humbly ask your leave,
Themselves, with equal cunning, to deceive?
Who for a shade with peace and honour part;
For sighs, the transport of an upright heart.
Gay gaudy slaves! in close subjection still
To the proud dictates of a master's will;
To which, with smiles, their freedom they resign,
Man's chiefest good—that earthly gift *divine*—
What the great blessings purchas'd in its stead?
A richer night-gown, and a softer bed:
Claret, perhaps, their wine, instead of port;
To live a fool's disdain, or tyrant's sport;
While their false cheek does all its passions feign,
Their tongue applauding what their hearts disdain;
Engag'd by duty the mean servile train
To bear the yoke, nor yet confess the pain;

How

How great the wonder, and the joy exprest
At the dull story, or the luscious jest ;
To the leud tale oblig'd to lend an ear,
Vertue, without a blush, can never hear.

What is dependance! tho' on courts and kings?
The first and keenest of all fortune's stings;
A shaft select the power celestial throws
At the most hated of her earthly foes!
The bane of truth, extinction of all thought,
And gay distress by fools and madmen bought:
'Tis peace to quit, and honour to resign,
As others guide, to hope, rejoice, or pine;
To part with that the soul esteems most dear,
From her own self to triumph or to fear!
'Tis oft to praise, conscience our guide no more,
What we detest— and curse what we adore:
To flight those gifts, which only can adorn,
And bend before the haughty eye we scorn;
Yet might we all depend, yet still be free,
If, *Richm--nd*, all the proud would copy thee;
Pleas'd

Pleas'd from thy glory often to descend,
The peer, a name less valu'd than the friend.

Give me, with freedom crown'd, ye Gods, to dwell
In the low cottage, or the humble cell ;
To range each gloom in solitude alone,
Shut from the world, unknowing, and unknown ;
While roots and herbs my wholesome food supply,
My drink the limpid stream that murmurs nigh :
By frugal nature's bounty cloath'd and fed,
My canopy the clouds, and moss my bed ;
Where fame ne'er woos, and glory never fires ;
Lord of my self, and of my own desires ;
If blest with these, my great possession still,
I yet retain my reason and my will !
Free to disdain, each blessing lost beside,
The fool's rebuke, and haughty scorner's pride ;
Heard with contempt, releas'd from slavery's bands,
What folly dictates, or what pride commands ;
Pleas'd from a height superior to look down,
And smile, when greatness awes, or titles frown.

Yet

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Yet see, what crowds to birth ignobly bend,
And the throng'd levees of the proud attend;
A race, resolv'd to rob themselves of rest,
For ever banter'd, yet for ever blest:
Who on the richness of a promise thrive,
Sustain'd by sound, by vapours kept alive;
Grow, on a patron's smile, plump, smooth, and fair,
Fatt'ning, camelion-like, on wholesome air.

Why dwells that Joy on *Pedro's* ravish'd brow?
Last night he carried home a courtier's vow!
To live, of such a solid bliss possess,
Soft were his slumbers, and his dreams were blest!
Fortune forgiv'n the tricks she long had play'd,
Each debt now fully clear'd, and mortgage pay'd;
Genteel the food, he feasts himself a-while
On the large bounty of his lordship's smile;
Whose well-seign'd courtesy, and gentle look,
By his fond eye for real love mistook;
His beating heart with every comfort cheer,
His cordial and support, at least a year!

Which

Which hoarded close each night within his breast,
 Inspire the softest joy, and sweetest rest;
 Can *Pedro* dread HIS friendship will decay,
 Who twich'd him by the sleeve last publick day?
 Distrust his truth, or want of honour fear,
 Whisp'ring so often *nothing* in his ear?
 Nay sometimes, in a kind assurance loud,
 To make him more the envy of the croud;
 Granting, his friendship further to avow,
 To others but a nod, to him a bow.

Of heaven what blessings more can *Pedro* seek?
 Six promises — and all within a week!
 One clears his manners dipt — on t'other five,
 Distrest before, his sons and daughters thrive!
 This is *Tom's* fortune, that is *Ned's* estate,
 A third invites a 'squire to marry *Kate*;
 The three still left, and all but fair, a hoard
 To stock his cellar, and enrich his board;
 For who, the lord of so much wealth, wou'd dine,
 One day, without his woodcocks, and his wine?

With

With such a treasure, starve on wretched port,
Sure to succeed, the next remove at court;
Already, in his own presaging mind,
His patent granted, or commission sign'd;
With his new title, and gilt coach inspir'd,
His liv'ries purchas'd, and his lacquies hir'd;
His bosom's tortur'd with one only care,
How to secure his honours to his heir:
To teach him, like his fire, before he dies,
The art, to live as wealthy and as wise:
Griev'd, to the youth he only can transmit
His name and arms, but not his sense and wit.

Tho' oft deluded by the proud and great,
As oft our shame and sorrow we repeat;
Think against reason, against sense believe;
Nor view our weakness, nor our error grieve;
Nor wiser made by anguish or despair,
We see the cheat, yet plunge into the snare;
By pride and passion hurried on to ill,
The looks of glory fair, but fatal still.

With peace, and with content, our choice to part,
For what? the sadness of a tortur'd heart!
Except a long repentance, nothing pay'd
For age advancing, and for youth decay'd;
Remorse and pain, our never-falling lot,
For hopes deferr'd, and treacherous vows forgot;
Yet pleas'd, all other lengths of folly run,
To bless the smile, by which we are undone!
A rapture in the midst of woes to feign,
To feel the pressure, yet adore the chain:
For falshood and perfidious smiles, resign'd
The calm and gladness of a free-born mind.
Can phrensy yet exceed, or rise more high?
These only begg'd delusions, others buy!
And think the charge with wisdom they defray,
Who bribe for glory, and for *virtues* pay.
In justice theirs, each honour which they hold,
Their merits, like their manners, bought with gold.
If sense, or wit, or courage for his heir,
Centronius buys, the purchase must be fair:

Whate'er

Whate'er the fire laid out, the son may claim,
By equity, its weight in legal fame;
Or force him, if his author should withdraw
Th' applause he bought, to reason, by the law.

Patrons with writers now by cov'nant treat,
The value fixt for being good or great;
Vertue and worth at proper rates they prize,
The sum agreed on, to be learn'd or wife;
All know the cost, and pay what others gave;
Prudes to be chaste, and cowards to be brave;
The charge is fixt to make a statesman just,
Nuns modest, guardians upright in their trust:
Courtiers in prayer and penitence delight,
The pedant learned, and the fop polite;
How much the price to smooth a wrinkled face;
Give a cit conscience, or a gamester grace;
The wanton, chastity; the aged, charms;
Birth to a knight, who bought, last month, his arms.
The harlot's cheek with blushes to adorn,
Or make town-ladies masks for *matting* scorn.

Smooth factors now their stated auctions hold,
 Where virtues, just like other wares, are sold;
 Draw Bills of credit, the rich debtor pays,
 For value he receiv'd in lawful praise.
 In life, tho' few are equal in their fame,
 In Dedications, all are much the same;
 Taught in the self-same colours to display,
 The wise and weak — a C — r and a G — y.
 One stock of virtue, innocence and grace,
 Blooming in F — ke's look, and Felton's face.
 Her fame long lost, each *British* vestal sure,
 Before a volume, to be always pure.

Here criticks taste; young heirs discretion buy;
 For if fools want it, flatterers can supply:
 Let age bid high to tempt their venal quill,
 Deformity shall please, and wrinkles kill;
 From rheums and rottenness shall arrows fly,
 And B — y, be as keen as R — nd's eye.
 For wealth ill-got, the miser's heart shall grieve;
 Tind — l like gowns, and Woolf — n's self believe;

Blunt

Blunt for his uprightness a heaven obtain,
And *Bambrage* live a foe to bribes and gain;
The guilty by impiety shall mend,
And * *Mandevill* expire religion's friend.

Past cruel ages knew not to supply
Those needful gifts, so many wish'd to buy!
Each artist forc'd, no wisdom sold or bought,
To know a little of the arts he taught.
When worth by purchase was not understood,
And saints must have some virtue, to be good;
When those who wore a sword, to prove their right,
Before they cou'd be warriors, first must fight;
When statesmen without skill cou'd ne'er succeed;
And templars studying, were oblig'd to read.
Great wits, and clerks, to fame 'ere fully known,
Forc'd to have parts and genius of their own;
When sixty wou'd the bloom of youth impair,
And nymphs must boast some beauty, to be fair!
Truth, justice, courage, willing to acquire,
When dealers well-dispos'd cou'd seldom hire;

* The supposed Author of *The Fable of the Bees*.

Conscience then needful to discharge a trust,
Faith, to be true; and honour, to be just.

For what are large estates, and manners lent,
If vertues cannot be attain'd with rent?

From fortune's largest gifts minute the gains,
If farms, oh * * * *, cannot purchase brains!

If wealth to wit no longer is a friend,
Nor does our fame improve, or morals mend;

From arms, and blood, if genius does not flow,
To heaven how little does vain grandeur owe!

How small its boast, if not to draw from thence
A Pellh^am's glory, or a R^{ich}m^end's sense!

If leases cannot buy a H[—]y's smile,
The fame of Y^eng, or courage of Ar^zyle.

His riches lent him only to amuse,
If his own merits *Hermes* cannot chuse;

When needed most, no friendly market nigh;
To sell that honour, which he wants to buy!

To us how hard a lot does heaven dispense,
Who wear no titles, to inspire our sense;

'Scutcheons,

'Scutcheons, nor arms, to make our wisdom known;
Forc'd to be good—— with virtues of our own.
To purchase worth, no sums upon our shelves;
The little fame we boast, we give ourselves.
In genius and in parts wou'd *Nisus* shine,
If his estate were just as much as mine!
Who in dispute, prest by a rival fore,
Fetches his answers from his rich scrutore;
The lord, of wealth enough to argue strong,
And be, whene'er he pleases, in the wrong.
When near a foil, his *India* bonds he shows,
To prove his learning, and confound his foes.
These aid the sage, new glories to acquire,
And give him reason, conquest, sense and fire;
With a large fortune now, and freedom, blest
To chuse what faith, or church, he likes the best.
To bind his conscience to one creed, unfair,
Who has been sheriff once, and may be mayor.
Forgive the muse, who tries thy height to soar;
Fond of that fame, which thine has reach'd before;

Enough

Enough for her, with fainter rays to shine,
A praise, to-claim a glory next to thine;
To shade her forehead, no reproach at all,
With the loose leaves, which from thy laurel fall.

That sacred verse with virtue might conspire,
Heaven touch'd thy lip, and strung thy hallow'd lyre;
Gave thee the world to conquer or alarm;
To guide or awe, to terrify or charm:
In every wondrous * page surpriz'd to find
Sweetness with force, and strength with beauty join'd.
Mingling, to strike the heart, and ear to please,
Numbers with thought, and dignity with ease.

Like some fam'd *Roman* arch thy pieces shew,
Beauty above, and solid strength below;
Where each perfection claims its proper place,
This to support the pile, and that to grace;
Like the great *pyramids*, thy lofty song
Both deep and high; sublime as well as strong:

* *The Last Day's Force of Religion.* Two excellent Poems of Dr. Young's.

Which

Which with proportion'd wonders strike the eye;
Not less secure, because they soar so high!

Be it thy same false lustre to disdain;
That swells the empty, and delights the vain;
For sacred wit, who court its thin pretence,
A moving, soft, harmonious—— want of sense.
Thy praise, with terror each strong line to arm,
Much better pleas'd to shake the breast, than charm;
To draw the conscious sigh, and in each strain,
Severe and kind, to mix delight with pain.
By thee with every ghastly horror drest
The midnight revel, and the wanton feast;
Each pang awaking in the tim'rous soul
Near the leud lip, or o'er the drunken bowl;
Forcing the youthful libertine to head
The ways of shame, with sadness and with dread.

Still in the pious task the muse engage,
And furnish morals for a guilty age;
Vertue to teach, thy pleasure and thy pride,
Tho' atheists scorn thee, and tho' fools deride!

Courts to instruct, and senates to advise;
 To guide the erring, and to please the wise;
 While thus each sacred page religion arms,
 With greater terrors, or with fairer charms;
 Her looks more graceful in thy numbers seen,
 The shafts she throws, more cruel and more keen;
 Each line the sinner scorns, he reads with pain;
 And trembles at the verse he wou'd disclaim;
 Which does at once enrage, at once befriends;
 The heart amazing first, it after mends.

Oh still with themes like these, thy muse adorn,
 And if the guilty dread her, let 'em scorn;
 Thy godlike zeal to damp, or to restrain,
 The fools reproach is weak, and malice vain;
 To thy lov'd verse, while *Walpole* lends an ear,
 And *Caroline* with smiles vouchsafes to hear;
 Since monarchs have thy glory fairer made,
 And kings successive call'd thee from thy shade;
 (Where thy great fame by secret merit rais'd,
 Wast lost and valu'd; long forgot and prais'd.)

Augment

Augment that fame—— the brow of vertue cheer,
And teach us what to love, and what to fear.

Thus antient *Rome* her great dictators found
Tilling their *Latian*, or their *Sabine* ground;
Their vertues long were past unheeded by,
View'd with a careless, or a scornful eye;
But when her fields with hostile troops were spread,
When *Pyrrhus*, or when *Carthage* was her dread;
Just in the dangerous *crisis* of her fate,
She call'd 'em home to guard her sinking state;
Beheld their carrs in triumph moving slow,
Grac'd with a *Gallick*, or a *Grecian* foe;
Her own glad tribes the victor's pomp adorn,
Rescu'd by chiefs, they once were taught to scorn;
The warriors long forgot, they now adore,
Crown'd with those laurels which they nurs'd before.

Argument that the snow of the mountains
And teach the world to love, and when the snow
Their mountains were the great mountains of the world
Telling their language, for their language was the
Their various song were past and ended by the
View of the world, or the world of the world
But when the world was the world of the world
When the world was the world of the world
In the world of the world, the world of the world
She called on them to stand, her language was the
But the world was in a world of the world
Glad with the world, or a world of the world
Her own glad, the world of the world, the world
Rejoice in the world, the world of the world
The world of the world, the world of the world
Grown with the world, the world of the world
The world of the world, the world of the world
The world of the world, the world of the world
The world of the world, the world of the world

TO
HIS GRACE
THE
Duke of RICHMOND.

*Non es avarus; abi. Quid? cœtera jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine, & ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaq; Thessala rides?
Natales gratè numeras, ignoscis amicis?
Lenior & melior fis, accedente senectâ?*
Hor. Epist. 2. l. 2.

ONCE more the muse attempts to please your ear,
With lines a RICHMOND cannot dread to hear.

Tho' read with anguish by the proud and vain,
Satir ne'er gives the upright heart a pain;
The age's guilt, like shades augmenting light,
Shewing your worth and fair renown more bright;
You the best satirist — to lash each crime
More keen the patriot's fame, than poet's rhyme.

We

DEDICATION.

We use our pen, when knaves or fools offend;
Your parts and honour teach 'em both to mend;
Living, while we in vain dull rules dispence,
To shame 'em into truth and better sense.

If then each grace of mind, each charm of youth,
The purest faith, and the sincerest truth;
A heart that never guilt or falshood knew,
By glory sway'd, to honour's dictates true;
That pity, which inspires the bravest mind,
Pleas'd to be noble, only to be kind;
With birth to part, from grandeur to descend,
And lose the peer in the good-natur'd friend:
In you th' extremes of fortune reconcil'd,
With titles humble, and in greatness mild.
Vertue with fame, with meekness blood ally'd;
Proud only in a generous scorn of pride;
If these are yours—— the satire that you view
Severe on others, gives a fame to you;
Since verse that does each fault and folly blame,
Applauds the vertue, which it does not name.

The

The Manners of the Age.

S A T I R II.

DOES godlike reason, that unerring ray,
Inspir'd by heaven, to point the doubtful way,
As thro' the winding maze of life we run,
Teach us, what path to tread, or which to shun:
Or chuse we not, her dictates thrown aside,
Some weak, or wandering lights to be our guide;
That to the precipice our Steps convey,
To bogs seduce us, or to gulphs betray!
Convinc'd, as now each bliss of life we leave,
The meteors glitter'd, only to deceive!

Do our own thoughts instruct us what to prize;
To blame or like, to value or despise;

Or

Or do we not conclude, reject, pursue,
Passive and pliant, just as others do;
The multitude our guide, of whom we seek,
The current faith, and fashion of the week.
The power of custom all confess and feel,
Who conquer nature oft, to be genteel,
As this directs the soul, we hate or love;
Praise what we loath, and damn what we approve.
Fashion our shifting thoughts; condemn, believe;
For evils joy, and oft for blessings grieve;
On every age and sex it does intrude,
Pleas'd to be simple, rather than be rude.
In close-lac'd stays miss feels no pain at all,
If nice, exceeding easy, tho' they gall;
Buckram and bone more soft than silk or crape;
For nothing hurts the nymph that mends her shape.
While *Clodio* feeds with pleasure on a dish,
He never cou'd endure, of modish fish.
Ven'fon the choicest part of all the feast,
Because he knew his lordship lik'd it best.

Tho'

Tho' wisdom shou'd persuade, and conscience guide,
Both their weak dictates proudly we deride;
In fashionable follies to advance,
The midnight revel, or the masking dance.
Fifty all chaste, and vestals—— where no more
Than five, if met, might each have been a whore;
Whose virtue, censure but in vain assails,
The number guarding; where the moral fails.
(For who by chance to fair assemblies led,
Near the chaste room e'er mark'd a wicked bed?)
Young *V—e* in danger of being thought unchaste,
Had not court dames to peers sometimes unlac'd.
'Tho' some may deem her sullied in her prime;
She hopes, good company may clear the crime!
Hard, by her pious sisters to be chid,
For doing what her predecessors did.

The few from honour's paths can never stray,
Says custom, if the many lead the way.
That virtue is a fault, if too precise;
Kissing, the same—— and modesty the vice.

The croud in ethicks, the best judges still,
 Who fashion, to their taste, both good and ill;
 In whose kind morals no harsh laws we meet,
 With them no action sinful, that is sweet:

How can *Eudesia* then, in custom's spite,
 Chuse rather to be virtuous, than polite?
 Defend her conduct, or her guilt excuse,
 Who lives at court, nor wanton, nor profuse;
 Her manners sure displease the modish fair;
 To dance, and to quadril, preferring prayer!
 How meanly bred, from balls each eve to part,
 And commune, with a chaste, and chearful heart:
 Feeling no joy transfix her beating breast,
 When for the park, the play, or circle drest:
 Tho' *Clelia* laughs, who can to chapel steal,
 And pray — when nicer ladies cut and deal;
 Who hopes for bliss, altho' we seldom see,
 With modern fairs, *Eudesia* up at three.

If then example sways each yielding breast,
 Let us reject the bad, and chuse the best:

With

SAT. II. *The Manners of the Age.*

35

With the chaste few, where'er they shine, unite;
Nor ever own that guilt can be polite;
Impiety, the parent of renown,
Altho' it takes its lustre from a crown?
For want of these let *Britain* not complain,
All are not base, because so many vain.
Blaze there no glories from the royal throne,
Is *R--hm--nd* lost, or *Som--rset* unknown?
Long conscious of their worth, has envious fame
Forgot her *Booyes*, and each *Butl--r*'s name,
For every human woe, each bosom griev'd;
In raptures, for each pain they e'er reliev'd.
Whose virtues make a nation's guilt the less,
Severe and kind — upbraiding, while they bless.
As heaven prepares its vengeance to dilate,
The righteous few, that guard us from our fate.

But sure the muse without a cause inveighs;
Too free of censure, where she ought to praise!
One generous spirit now each breast inspires,
Which swells the monarch, and the subject fires.

Not for himself the statesman seeks renown;
The courtier honours, or the king a crown;
The royal circle, tho' it seems so fair,
He only takes — to ease his peoples care;
More blest and happy, con'd he live alone,
At distance from the tumults of a throne:
How kind is *Publius* then to break his rest,
And guide the state — that *Britain* may be blest!
Long midnight vigils oft oblig'd to keep,
His slumbers broke, when happier peasants sleep!
In pity to his years, ah ease his pain;
His all the toil; while we partake the gain.
For us no joy in wretched life he takes;
For whom *he* sweats by day, by night awakes;
With heaps of musty gold compell'd to lye,
Curst by his heart, and loathsome to his eye;
To make us happy, his own peace he sells;
Sighs o'er each bag, and trembles as he tells;
Ardent his wish, himself from trouble freed,
Some other hands wou'd help — in time of need.

Ask

Ask *Curio*, why he cheats his Son and spouse,
To bribe—— and fit a member in the house;
'Tis to direct the state, the laws to mend,
And that his king may boast one faithful friend;
The weak to undeceive, the dull advise;
And teach deluded senates to be wise!
'Tis not for pensions he so warmly strains,
(His country's glory boiling in his veins)
He sells his manners, and cuts down his wood!
Why this profusion then?—— for *Britain's* good!
That rescued states his virtues might adore;
His sovereign boast one godlike patriot more;
Titles and crests to him no joy wou'd bring!
Or if he takes 'em, 'tis to please his king;
Against his will, who prest him oft to grace
And dignify his merits, with a place.
A secretary's wand, or treasurer's key,
A load, the wise wou'd throw with smiles away!

Pride, tho' conceal'd a while by hiding art,
Reigns, more or less, in each ambitious heart;

It warms the pious, and enflames the bold;
 Inspires the young, nor yet deserts the old!
 Pleas'd in the court and camp alike to dwell,
 Nurs'd in the field, and nourish'd in the cell.
 Does both the hermit and the hero fire,
 Of low humility how oft the fire.
 That often stoops, to lift her self more high,
 As bullets graze the earth, to mount the sky.
 To meekness seldom found a mighty foe;
 The humble often proud, of seeming so.

'Tis not to guard their king's or nation's right
 Statesmen direct, or haughty warriors fight;
 Bright fame and titles sparkle in their eyes,
 When these unsheath the sword, and those advise!
 Was it their country's love, or stronger pride,
 That warm'd their bosoms, when each *Decius* dy'd?
 The view of laurels springing from their grave
 Made death their choice, and each proud leader brave:
 Rome's noblest chiefs ambitious to excel,
 Each for himself, and not his country, fell.

The

The thirst of fame, the generous action wrought,
And both with greater pride than vertue fought :
When *Cato* aim'd the dagger at his heart,
This gave the blow, and claim'd the chiefeft part ;
Inspir'd the bravery to direct his sword,
Dying— in hopes of being soon ador'd.
When zeal wou'd seem our bosom to inspire,
This into smoke, oft turns the sacred fire ;
Does with its taint our piety defame,
And entring, sullies the celestial flame.
With a smooth voice, and lifted eye, we tell
Not how devout we worship, but how well ;
In each expression nice, and vow genteel,
We to our heaven, as to a mistress, kneel :
Humble the aspect, and the posture low,
More our good manners than our faith to show :
Believing, hands and knees were lent for this,
With a good grace to lift us into bliss ;
On her soft cushion, *Cloe's* only care,
That crouds may see, how nice she acts a prayer ;

At church, as on a stage, plays well a part,
Her eye in raptures, oftner than her heart;
Amaz'd, to heaven how creatures find a way,
Without her accent, and her airs, who pray.

Does *Bentl--y* to his midnight lamp retire,
That *Britain* shou'd improve, and not admire;
Grow pale, and languish o'er the taper's flame,
To give us knowledge, or himself a fame?
The poet's bayes look lovely in his sight,
Deceive the studious day, and wakeful night;
He prints, that nations might his pen adore;
Praise his lov'd *Milton* much — his critick more:
To gain our smiles, who all his authors blames,
And who can write so well, as he *defames*?

Say, do we like for beauty's sake alone,
Or gaze, in hopes it once may be our own!
Bend to her eye, present the humble prayer,
To please our selves, or to oblige the fair?
Pressing her heart, our passion to approve,
Whate'er we urge, our selves alone we love;

When

When o'er her looks, we languish, doat and die,
Taste her warm lip, and feed upon her eye;
Of each soft wish in full possession live,
We but receive the bliss we seem to give.

From vanity, whose voice shall now restrain,
When modern pulpits teach us to be vain!
Where pert, and primly dress'd, for half an hour,
Each Sunday, she exerts her sovereign power;
Displays her sanctity with modern airs,
When she instructs, or smiling says her prayers;
O'er the gay preacher's heart too oft prevails,
Enamour'd with the sin at which he rails!

Fuscus must needs to penitence excite,
For see, his scarf is rich, and linen white!
What stubborn sinner able to withstand
The force and reason of his wig and hand?
Genteel and new his arguments to move,
A sparkling ruby, and a preaching glove;
Each conscience, sure, his courtly phrase must wound,
Who quits harsh sense, to please with gentle sound:

Diction his aim, smooth eloquence his scope,
He never saves, or damns, without a trope!
His faints in metaphors all mount the sky;
In shining simile, his martyrs die!
Who gasping now their last, are hardly fit
For heaven, without two lines of saving wit.
Easy and soft his periods pace along,
Which suit alike, a sermon, or a song.
The orator usurps the preacher's place;
Language, with him, a nobler gift than grace;
To edify the ear, his chosen part,
A work more *christian*, than to mend the heart;
The priest's dull province, which he does despise;
For who, to spoil gay periods, would be wise?
Which argument and sense cou'd ne'er admit;
Reason and thought the bane of praise and wit.
See there, his notes display'd, his body rais'd,
With what a zeal he labours—to be prais'd!
Warm in the cause of heaven, and chase of fame,
He dares be witty, but he must not blame;

(Since

(Since to arraign one single hearer's fault
Might lose a shilling, the next day he taught)
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that smile, than fifty that repent;
Rough texts, with *Fasci*, spoil a good discourse,
And only make good sermons, so much worse!
Disturb each beauteous sentence; deem'd quite rude,
Where prophets argue, and where saints intrude,
On moral duty when his voice refines,
Tully and *Plato* are his best divines;
And, if great *Socrates* the truth aver,
The *Hebrews* may, learn'd *Grecians* cannot err!
What *Paul* asserts, the proof but weak and small;
If *Locke* maintains it—— 'tis good scripture all;
Touch'd with each folly which he does arraign,
With vanity he talks against the vain;
With ostentation does to meekness guide,
Proud of the fatin, levell'd against pride;
Ambitiously the love of glory flights;
And damns the love of fame, for which he writes;

Amaz'd, how folks can toil for worldly pelf,
The richest much of all the flock——himself.

Since more by art and scheme, than virtue, thrive,
At dignities, how slow the best arrive!
Whether their modesty is oft to blame,
That checks 'em in the warm pursuit of fame;
Or whether cautious patrons wisely prize
Worth like their own——of a more moderate size;
Exalted merit, to mankind's disgrace,
Is oft a bar to honours, and to place;
Wherever lodg'd, its own great foe it lives,
And kills, itself, each blooming hope it gives.

To —— thus *Pallas*, gliding from the skies,
As I direct, immortal youth, grow wise;
Of my fond love thou long hast been possess;
Hear then that power, which strives to make thee blest.
No longer at the muse's shrine adore;
The counter, or the forge, will pay thee more!
Tho' promising with smiles, like courts they pay,
Like *sirens*, first bewitch, and then betray!

For

For ten years servitude, and working hard,
Riches thy aim — and rags thy sure reward.
Tho' fame applauds each page, and beauteous line,
On fame, the hungry cannot sup or dine;
Who, to inspire their song, and swell their lays,
Want wholesome beef, sometimes, as well as praise:
The purple rather chuse, 'twill pay thee more;
If thou hast strength to plead, or lungs to roar;
From thence expect more riches and applause,
No matter who the client, what the cause;
Since, right or wrong, to gull the senseless crowd,
The art, is only to be long, and loud:
Be rather wedded to blear'd eyes and age,
Fawn with the chaplain, c——ld with the page;
With the dread doctor keep mankind in awe;
That licens'd sage, who thins the world by law;
Who carries death conceal'd in every pill,
And, not to starve himself, is forc'd to kill;
Nay, sooner than thy sacred time abuse,
With that thin, meagre, mumping jilt, amuse;

Flatter

Flatter the great—— be some dull lord's buffoon;
Applaud at night, what thou hast damn'd at noon;
Praise the lank cheek—— the wrinkled brow adore,
And find out darts and beauties in threescore,
Blushes in bawds, and vertue in a whore!
And if secure thy station thou wou'dst keep,
Sigh with the heir—— and with the widow weep!
With seeming grief, like theirs, thy looks inspire,
When one has lost a spouse, and one a fire:
These arts have rais'd to greatness and renown,
To the first honours of the sword and gown;
Preferr'd mankind to glory and to gain,
To the gilt truncheon, and the golden chain;
Drawn the vile crowd the fay'rites to admire,
Tokay their drink—— and velvet their attire;
While sweating slaves their awful lords adore,
Drawn in those chariots which they drove before:
The crest and arms around their coaches spread,
The bulls and bears which once their worships fed.

But

But if thy honest heart these tricks disdain,
Too good to lye for fame; forswear for gain;
No longer by thy flattering muse misled,
Trust to a trowel rather, for thy bread;
Sweat at the anvil, labour at the oar,
Be any thing—— but be a wit no more;
Or plagu'd with *Clio*, or with *Pope* perplex;
An *epic* not so gainful as a *text*.

—— Attend this heavenly voice, or learn, too late,
That fame and famine are thy certain fate!

Who then cou'd *E——n's* prudent change accuse,
Who for a pulpit left his fav'rite muse?
The poet knew, tho' some his choice might blame,
A winter coat was warmer much than fame;
Convinc'd at last, long wedded to the bays,
That a full barn was richer far than praise;
Fatt'ning with beef, and famish'd with applause,
That plenty stronger much than glory draws;
Into rich suits, our selves we cannot think;
Or purchase cloaths, by spilling learned ink!

Tho'

Tho' *Phæbus* saves our better half from dust,
If we want drugget, *Doily* will not trust;
Wou'd scorn the offer, or at least be mute,
If for *heroicks* we desir'd a suit;
Twelve boasted books in *epick*, scarce enough
To dress the poet in a *Norwich*-stuff.
Gay *Pindus* then was *E——n's* prudent scorn,
It yielded fame—— but then it wanted corn.
Fountains and cooling groves, a poor retreat
To one, that valu'd shade much less than meat.
And, pleas'd with both, a greater pleasure took,
To taste the trout, than hear the murmuring brook;
Of double use the bounteous silver stream,
Yielding at once a supper and a theme.

At last, by wisdom's inspiration led,
Chusing to be less prais'd, and better fed;
Plenty rewards the poet's sacred pains;
And what his laurels lost, his rose regains.

To bask in plenty, is not *Flavia's* care;
The blessings which she covets few and rare!

For

For vulgar gifts, who does no passion feel;
Her wants, and her desires, much more genteel;
Nice appetites abundance does destroy,
And few with pleasure taste, what all enjoy.
Nothing appears polite to *Flavia's* eye,
But what her self, and none beside, can buy;
If few can boast her silks, or taste her cheer,
Her dinner and her dress are both more dear;
Who piddling o'er a darling dish will pine,
If on her snipe, *Amestris* chance to dine;
Which to her palate does less joy afford;
Its fellow roasted for a neighbour's board!
Let blights and mildews raise the peach's price,
Its bloom is beauteous then, and flavour nice;
If the full tree with nauseous plenty bends,
Its juice is tasteless, and its smell offends;
Can the fig please, and nectarine go down,
Sold in each shop and basket thro' the town;
The choicest pear attract her curious eye,
Which her own page has wealth enough to buy!

If plenty then sad *Flavia's* spleen encrease,
A kinder famine wou'd be sure to please;
Much better for her courtly taste provide;
And that which ruin'd realms, oblige her pride!
How happy, if the blast shou'd round consume,
And leave her fav'rite melons—— in their bloom!

Others to glory boast a different claim,
Their wishes various; but their end the same;
For what ambitious mortal is not proud,
To taste his plumb a month before the crowd;
Of a ripe cherry, and full joy possest,
To live five days before his neighbour blest?
Oh sacred, solid bliss, without alloy,
How great! —— in *March* to taste the sweets of *May*!
Then the full grape, or golden peach to shew
When *Shritzer's* trees are hardly yet in blow!
The bird alone, which can its taste dispute
With its great master, feeds on better fruit.

In summer, from the garden or the field,
To cull the various fruits which summers yield,

SAT. II. *The Manners of the Age.*

§ 1

Mirmillo scorns—— who his warm roots inspires
 With kindly heat, and subterraneous fires;
 By his own art the ripening juice supplies,
 Without the needless help of rain or skies;
 Let *Phæbus* loiter then beyond the line,
 Warm other worlds—— in distant regions shine;
 His rapid course from *Ind* to *Afric* run,
 What business has *Mirmillo* with the sun?
 For his return the sage too wise to wait,
 Without his beam, who seasons can create;
 His cherry swell, and blushing peach inspire,
 As well with charcoal, as celestial fire;
 Each month, with all the year's abundance seen;
 His springs still loaded, and his autumns green.
 His smiling winters a rich bloom unfold,
 In spite of freezing blasts, and chilling cold.
 Who thinks his grape in *March*, nor cherry dear,
 Which cost him—— what wou'd cloath his wife a year.
 A greater pain to miss such sacred fruit,
 Than for himself, or son, to want a suit.

But ask not *Flora*, 'till the sky is seen
Serene and clear, to view each winter, green;
Who frail and feeble, on a cloudy day
Rather than visit— wou'd submit to pray!
Blow soft, ye winds, inspire your gentlest breath,
She now walks out— one gale too much is death!
Wretched or happy, pleas'd or in despair,
Just as the morning, gloomy breaks, or fair;
See in the south a threatening cloud arise,
Hide it, propitious gods! from *Flora's* eyes:
Ah shou'd it break, or but appear in sight,
It marrs her walk, and spoils her dinner quite.
Each morn she nicely weighs the air in scales,
A coach, or none— as moist or dry prevails:
The glass her doctor, whose directions guide;
These all she ever took— tho' long a bride!
Below, fixt fair if she the fluid view,
It keeps from church— nay worse, from visits too:
Who to the viol does her conduct suit;
Abroad to tattle— or at home be mute.

The

The ball invites her out— she cannot go!
Her *Mercury* is half a hair too low;
For who so far in folly wou'd advance,
And risque a fever, to enjoy a dance?
Her heart is good, but then she wants a power;
For see! the sinking sponge foretels a shower:
Other sad omens terrify to boot,
Her ducks have wash'd— her cat has lick'd her foot;
On his minc'd veal sad *Venus* will not dine;
Her *Poll* is silent, and her linnets pine;
In the moist air, shou'd *Flora* melt away,
Wou'd drams or sweetmeats for the terror pay!
Wou'd dear *Quadrille* atone for half her fear,
The pitying colonel, or embracing peer?
Citron recal her soul, as now she faints,
The youth she hugs— the husband which she wants.
Ah wretched nymph! oblig'd at home to stay,
And miss a sermon; dearer yet— a play!
At home— what sadness the reflection brings,
When *Herr--ng* preaches, or *Cutzoni* sings!

The

The thought must sure afflict a lady's mind,
Not to be good, or bad——when most inclin'd;
That clouds and sponges shou'd detain the fair
From piety or dice——picquet or prayer!
How just her sighs! that in a proper place
She must not shew her vertue, or her lace;
Down to her toilet, by foul weather pinn'd,
That very night, she purpos'd to have finn'd.

By rule to languish, gives the *British* fair
A delicater frame, and nicer air;
As by a breath the web, when drove away
Serves to disclose the fineness of the ray!
Robust and strong, no tender woe to feel,
Is perfectly ill bred, and ungenteel:
Oblig'd each day to mourn some modish pain;
And if they cannot find a woe——to reign.

Of soft complaints nice females keep a bill,
And fix by rule, their days of being ill;
From whence with proper grief they are oppress'd,
And chuse what ailments suit the season best;

Each

Each patient wiser much than not to know
What months are best for every gentle woe;
Their weakness, too judicious to betray
With sweats in winter, or with colds in May;
Quite wrong, all *June*, in swan-skin to be roll'd;
And faint with heat, when others freeze in cold!

Ask courtly *Partis* of her health——she'll say

- ' She is, or has been sick, or dreads she may;
- ' Her coughs return, that she has cause to fear;
- ' Her fever hardly gone, or very near!
- ' How faint last evening, when she left the park!
- ' What pangs she bore, returning in the dark!
- ' But for three minutes past——almost a reign!
- ' She blest her god, she scarce had felt a pain!

On the white hand their beauties to recline;
To bend the head, in gentle sighs to pine,
Are *British* arts, which female worth enhance;
Parts of good manners, like the song and dance;
By rule instructed, when their health to want;
How oft each week they are allow'd to faint;

When

When with nice qualms they may their maids affright;
How long be very well—and yet polite!
When, with good breeding, they may not admit
A visit—and how oft demand a fit;
Gently, without one malady, complain;
Sigh without grief, and languish without pain!
Say, are not humour, contradiction, pride,
Graces enough for any single bride?
Must she feign sorrows which she does not feel;
Expire with languors—to be more genteel;
Decline, in perfect health, and drop a tear,
For what she does, and what she does not fear!
To melt her good man's heart, and move him more
In her full bloom, a want of strength deplore!
For ever dreading death, unless the day
Present her with a saving ball or play;
Which the weak patient with new vigour fill,
Those sovereign cordials for a woman's ill;
Physicians, whose learn'd art does still prevail,
And give 'em ease, when pills and powders fail.

Her

Her pensive eye which way can satir turn,
 Nor objects meet, to censure or to mourn?
 Mad licenc'd crimes, which every where abound,
 Whose pen must weep, before its point can wound:
 Can she restrain her rage, or want a theme,
 When hard'ned villains pray, and nymphs blaspheme;
 When S———, anxious for his sovereigns fate,
 Loves the good king, he oft has sworn to hate;
 When fame and title the false lip rewards;
 When perjury protects—— and treason guards;
 When *faction* to the brave the palm denies;
 When *vertue* earns—— and guilt usurps the prize?

*Est brevis opus, ut curat, jactantia, et se
 Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, jactu joco,
 Interdum arhati, percentis viribus, atque
 Eximiantis est, consulto—— ridiculum acri
 Fortius et melius magnas plerunque fecit res.*

Hor. l. i. Sat. 10.

Sublime and strong must flow the graceful lays,
 Which hope, from you, a pardon, or a praise!
 Correct the thought, the meaning just and clear TO
 To strike your taste, and please an *Attick* ear;

L. 2

Transported

When virtue claims — and guilt usurps the prize?
 When faction to the brave the palm denies;
 When perjury protects — and treason guards;
 When fame and title the false lip rewards;
 Loves the good king, he oft has sworn to hate;
 When anxious for his sovereign's fate,
 When hardened villains pray, and nymphs blaspheme;
 Can she restrain her rage, or want a theme,
 Whose pen must weep, before its point can wound;
 Mad licenc'd crimes, which every where abound,
 Nor objects meet, to censure or to mourn?
 Her penance eye which way can turn, how find?

TO
HIS GRACE
THE
Duke of NEWCASTLE.

— *Non satis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris, & est quædam tamen hic quoque virtus!
Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat, verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
Et sermone opus est, modo tristis, sæpe jocosus,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas, consulto — ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius magnas plerunque secut res.*

Hor. l. i. Sat. 10.

Sublime and strong must flow the graceful lays,
Which hope, from you, a pardon, or a praise!
Correct the thought, the meaning just and clear
To strike your taste, and please an Attick ear;

DEDICATION.

Transported only with those lofty strains,
Where fancy drives, but judgment holds the reins.

Force join'd with ease, in every period seen;
Where reason arms, and sense makes satire keen!
To judge of men, on manners to refine,
The courtly *Romans* boast alike, and thine;
In vain conceal'd from your discerning thought:
The smallest frailty, or the nicest fault,
Smiling to view the cruel satire bite

None half so hard, as those who laugh, and write;
Most kindly meant a nation to reclaim,
When hungry, feeding on its master's fame:
Each reader finding in the boasted strains
One idiot more, than the sharp verse arraigns.

Yet oh! thy poet's labour to attend

Let *George*, one hour, and *Britain*, want a friend.
With plans of peace fatigu'd, nor schemes of war,
Let the great patriot lose a while his care;
Heedless, whose power declines, whose empire thrives,
What *Spain* determines, and what *France* contrives:

For

DEDICATION.

For fools in verse, the satir wou'd expose,
Forgot pert *D'Anvers*—— and his fools in prose;
His piddling sheet permitted for a day
To please and prattle, censure and betray,
Folly and weakness in the wise to show,
Blundering one blessed week, without a foe!
While *Britain's* fame no more attracts thy eye,
That fame, thy own great counsels lift so high;
In thy full glory, not a verse to own
A muse unskill'd—— but not to thee unknown.

The

Yours

The Manners of the Age.

S A T I R I I I.

ONCE more in folly's chace, th' unwearied muse,
Repeats her wit; and where it flies, pursues;
Which, hydra like, beneath the lash still thrives;
For who can kill so fast as that revives?
Nor with the press, or pulpit much perplex,
The poet's satire, or the preacher's text.

Yet if too bold, mankind, whene'er she sings,
With ease may check her flight, and clip her wings:
Oblige her to desist, and write no more,
—Be wise and virtuous, and her task is o'er.
Robb'd of her game, the moment that you think,
She has no further need of quills and ink!

Your

Your prudence quite disarms her famish'd spleen,
 And blunts those shafts your folly made so keen.

In friendship's garb, let hate no longer dwell;
 And pride desert the hermit's haughty cell;
 The gentle smile, the brow of falsehood leave;
 Nor power insult, nor piety deceive.
 Beauty no more with borrow'd charms invite,
 Nor law persist a stubborn foe to right.

No blushes on the harlot's cheek be seen,
 Nor vanity conceal behind the spleen:
 Let joy no more on mimic sorrow feed;
 Nor soft despair, for shew, put on her weed;
 No dying atheist, in despair, be glad;
 Nor relicks, in the height of raptures, sad;
 Craftsmen desist (how anxious for his fate!)
 To love so well, the pious king, they hate:
 Pulpits, for prayers, let politicks alone,
 Nor P—— guard the state, nor F—— the throne;
 Old age forget her beauties to admire,
 Nor wits themselves, with their own works inspire.

This

This done, tho' very much in custom's spite,
 Your bard has nothing more to say or write;
 From his keen quill, you draw the rankling gall;
 The poet's year a long vacation all;
 Till S—y—n's loyalty, and *Cibber*'s pen,
 Join to recall in spite, the term agen.
 For see! resolv'd he ne'er shou'd live at ease,
 The state to edify, and crowd to please;
Bessus, grown wiser by his late disgrace,
 Turns author, why? because he lost a place;
 Each week displays the realm's sad fate and fears,
 Weeping his country's woes, with mimick tears;
 The largest drops distilling from his eye,
 To view her fame impair'd, and ruin nigh;
 Her patriots all, or drowsy, or asleep,
 In her lov'd cause, that cannot write or weep;
 No *Briton*'s zeal e'er half so warm or bright,
 As his, who loves the nation—out of spite.
 Which, lost before, her great deliverance owes
 To heaven's indulgence, and to *Bessus*' woes.

In every age, what numbers have we seen
 Made patriots, by resentments and the spleen;
 By pious wants, whose morals strangely mend,
 In place their own, when out, the nation's friend?
 A kind repulse, a lucky discontent,
 Has to the soul its virtues often lent;
 Fill'd it with parts, and probity all o'er,
 Dark'ned with guile, or dulness curst before;
Bessus grew upright, righteous, just and wise,
 Soon as the post he lost, had clear'd his eyes;
 Found, the first day he did from court depart,
 Fresh virtues budding in his holy heart;
 (Of sovereign use, the secret understood,
 A prince's scorn, to make a subject good.
 Sure, with a staff resign'd, or truncheon's loss,
 To purge the soul of all its former dross;
 Which wears, by custom, off, and never cleaves
 To the pure patriot, who his pension leaves.)
 His honour with his crosses still begins,
 He loses first his place, and then his sin.

The same auspicious hour, and happy hour,
Cleansing his heart, that took away his power;
The convert like the snake in vernal air,
That drops its coat, to seem more sleek and fair,
Into deep policy and knowledge ver'd,
And never half so wise, as when perplex'd;
Keen in each sheet, his satir's edge he owes
To the kind rage, and malice, of his foes;
Who, long conceal'd, bring his rich gifts to light,
Their love not half so useful as their spite.

How great a patriot then had Britain lost,
Had George still smil'd, and Beffus held his post!
Lov'd by his prince, and trusted with a place,
He might have wanted still, both parts and grace.
How dear, in his esteem, the lucky hour,
To give him both, that robb'd him of his power;
His periods now more close, more sharp his pen;
Writing and reasoning, once, like other men.

Smit with a glory more sublime and fair,
Palladio leaves the realm to Beffus care;

Careless, who rule or serve, who starve or thrive,
 His happy converse, with no names alive;
 His brow for ever hid with sacred dust,
 Cleansing old gods, and heroes from their rust;
 How blest'd and envy'd, if his wisdom clears
 A name or title, lost a thousand years;
 To learned *Seneca*, or *Wendell*, if he shows
 A deity entire, except a nose;
 From a small hint, makes the conjecture fair,
 It must be *Juno*, by her garb and air;
 Points out a sage, a warrior, or a king,
 From dark half letters, on a medal's ring;
 Affur'd from two, on the rich coin still read,
 This must be *Cicero*—had he but his head;
 On other reasons, tho' he dares not trust,
 He knows him—by the colour of his rust;
 Which makes it plain, the *Græcian's* antique face
 From *Fugio's* forge, cou'd ne'er receive its grace;
 In the fam'd art, tho' happy to excel,
 His mimick steel, cou'd never feign so well.

Break

Break not his rapture, as you view him lye
Near his lov'd statues — in an extasy!
Where each soft passion in his bosom glows,
Counting a heaven of musty gods in rows;
A little sad, reflecting on the stroke
That *Jove's* great eagle bruis'd, and thunder broke;
By time effac'd, his labour vain, to seek
The dimples, smiling once on *Cupid's* cheek.

Opiates he dares not touch, yet in their stead,
When wakeful, lays a *Hermes* near his head;
Gentle his slumbers, and in peace his eye
Still clos'd, whene'er he sleeps his *Venus* nigh:
On her he doats, and leaves his spouse alone,
The goddesses foster much — tho' made of stone.

How wou'd it pain the sage's learned mind,
Shou'd some fam'd artist, to his peace unkind,
Convince him plainly, that each antient piece
Was cut at home, that came from *Rome* or *Greece*.
From *Risbank's* * shop, that his wing'd *Hermes* flew
The *Phidias*, * *Bird*, that did his *Vulcan* hew.

* Eminent Modern Statuaries.

That

That his dear *Pallas*, which such raptures yields,
 Her *Gorgon* too was shap'd in *Lincoln-Fields*;
 His *Citherea*, with her doves and shell,
 Cut by a *Grecian*, 'prentic'd in *Pell-mell*;
 Her smiling looks, and all her marble airs,
 By a *Spaphippus* smooth'd—— at *Temple-stairs*.
 Convinc'd at last, the heads upon his shelf,
 Tho' all *antiques*, are younger than himself.
 The *Attrick* heroes, which his walks adorn,
 All, all, alas! in *Portland* quarries born!

Nor at the sage, let great *Evander* sneer,
 Who laughs, yet buys his follies full as dear:
 Fam'd *British Romans* still before his eye,
 He cannot write without his *Tully* nigh.
 From whose learn'd looks, that do his pen inspire,
 He takes his thoughts, his eloquence and fire:
 In different arts, whose judgment still is one;
 This wise in paint, as t'other is in stone:
 And if the frame looks old, and price is high,
 The head is ancient, and my lord will buy;

By

By some known beauty, attitude, or air,
Fully convinc'd, that *Raphaal's* hand was there;
That none, besides the *Lombard's* heavenly touch
Cou'd strike his eye, or please him half so much.
With so much life the breathing paint inspire,
Warm with those colours——with that spirit fire.

With what delight and wonder does he view
An antient piece, that *Dball*, last *August*, drew;
Admires *Correggio's* stroke, and *Guido's* air,
In a fam'd battle, fold at *Sturbridge* fair:
And *Urbino's* pencil plainly can behold
In a *Madona*, scarce two summers old:
All his nice pieces, finish'd by the hand
Of *Angelo's*, who studied in the *Strand*.
The stories that his learned stairs adorn
Touch'd by a *Zeuxes*, in *St. Andrew's* born;
The work of ages past——so very like
L'Guarre to *Holben*, *Th——*——*ll* to *Vandike*,
Each modern piece, some ages past begun;
Y——s and * * * his *Titian* and *Le Brun*.

But

But not the same admir'd delusions strike
 On every heart, and please 'em all alike;
 In search of follies some are deeper read;
 Which enter, with less pain, another's head;
Pitbias, was scarce in search of bliss a year,
 To buy her *Indian* parrot, small, and dear;
 Without her bird *Philoclea* cou'd not rest;
 Give her her linnet, and the fair is blest;
 When sick, who chuses with her dog to pine;
 And fasts her self, when *Veny* cannot dine.
 While *Bacchis*, in her chair reclining sits,
 Pleas'd with her woes—— and falls in love with fits.
 Sickens with sudden pains, she does not feel;
 To move your pity, and to seem genteel.

But ah! whate'er the mourner may believe;
 Just in the mode, 'tis no mean art to grieve!
 How many modern rules to guide her right,
 How to bemoan a loss, and sigh polite?
 No vulgar knowledge to inform the eye,
 The various seasons, to be moist or dry:

Tho'

Tho' some indeed may think the labour less;
'Tis full as hard to weep genteel, as dress;
To give your sadness a peculiar grace,
With care and caution chuse your time and place;
Your skill all vain and lost, if you begin
To breathe your sorrow 'ere your friends come in;
Oblig'd by law, whate'er you did before,
When they approach, to breathe as many more.

From *Fabia*, pensive in her fable chair,
More sad and graceful falls the modish tear;
While the fair relict, with less pain, we see
Reclin'd, and sighing on a rich *settee*.
The weakest conduct, and the worst of all,
Resolving to be sad — to name a ball;
Or, pale and pensive, o'er the dearest man
She lost — to sorrow with a guinea fan.
At ombre to put on soft dying airs,
Or call for dice, to mitigate your cares,
Quite wrong, to think on a lov'd husband's will;
Or sigh his living virtues — at quadril;

Her lord just dead, tho' *N*——I cannot cry;
 Ah! let her seem, at least, her cheek to dry;
 Sadly wipe off the tear that does not flow,
 Each eye with something fill'd, that looks like woe!
 And if our pity she expects to gain,
 The weed she buys be black, and cambrick plain;
 How very odd to view a mournful face
 In velvet dress'd, look sad in meeklin lace;
 O'er a lost linnnet, or a friend, despair,
 Paint on her cheek, and brilliants in her hair!
 In grief, tho' sometimes awkward, can the fair
 Commit an indecorum, in a prayer?
 On their bent knees, search the fond lover out;
 And leave it to their fans—to be devout;
 In lent, when seeming in a pious trance,
 Thro' the kind ticks to steal a secret glance;
 Or thro' the ivory to direct a dart,
 Zeal in their eye, and passion in their heart.
 Yet how shou'd ladies, on a chapel-day,
 Know, when at court, the times to laugh and pray?

When

SAT. III. *The Manners of the Age.*

75

When with a book, or box, to seem genteel;
To bow, or smile; to flirt the fan, or kneel;
When with grave airs to dress a wanton face;
To read and giggle, in a proper place:
Their bosom beating with an anxious fear,
Neither to wrong — their Maker nor their peer:
One look to heaven they throw, by custom due;
A second, to some lovely *Phaon's* pew;
In love and in devotion, just and fair;
And fervent in their passion, as their prayer;
Who hear attentive the learn'd chaplain's text,
Then ask a friend — what play is acted next:
The next assembly act a pious part;
And in a drawing-room, each mend a heart.

A foe alike to the coquet and prude,
Irene hates whate'er is vain or rude;
The grave and fond, both loathsome to her eye,
It pains her heart, when either nymph is nigh;
Against each vanity cries out aloud,
Whene'er the young are false, or beauteous proud;

But her kind glass, her passion soon abates,
Beholding there each hideous thing she hates.

'Twould taint his blood if H——y's worthless heir
Shou'd sink in parts — and *Harry* did not swear;
Who, if loud oaths wou'd help a state in need,
Might to his sovereign be a friend indeed;
The modern way to mend a noble race,
To mind no law — but pour 'em out apace;
Say, with such helps to truth, what learned tongue
Can ever weakly plead, or argue wrong!
Tho' in dispute his argument is worse,
'Tis strengthened still, and better'd by a curse.
All forc'd with his strong reasons to comply,
Who proves by storm — and damns, if you deny;
The sage secure of always being right,
If we who hear cannot blaspheme or fight!

Some think the child legitimate, who spy
In the boy's look, the father's smile or eye;
The *Indians* judging by another whim,
Own'd fairly got, suppose they see him swim;

By

By modern marks, and surer much, is try'd
The chafity and vertue of his bride;
Who scans her life, and gueffes at his race
More by their morals guided than their face;
Convicted now, he leaves the fearch alone,
And if they fwear, concludes each fon his own.
His fpoufe's vertue once the husband fear'd,
But foon as *Harry* fwore, the wife was clear'd.

How had his piety the fire difmay'd,
Of his own honour, and the dame's afraid,
When his firft bath he breath'd; had *Harry* pray'd;
The chafte and trembling mother quite undone
By the falfe tafte and vertue of her fon.

How weak are fome, engaging to difpute
With reafons only arm'd — which few confute;
Juftice and truth, when enter'd in the field,
Weapons how dull, to make a rival yield:
That give himfelf no power, his foe no pain;
Which all pretend to dread — and all difdain.

With

With *D'Amers* then, ah! why will *W*—— *le* fight,
 With nothing to defend him—— but the right?
 His foe to win he takes an awkward way,
 For arguments ne'er move, that do not pay;
 Few to oppose those wholesome maxims bred,
 Which their learn'd patrons kindly cloath'd and fed;
 Whoever charge, these always will prevail,
 And pierce the breast; whatever be the mail:
 By gold more converts, than by reason, made;
 For if you give, you always may persuade.

Be wiser then! and if thou wou'dst subdue,
 Throw by thy first dull arms, and press with new.
 The mystick power of gold and guineas such,
 Whate'er the shield, they vanquish with a touch.
Caleb, well paid, much better pleas'd to fight
 For a bad cause, than, poor, to guard a right;
 To make each statesman thine, ne'er use thy ink,
 But teach him clearer, with a *place*, to think:
 Of sovereign power and use the sacred wand
 To purge his brain, that does adorn his hand;

Well

SAT. III. *The Manners of the Age.*

79

Well known a double vertue to impart,
It opens first the eye, then guides the heart;
Aids our dull reason, and our quiet seals;
Helps a weak conscience, and if wounded, heals;
Assists the visual ray, and inward sight,
To separate true from false, and wrong from right:
The great elixir, catholic, and strong,
And surest guide, when vertue leads us wrong;
Too rigid laws, when conscience wou'd ordain,
And teach us, honour to prefer to gain:
That judge, when truth wou'd fain our interest worst,
Which seldom gives a verdict for the first;
Too kind, the wise and prudent to persuade
To part with solid good, for sound and shade;
This calms the mind, and solves each inward doubt,
Small with a pension, mighty if without;
Teaches the soul, by priests misguided long,
That profit never yet cou'd argue wrong;
With gain, grave honour ne'er allow'd to fight,
Since he who gets the place — is always right;

Truths

Truths to thy foe, that doubtful did appear
Till thro' thy glafs he look'd, and faw more clear;
No more in reafon weak, or paffion ftrong,
The film remov'd, that fhew'd each object wrong;
Doubly the mirror does the ftatesman pleafe,
It fhews him firft, then cures, his ftrange difeafe;
Prudent thy conduct now, and parts divine,
Each blunder his, and each perfection thine;
Aftonish'd, his affent he cou'd refrain
To truths, fo long, which now appear fo plain;
Enlightned with a STAR—— and pleas'd to find
The caufe remov'd, fo long that held him blind:
Thy fame, oh *Britain!* oft thofe ftatesmens care,
By ftatutes, wife; made watchful, by defpair:
Who from projectors, into *patriots* rofe,
And into virtues, coin'd their * wants and woes:
(Two christian reafons ne'er to be forgot,
To help, and then excufe, a needful plot)
One option only left 'em now by fate,
To ftarve, or govern; rend, or rule a ftate;

* *Saluft. Cat.*

The next great blessing which they can enjoy,
To modelling a nation—— to destroy ;
Alike to these, its glory or its fall,
Its wreaths or chains, to save or to enthrall;
For not to beg, or not to hang—— is all,
Better a state of freedom to deprive,
Than guardians not preferr'd, be kept alive.
No guilt, in their opinion, half so great,
Whate'er *divines* may think—— as not to eat;
With virtues charm'd, that charges will defray ;
And with no duty pleas'd, that does not pay ;
By one good saving rule for ever bound,
If they enrich'd—— the maxims must be found.
By that alone their morals understood,
If barren, false ; if gainful, always good ;
In virtue's scale each action taught to place,
That sav'd 'em from a danger, or disgrace :
No gibbet due for crimes that give 'em ease ;
Whate'er is said in *Hawkins'* learned *pleas*.

Let statesmen, in the fulness of their pride,
Model weak sinking realms, or monarchs guide;
Britain support, to their old maxims true;
Or, fond of glory, ruin with their new;
Blest *Stentor*, if each teeming *vixen* brings
But cubs enough — has nought to do with kings;
Give him the pack to view, and down to range,
Courts may their peers, the church her prelates, change;
To *Stentor* just alike, whoe'er is sped,
When *D—l* is remov'd, or *Wake* is dead;
What 'quire is chosen sheriff next; or mayor;
Or who has *Gr--ston's* staff, or *Onst--w's* chair.
What names the senate fill, and council grace,
And, *Tind--l* gone, what christian takes his place.
Careless, if *Parma's* duchess dye, or breeds;
If *Austria* to her realms, or *Spain* succeeds.

As now behind the opening cry he cheers,
Their notes more sweet than those, that tune the spheres;
Thro' every rapturous scene each sense is led;
Each bliss enjoy'd, and every sorrow dead;

His

His fame to raise, and kennel to uphold,
Forgot the woods he cut, and farms he fold;
In his own thought, who frugal does appear,
If one good manner keeps the pack a year.
To his dear spouse with what compassion led;
Who starves his wife, to see his beagles fed?
Evincing plain, his kind paternal care,
His dogs more nicely tutor'd than his heir;
When both lay sick, ah! say what joy he found——
He only lost his son—— but sav'd his hound;
His grief how soon allay'd, for honest *Ned*;
How great, had heaven took *Ringwood* in his stead!

As now he scours along the woodland coast,
Debts, judgments, executions—— all are lost.
The chase inspires his joy, and kills his woes,
To fifty bonds he sign'd, who nothing owes.
Such transport to his ravish'd bosom deals,
It melts the wax, and sweeps away the seals;
The happy moment he begins the trail,
Forgot the writ, the sheriff and the jail;

Each terror now the sportsman can despise ;
Too small to give him pain, when *Reignold* dies.

His light each morning why does *Phœbus* yield ;
Only to guide the hunter to the field ?

The brake to search, the pleasing toil renew ;
Whose beams, he thinks, have little else to do.

Unkind the shower, which falling now apace,
Tho' blessing half the isle — yet spoils the chace ;

With heaven incens'd for jogging home, before
He finds prepar'd, his supper, or his whore ;

Oblig'd to sit half the dull evening still ;
Vertuous for two long hours — against his will.

The boasted arms that give this chief applause,
A row of foxes tails, and otters claws ;

Not on a warlike shield, or scutcheon bore ;
Nail'd with more pride on his rich stable-door ;

Which oft beheld, he bids each man of sense,
If he wants fame, look up — and take it thence ;

Trophies, in his esteem, of more repute
Than heralds fetch, from *Edgar*, or from *Brute*.

TO
The RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

*Qui terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt,
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis — dixam qui contudit hydram
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit
Comperit invidiam supremo sine domandam!
Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas — Hor. l. i. Epist. i.*

SOON would the muse have little left to do,
Had she no better friends abroad than you!
The learn'd and prudent, to adorn her strain,
Not half so useful as the dull and vain;

Who,

DEDICATION.

Who, pliant to the genius of the times,
In pity live, to find the poet rhimes;
For pious ends, to want each merit strive;
That writers may grow rich—and *Tonf--n* thrive!

Ah! did your frailties the gay tribe sustain,
Meager their look, and mean wou'd be their gain!
Since the lov'd patriot, and the generous friend,
Teach rage to melt, and satire to commend:
In envy's breast, an emulation raise;

And from her venom'd lip extort a praise:
Vertue, that solid shield, on which you trust,
Takes from each foe the pleasure of a thrust;
Strong to defy, and steady to endure;
Her orb resistless, and protection sure;
Faction's weak shafts, all glancing from the steel;
Which from their point, does no impression feel;
Each passage stop'd—and bounding back from you
Pierce the dire fury's breast, from whence they flew.

Let falsehood censure then, or fraud assail,
Still shall thy fame o'er all their arts prevail;

A con-

DEDICATION.

A conscious joy whose heart cou'd never prove,
But from a senate's smile, or nation's love;
From prudent schemes to guard his country cast;
From glory hop'd — or godlike actions past;
With pains by him those arts together brought,
The present boast of, or past ages taught;
The toil of years — all open to his view;
What *Rome* admir'd, or *Athen* ever knew;
With care collected in the statesman's breast
Maxims that empires sav'd, and subjects bless'd;
Each glorious plan familiar to his eye;
That lifted *Sparta's* rigid fame so high;
Which gave each *Scipio* his divine renown,
Richmond his star, and great *Nassau* his crown.
Fixing the laurel on great *Cambell's* brow,
That rescu'd *Latium* oft, and *Britain* now;
Of each fair art, to trace the hidden mine,
His, all the toil — the fruit, oh *Brunswick*, thine!
Pleas'd, thy own virtues in his breast to view,
Prudence to chuse, and courage to pursue;

Far

D E D I C A T I O N.

Far from his bosom banish'd every fear;
 An upright heart, his *agis* and his *spear*;
 That does from every dread and terror save;
 And leads the patriot smiling to a grave;
 Secure in life—and of no foes afraid,
 But those his virtue, or his glory made.

But from her fav'rite theme, the satir strays,
 Whose province is to censure, not to praise;
 The proud to check, the vicious to pursue,
 Unkindly hurried from her task—by you.
 The muse more pain'd, since you are not her friend,
 Whose aid she hop'd—to blame, than to commend.

The

The Manners of the Age.

S A T I R IV.

TH O' truth is one, as sages all confess,
 We change our notions, like our wine and dress;
 New-shape our thoughts, as often as our sleeve,
 And what we damn one day, the next believe;
 Vertue and vice, our glory and disgrace,
 Shift natures oft, and take each other's place;
Tory and *whig*, against and for one bill,
 P—— the self-same upright patriot still.
 Grac'd by that conduct now, which left a stain
 In all that lik'd it, in the former reign.
 We take our maxims from the learned throng,
 To judge of good and bad, of right and wrong;

As they approve or hate, commend or blame,
 Worth shall be scandal, want of vertue, fame;
 One Act, as factions do by turns prevail,
 Preferring to a crest, or to a jail.
 The realm in doubt, till sages shall ordain,
 If *Paul* henceforth, or *H-deg-r*, shall reign.
 If *Moses* for great *Burnet* we must quit,
 And revelation be dethron'd by wit;
 If sacred opera's shall instruct us still,
 And churches empty, as *ridotto's* fill;
 The *Hebrew* or the *German* leave the field,
 And *David's* lyre to *Handel's* spinnet yield.

'Tis not in vain our armies then have fought,
 To purchase freedom — and the best of thought:
 The glorious right by wholesom laws decreed,
 For all to chuse their spouses, and their creed;
 Each subject's claim, without the nation's care,
 To judge what faith is good, and dame is fair
 All by their own sagacious wisdom led,
 What doctrines to embrace, and nymphs to wed.

'Tis

'Tis to enslave our thoughts, debase our mind,
To live, from error barr'd, to truth confin'd;
Thro' scripture now, or C——ns free to range,
To pick our faith, and when dislik'd, to change.
What *Briton's* heart sincerely wou'd not grieve,
Robb'd of the *christian* power—to disbelieve;
Against all law, no doubt, and reason quite,
To be oblig'd for ever—to be right;
Forbid, tho' prices for a vote run high,
To leave a truth, each session, for a lie;
The least reward no more to give or take;
Or bribe, ah! cruel act—for conscience sake.

When *Publius* dresses for a ball, e'er night,
He learns, what notions are that month polite;
Dreading he might some statesman's ear offend,
In a wrong place, to blame or to commend!
For who without some previous hint can guess,
What may be new each morn in law or dress;
If midnight masks are our renown or shame;
And licens'd guilt, a nation's curse, or fame;

How oft the sacred vow in wedlock varies;
 And wives may be forgot for lady *M—ries*;
 If taxes are our burden or our ease,
 And friendly war, a weight less felt than peace;
 If *F—n* thriving on his late disgrace,
 Hopes not, the next remove, to have a place!
 Which the nice courtier's fame does most advance,
 To kneel at chapel, or at balls to dance;
 Which the fine lady's conduct most upbraids;
 Prayer with the queen; or gigling with her maids
 Blunt *Angelo*, less cautious, and more plain,
 Forgets what notions take, and parties reign:
 Mistakes his man; and often hopes to please
 A colonel in the house, with news of peace;
 To beaux, of virtue—to the modish fair
 Will oft discourse of marriage vows, and prayer;
 N— close by, at cuckoldom will sneer
 And talk of faith, when *S—y—n* may be near
 Plain dealing preach, sincerity commend,
 To make an alderman or judge his friend!

Hoping.

Hoping in *Wh—ston's* heart, in time, to breed
A reverence for a canon, and a creed;
That inspiration may o'er wit prevail,
And good directors, at corruption rail.

To please some ears, we shou'd with judgment cast,
How long a fashion or a truth may last;
Nor in *July* a vertue praise too soon,
Which was condemn'd at *Will's*— perhaps in *June*!
For maxims now, like almanacks appear,
And seldom are in vogue, above a year;
Like our old-cloaths, and linnen thrown aside;
When senates blame 'em, or when courts deride!
Since oft for reasons good, and none to blame,
The self-same act, may cease to be the same;
With different meanings clouded and perplex'd,
This term be treason, and good law the next.
Blest *B—mb—ge*! who hast now an equal chance,
To starve or thrive— to hang or to advance;
Tho' murder, theft, extortion, now are crimes,
They may be vertues yet — in better times!

How

How few, misled by ignorance or pride,
Have ever chose sage nature for a guide;
By caprice or ambition led astray,
Wisdom is scorn'd, and folly points the way;
That leads 'em on direct to want or shame;
Fond of a *critic's* or a statesman's name!
And treading the by-paths they ought to shun,
Are by their choice, and not their fate, undone.

Think not at levies *Carlo's* face to view,
Asking what truths are found, and schemes are new;
To find him out, the auction is the place,
Earning with pains each day, some new disgrace.
How wise, and full of science are his looks!
—He knows the titles of a hundred books!
(The happy moths, in each fair volume nurs'd
Secure, in any page beyond the first)
A learned register to teach mankind
Who print the best, and who the fairest bind;
First in the room the *critic* you may see,
The rattling hammer scarce so sure as he;

Who

Who bids the highest for each curious piece,
Then begs to know, if penn'd in *Rome* or *Greece*.
Bought, that his study, not compleat before,
Might boast one learned useless author more.

With sweat and pains the knowledge he has got
Where liv'd his writers, in what age they wrote;
What century their living fame possess;
And what editions please, and sell the best;
His ample glory each learn'd press to know,
From C---l and B----n, to *Aldus* and to *Bleau*.
Let but the cover shine, and paper please,
Whate'er is in't, his guinea comes with ease;
But ask him not, if you are *Carlo's* friend,
How well he likes the middle or the end?
These are strange foreign coasts, a wild *Peru*,
And desarts, which he ne'er attempts to view;
Thro' a whole book to travel with his eye,
An *Indian* voyage, which he ne'er cou'd try.
'Tis *Carlo's* double praise, and first delight,
To keep his authors neat, and shelves polite.

With

With the same awful care, who does presume,
Their works to open, as unseal their tomb.
With him, they gain a long eternal rest;
Preserv'd untouch'd, like mummies in a chest;
And who to order lives so dire a foe,
To discompose his ranks, or spoil a rowe;
How strong and sweet a rapture does it breed,
To gaze on books! — how weak a joy to read!
While oddly you, my lord, adorn each shelf,
Not to improve your study, but your self;
Fond of those authors that your sense refine,
Chose to instruct and please, as well as shine.

Few judge of sense, by wisdom of their own;
Too cautious to condemn, or praise alone;
First hear the town; and if its fame run high,
Extol the price, and swell the general cry!
Loud in applause, they spread its worth around,
Like echo form'd, to propagate a sound.
Their voice the faithful tube that does convey
To list'ning friends, what wiser criticks say.

Whose

Whose curious eye on the same beauty strikes,
And what the one admires, the other likes;
To praise or blame the work, who ne'er presume,
Till *Sw--r* pronounces, and has fix'd its doom.

As lead and feathers in the arrow's flight
Take the same course—the heavy guides the light;
Their natures different, yet along the skies
One cuts the track, thro' which the other flies:
In judging thus, in censure or in praise,
The critic dictates, what the fop displays.
Careful the studious sage, with skill profound,
To breathe, where'er he goes, the mimic sound!
Let *Momus* open, all the yelping throng
Confirm the scent, and follow, right or wrong:
From the old cur, each puppey takes the cry,
Pursues his steps, he knows not where, or why!
The bawling pack, their father *Rockwood* rules;
And one dull pedant, makes a herd of fools.

Critics, like eagles, now, their prey pursue;
How pleas'd, a carcass, or a play in view!

Each keen and watchful, with like transport looks,
 On battles one, and one on wholesome books.
 The different scene affords the same delight,
 When meeting armies join, and authors write.
 Jove's royal bird, more innocently fed,
 Ne'er wrecks his generous rage, but on the dead;
 More cruel these on living victims thrive,
 Feast on their mangled fame, while yet alive;
 Why that insulting smile? the sage has view'd
 A colon — where a comma should have stood!
 So soon, why sad? — that cruel guileless page
 Lends not one line, on which to play his rage!
 The thoughts correct, each period smooth and just,
 Defrauds him of the pleasure of a thrust;
 How deep his anguish, when the faultless lays
 Suppress his vengeance and extort his praise;
 The bard unkind, thus with his foe to deal,
 And rob him of his satire and his meal;
 Depriv'd, when nought is left him to assail,
 Of two great, solid joys — to eat and rail.

Why

Why should perfection give his heart the spleen,
As beauty, by a rival beauty seen;
O'erwhelm with grief, if forc'd to give a fame,
And praise the sheet, he only read to blame?
Each beauteous page is past neglected o'er,
As maggots still are fondest of a fore;
In each corrupted limb whole heaps are found,
Not one appearing where the parts are found;
Criticks like *Indian* kings, who feed the best
When guts and garbage grace the royal feast;
Their greatest bliss from imperfections draw,
Searching for faults, as lawyers for a flaw.
Each error which they meet, their gain and boast;
Still pleas'd the best with what offends 'em most!
On the sweet labours of the muses fed,
Plays, pamphlets, poems, are their daily bread;
Heaven wou'd deprive 'em of their earthly bliss,
Shou'd they one barren month their satire miss;
If *Sw*—t and *P*—pe their learned pains decline,
Where shall the lean, lank shadows drink or dine,

Whose genius shou'd with venom swell their heart;
 Supply their garret with the evening quart;
 With pipes and gin——a trotter or a tart?
 Undone for ever, shou'd one fleeting moon
 Deny 'em matter for a rich lampoon;
 The town afford 'em neither verse nor prose,
 To curl their wigs anew, or vamp their hose;
 On wit and learning, weekly who refine,
 That grocers may be serv'd——and authors dine.

Sooner shall traiterous *Caleb* like a pease,
 And view with smiles, his country's fame encrease;
Highbate with *Pindus*, *Rich* with *** compare,
 And pidling journals be a match for *Hare*;
Locke shall offend, great *Sh-r-l-ck* not inspire,
 And *Brampf--n*'s politicks the reader tire;
 Than *Momus* not persist, the age's crime,
 To praise the low, and censure the sublime;
 Whose genius heaven does eminently curse,
 For ever judging ill, and writing worse.

Yet

Yet on he blunders still, his fame to raise,
Thro' verse and prose, thro' infamy and praise !
One reader sure to ravish with his strains
Which every reader, but that one, disdains.
Tho' beauty, titles, honours and command,
Fate seems to scatter with a careless hand,
It does to all an equal share dispense,
In each man's thought, of wisdom and of sense ;
For want of riches, tho' we oft complain,
Who ever blam'd the gods for want of brain ?
Did in himself a single blemish find,
Or fairer merit in another's mind ?
Their diet coarse, their coat and lodging rough,
For wit — all thank their stars, they have enough.
The sacred gift of heaven, with smiles adore
Sincerely pitying thousands — that have more.

Let gay *Narcissus* then, in nature's spite,
Each week his sonnet smooth, or satir write ;
Tho' *Phæbus* nor the nine assist his quill,
But in compassion warn him, to be still ;

Tho'

Tho' critics censure, and condemn his lays,
And rob the poet of his wreaths and praise;
While heaven with breath *Narcissus* does inspire,
He lives secure of one that will admire;
Doat on his painted volume on the shelf;
For who that writes, cou'd e'er disdain himself?

Smooth the transition, if the muse shou'd pass
From the pert pedant, to the *studious lass*;
Who little minds, who publishes or prints,
Hanging her room with books, instead of chints.
In peace the nymph can neither sup nor dine,
Unless her shelves, from top to bottom shine;
Whose authors match'd, and rang'd in even rows,
Shew to the eye, like files of letter'd beaux.
Or shillings dipt; (the simile will hold)
Tinsel within—— without all glittering gold.
Those only fit nice humour to display,
Drest like herself, from top to bottom gay.
Let her be judge, in dress whoe'er excel,
In prose or verse, must rhyme and reason well;

With

With her, accomplish'd thus, *Dutch* poets shine;
And a gilt *Barnet* is a good Divine;
For 'tis her faith, that all who please the sight,
Have a good title to be sound and right;
And if she knows the richness of the skin
Can prophesy the wit and worth within;
Without *Morocco*, what a poor pretence,
Has *P--pe* to taste, or *Tillotson* to sense?
Osborn, how vain, who hopes a praise to meet
From a coarse journal, or a penny sheet;
His schemes all coarse, his reasoning low and lame,
Till *Sparks* or *Walthoe* gilds him into fame!
Weak to object, to answer, or dispute,
Unless his sense is strengthened by a suit.
How sweet wou'd *W--tl--y's* verse in *Turkey* sound?
Prior how flat, if meanly clad and bound?
—Some, in their own conceit, much wiser grow,
Their knowledge more esteem'd, the less they know,
And panting after fame, a glory take,
From a nice error, or a feign'd mistake;

Their

Their ignorance in trifles, thought polite;
Ill bred, in these, to think, or judge aright;
In life's low scenes, offending courtly eyes,
A greater wisdom, not to be so wise!
Wou'd it not injure *Silia's* fame, to know
How her plumbs blossom, or her peaches grow;
To ripen fruit, if gardens were of use;
If eggs, or teeming trees, her ducks produce;
Too rural, in the science to be skill'd,
How her hens breed, or how her farms are till'd;
Pleas'd for her stove, her oven to mistake;
And quite amaz'd, how bricks can pasties bake!
Who oft at dinner, chuses to enquire,
If when he roasts, her cook makes use of fire!
Thinking she does her time in trifles waste,
Tutoring the aukward maid to raise her paste.

What science then does *Silia* most admire,
What knowledge pleases, and what arts inspire?
Scorning the earth, the student upward flies,
With *Ticho*, and with *Newton*, to the skies;

Nor

Nor envies learned *Boyle* the fame to know,
How myſtick nature ſports, and acts below;
Nothing beneath the ſun, has power to charm;
Planets alone and ſtars, her boſom warm!
Their orbs transport her, and their light enflames,
Skill'd in their courſe, their natures and their names;
The world deluding, both when fool and wiſe,
Her ignorance, and knowledge, both are lies.

For wit and ſenſe, no more the gifts of thought,
Like other *Britiſh* wares are ſold and bought;
Ludgate, the muſe's hill, that does ſupply
Knowledge and filks——to all who want to buy!
Here beaux, reſolv'd to triumph in diſpute,
Improve their reaſon with a coſtly fruit;
And *Templars*, when the parſon is the theme,
With a much better grace, in this blaſpheme!
Who, as they ſhine in drels, in parts excel;
Procuring wiſdom——by the yard or ell!
By *tiffue*, bards; by velvet, *ſtateſmen* made;
Saints, by deep black; and *criticks* by brocade:

Minerva's aid; what fool wou'd now desire,
When looms can better much than gods inspire?
When *Oxford* in each boasted science yields
To each *Exchange*, and *Cham* to *Spittlefields*;
Who both prefer, found wisdom to disgrace,
Study, to crimson; books, to learned late
Asserting, tho' the fiction is but vain,
A man may reason, tho' his coat is plain;
With some success, against a wit dispute,
Tho' *Day* nor *Shelly* sold him his last suit.

Byron in nice debates, not deeply read,
More on his dress relying, than his head;
Engag'd in a dispute, ne'er fails to bring
His witty snuff-box and his reasoning ring;
How weak, confiding in his parts alone;
How wise, assisted by his learned stone?
Let none, the prudent sage's judgment slight,
Blundering himself, his ruby still is right!
By human frailty sway'd, perhaps the man
May err sometimes—— the brilliant never can;

Happy,

Happy, when almost vanquish'd, to supply
His want of sense, he had his finger nigh;
With stronger force his reasons to display;
Without which second—— he had lost the day.

Self-love, that does the heart with shadows cheat,
Draws our rewards too small, and worth too great;
Too oft for merit, we our weakness prize,
And gaze on follies, with admiring eyes;
Doat on simplicities, and then complain,
Tho' we deserve, mankind shou'd e'er disdain.
While thus our pride to certain shame betrays,
Where we want pardon, oft expecting praise;
To our own faults and imperfections blind,
We dream, the friendly town will be as kind;
Fond of the flattering glass, that does express,
Each beauty greater, and each blemish less!

Proud of their own deserts, tho' all alike
The bright and glittering beams of glory strike;
Fame, like a worthy mistress, e'er we run
To her embrace, shou'd first be fairly won.

Mankind to each shou'd prove their just pretence,
 By vertue, bravery, or exalted sense;
 Each day in fair esteem still higher rise,
 Advance their title — then demand the prize;
 Where worth and glory have their different scale,
 And truth the judge, the first shou'd still prevail;
 If we permit the other to outweigh,
 We run in debt for sums, we ne'er shall pay;
 Too dear, an empty reputation buy;
 The world's derision, purchas'd with a lye.

For praise, if false, like satir's self affails;
 And panegyrick flattering, only rails;
 Keen as the shafts that cut the yielding air,
 Painting the coward brave, the fulsome fair;
 Just like a subtil foe its cunning foud,
 Who smiles, whene'er he means a deeper wound;
 The poet's lawrel, by the pedant wore,
 Serves only to augment our scorn the more;
 Obscures his gloomy brow, with thicker night,
 From which he hop'd to draw a fairer light;

Turning

Turning that glory, which he shou'd disclaim,
Not his by right, into the owner's shame!
Like paint, which does the homely cheek impair;
And meant to grace, makes every look less fair.

Flavius resolv'd to be genteel and wife,
Deserts his fav'rite seat, and native skies;
His fame, enough in reason to compleat,
In a *French* air five months to sleep and eat.
Each stage he journeys on, his knowledge thrives,
In sense encreasing, as he forward drives;
The *Barons* parts, like rolling balls of snow,
That swell in bulk, and gather as they go.
Pitying rude crowds, that fill a barbarous isle,
He measures his endowments by the mile;
More polish'd, the more empires he has past,
And finds himself still wiser in the last.

But whence this sudden fame? Perhaps he knows
Whence the *Scheld* springs, and where the *Iber* flows;
What dish in what dominions most prevails;
What realms their vipers boast, and which their snails:

Where

Where the delighted eye with joy can view
The peach of largest size, and fairest hue!
Each gift well known, in which each state excels,
Trouffles, or painting — learning or *morells*.
His glory how immense, at home to boast,
The hills he scal'd, and ferries that he crost;
Where grew the sweetest plumb; what generous soil
Produc'd the fullest grape, and finest oil:
Vex'd at our homely dinners, which supply
Nothing to hit his taste, or please his eye!
No dish, or nicely chose, or cook'd aright;
Our sauce not savoury, nor our soups polite.
At a friend's table, never pleas'd, or blest,
Unless a *frog ragout*, enrich the feast;
Who can no nation wise or great believe
Without a genius — for a curl or sleeve!
Whoever leaves his country, more inclin'd
To please his fancy than adorn his mind;
At home had better study, dance and dress,
That *Italy* might have one fool the less;

For

SAT. IV. *The Manners of the Age.* 111

For time ill spent, the fame will scarce atone,
To be a coxcomb in more tongues than one;
At three years end, just able to define
How broad the *Danube*, or how deep the *Rhine*;
What states the *Alps* divide; how proud to know
The *Rhodie* and *Tiber*, from the *Maine* and *Poe*;
Quite richly laden, if he carries home
The height of *Trajan's* pile, or *Peter's* dome;
Can tell, what towering spires the highest rise,
What climes their spiders boast, and which their flies.
His fame much more enlarg'd, to view the face,
Of ancient heroes stamp'd on modern brass;
Cato's old image, or great *Scipio's* bust
Just cast—and cover'd o'er with lying dust.
Saints sacred relics, tutor'd to adore,
Hands they ne'er had, and heads they never wore!

How well the son repays the fire's expence,
Growing in knowledge, to decline in sense?
Landed at last on his own native shore,
Has he one vice the less, or virtue more;

In

In manners polish'd, or in taste refin'd,
 Or left one folly, or one fault behind;
 From nations view'd, wouldst thou a glory raise,
 Deserve a patriot's wreath, or statesman's praise;
 Enlarge thy knowledge, or thy sense refine,
 Rival lov'd *Bisb--p's* fame, or *Richmond* thine;
 By prudence guided, learn to judge aright
 Of courts, between the gay and the polite;
 Their follies to deride, and arts to prize;
 And separate between the vain and wise:
 Each trifle scorn'd, enrich thy generous thought;
 With leagues well form'd, and battles nobly fought;
 Thy care to learn, what gave their fame increase,
 Their schemes in war, and policies in peace;
 To check ambitious force, and lawless pride,
 The field ador'd, where once the valiant dy'd;
 Bedew'd with pious tears, each glorious plain,
 Where *Britain* wept her sons, and warriors slain.
 Well pleas'd, as thy discerning thought is cast,
 On ages distant, and great *Era's* past;

To

To know, what gave to *Greece*, her pride and fame,
What rais'd, and what depress'd the *Roman* name;
Whose prudent counsels fixt their arms success,
What other *Brunswicks* other empires bless;
His country curs'd, the sword of justice brav'd,
What *S—t J—n* plotted, and what *Walpoles* sav'd.
Fair freedom's fate, whose treacherous arts decreed;
Whose rashness ruin'd, and whose wisdom freed:
This knowledge thine, no more shall satir rail,
But bid thee, with the first fair packet sail;
Peace to restore, when factions rage and burn
A *Richm--nd*, or a *Worley* — to return.

But say! for this do Nobles visit *France*?
Or to improve in dress, and shine in dance?
Since our own follies please not half so well
As those which distant climes import and sell;
Frugal in all things else, we never fear
To buy a lov'd simplicity too dear!
Which by our betters, we are taught to prize,
If kindly sent us, by our good allies!

Q

Quite

Quite rude, if *England* shou'd not give a price
To neighbouring nations, for their wines, and vice;
Which else might spoil the union, and one day
Dissolve, perhaps, the friendship of *Cambray*.

With ardent eyes behold *Britannia* stand
Commons and peers, quite shadowing all the strand;
Joy smiling in each ravis'd eye, to meet
The crouded sails of yon approaching fleet;
Treaties and trade, no more their thoughts detain,
The policies of *France*, or power of *Spain*;
Forgot almost, the fav'rite vessels nigh,
The current taxes, and the year's supply!

But say! what news th' important navy brings,
Or of the fate of realms, or fall of kings;
In *Afric* are the fierce dissensions o'er?
What bastard son shall rule the swarthy moor?
Is *Fleury* to the *British* cause inclin'd,
Has *Charles* approv'd the peace, or *Philip* sign'd?
Is the next courier to bring o'er from *France*,
Trousses, or war; a union, or a dance?

Homeward:

Homeward more richly fraught, the navy steers
With wares—the joy of 'prentices and Peers;
What pious *Britain* more than peace adores;
Two *Gallick* tumblers, and two *Parma* whores.
See! her good patriots rob themselves of rest
To judge which warbling *Siren* squeaks the best;
To rail at *Rome*, in gratitude who cease;
For tho' her faith is bad, her fingers please;
And to kind heaven, her faults and failings leave;
Sighing, so sweet a church shou'd e'er deceive!

In consultation now no more they meet
Of peace and war — of *Bambridge*, or the *Fleet*;
So charm'd to hear each nymph her dirges thrill,
They almost had forgot the money bill;
While *British* warriors now no more contest,
What nations fight, but which can fiddle best;
And sunk in raptures, yield without dispute,
The sword disdain'd, the glory to the flute!

'Twas once fair *Britain's* glory and her praise
To bind her heroes brows with foreign bayes;

Victorious wreaths from vanquish'd realms to bring,
She cannot conquer now—— but she can sing;
And while her warriors on the stage look gay,
Gentle or eager, just as fiddlers play;
Made soft or fierce by *Handel's* potent lyre;
Their rage and love both modell'd by the wire;
Of *Latian* eunuchs, and sweet tunes possess'd,
The opera is safe—— and *England* blest.

T O

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of WILMINGTON.

——— *Velut silvis, ubi passim*
Palantes, error, certo de tramite pellit.
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit, unus utriq;
Error, sed variis illudit partibus; hoc te
Crede modo insanum, nihilo ut sapientior ille
Qui te deridet, caudam trahit———

Hor. l. 2. Sat. 3.

THE learned ear with verse while we detain,
Is it to give applause, or else to gain;
From the fair eye as gems receive a light,
Their lustre strives in vain, to shew more bright.
To raise his sacred worth whate'er we lend,
The patriot's acts the poet's praise transcend;
Just,

DEDICATION.

Just, prudent, generous, faithful in our lay;

—Whate'er we give, 'tis all his own, we pay:

As wardens, when their sovereign is their guest,

With his own deer, the monarch kindly feast.

The muse how kind, before her satir plac'd

A name, by kings belov'd, by senates grac'd;

To give him genius, merit, birth, address,

Whose virtues nations feel, and councils bless;

Where call'd by *Brunswick's* wisdom to preside,

To wealth and fame, whose schemes can better guide;

Add to our glory, or augment our power;

Or on his country richer blessings shower.

Tho' gratitude may seem the gift to bring,

'Tis pride inspires us, when to such we sing;

For who so humble, if you like the strain,

But grows, by your applause or pardon, vain;

If yet, with that ambition nobly blest,

'Tis vanity, to hope to please the best!

An aim, still rising in the poet's thought,

Which into praise and virtue turns the fault.

The

The Manners of the Age.

S A T I R V.

ITS ink so free, yet why shou'd satir spill;
 When kind good nature, with less pain, can kill?
 That unperceiv'd its venom does impart,
 Gliding, scarce felt, into the sufferer's heart.
 Amaz'd, at last its latent poison found,
 A thing so smooth and gentle e'er shou'd wound;
 Its arts, a virtue practice to beguile;
 And dress up fraud in praises, or a smile!
 In panegyrick its full rage display!
 And tortures, in the fondest phrase convey:
 In modern morals, the first rule, to chuse
 Smiles to give pain; and pity to abuse:

From

From soft compassion to select a dart,
Meant to transfix a friend's, or fav'rites heart;
A joy to damp, or sorrow to improve;
Still wearing, where it wounds, the mask of love.

Thais is griev'd, each feature else so fair,
That *Pyrrha* shou'd be seen with yellow hair!
Her youth possess of every other grace,
Pity such brows shou'd injure such a face!

Each tongue *Sisania's* vertue must proclaim,
Did not *quadrill* a little hurt her fame:
At cards, some small offence her freedom gives!
—Without some fault, yet sure no lady lives!
Tho' modest as the coldest maid alive,
Some ne'er can find their way to bed——till five.

A thousand charms *Cleora's* eyes dispense,
And who in charms e'er found a want of sense?
But if heaven's fav'rites share the first and best,
With every gift no woman e'er was blest;
Her parents fault, that she who does excel
In dance, and musick——was not taught to spell.

What

What youth cou'd bear *Arfnoe's* fatal eye,
If nature had not plac'd her teeth so nigh!
In pity heaven perfum'd her balmy breath,
To rescue half mankind from darts and death.

In shape and mein *Dulcinea* few excel,
Rich are her laces, and she dresses well;
Her character unstain'd, her fame is fair,
Her sense unquestion'd, and genteel her air!
How hard, the town her conduct shou'd upbraid,
Keeping her semstrefs' bill, so long unpaid.
Unkind the noise and tattle of the street;
That her rich lord has lodgings — in the *Fleet*.
Sly fame suggesting, 'twou'd be no reproach,
To buy his freedom, wou'd she sell her coach;
Less frequent, if assemblies she wou'd hold;
And pay some tradesmen, with some jewels sold.
Not quite so sparkling at the ball appear,
To clear her debts — no shame to rob her ear;
To sink in shew, in equipage and dress,
And conquer — with one gem, or two, the less.

But say! no creature can wife nature frame,
Whom malice dares not strike, or envy blame!
With vertues blest, who can her self defend,
Against a foe— or, what is worse— a friend?
See *Tullia*, fashion'd in her fairest mold,
Each grace, attracting human hearts, unfold;
Gentle and free, her manners, and her mind;
Beauty with youth, and sense with beauty join'd;
With every modest worth, her soul inspir'd;
By ours, nay more, by her own sex admir'd!
Says *Cressid*—— a most finish'd saint indeed!
With fifty songs—— cou'd she repeat her creed!
But the world's wonder let not that allay;
For few who sing so well — are taught to pray!
Forc'd to repeat a collect morn and night,
Tullia might lose her notes and gamut quite.
And nice court ladies know, it wou'd be wrong
To serve her maker, shou'd she spoil her song.
The want of piety her prudent choice;
Which, without caution, might have hurt her voice.

To heaven let others different incense bring;

'Tis full enough for one, to play and sing.

In this kind age can any want a friend,

When rage can flatter, malice can commend?

When nymphs with scorn a rival's worth relate;

And beauties praise a beauty—out of hate.

But such the praise they give, has ever been;

Satir ne'er points a venom'd shaft so keen;

By ignorance or folly urg'd, ne'er throws

A dart so edg'd, against its greatest foes.

On their own merits, some so fondly muse,

They find no time, another to accuse:

Whose wit, tho' many think their worst disease;

Each man has still enough, one man to please!

Whose prose or poem with each grace shall flow,

From end to end, no period mean or low.

Wife *Cin'bio* then lets others faults alone,

His time sufficient scarce—to prize his own:

Astonish'd, that mankind, since he has writ,

Shou'd e'er condemn the town for want of wit.

And not inspir'd with a true modern taste,
Or blame our own, and doat on ages past?
With his own flights his ear he entertains;
And from himself alone, his wisdom gains.
Struck with each line, with joy his bosom beats,
His heart exulting, as his tongue repeats.
Pallas his guide in every sacred page,
Instructed by her skill—— he grows a sage.
All authors, new and old, upon his shelf,
Disdain'd—— to be delighted—— with himself.

And sure a smiling writer may deceive
And cheat himself, without the *critic's* leave;
Nor *Dennis* ask, suppose the humour strike
His ravish'd heart, what lines he is to like!
For fear too free a censure might destroy
The bliss he feels, and steal away his joy.
How sweet tun'd discord, to his list'ning ear,
The want of thought, how valu'd, and how dear!
The bounty of the gods, in smiles confest,
And *Phœbus*, for each beauteous blunder, blest;

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to bend before no other shrine ;

A victim vow'd, for each unthinking line !

From joy to joy, as thus he does advance,

Ah gently tread, nor break the poet's trance.

Let him in all the pride of heart admire,

And ravish'd with himself, in smiles expire ;

In his learn'd study, by too loud a stroke,

His extasy and couplet may be broke ;

He lose the thought just trickling down his pen,

By the rude noise, a mortal made agen !

On earth how griev'd to view his papers lie,

Himself and they so late above the sky.

To see beneath, as o'er past scenes he runs,

Candles for stars, and lamps instead of suns.

While Port his voice, instead of nectar, swells,

Curll's garret the *Olympus* where he dwells ;

To aid his muse, the soft *Castalian* rills

Issuing from casks that *Hucks*, or *Parsons*, fills.

Parsnips and pulse which *Twickenham's* valley breeds,

The rich *Ambrosia* now, on which he feeds.

Wou'd

Wou'd you for ever to his soul be dear?
Seem ravish'd, like your friend, with all you hear!
At once in wonder lift your hands and eye,
With beauties pleas'd— you know not what, or why.
For if you touch one fault, he is undone,
So pleas'd with all—he cannot part with one;
Each crime so fondly priz'd, and well approv'd,
His wife alone, is hardly better lov'd:
'Tis malice, not an aim his lines to mend,
Prompts you in very spite, to seem his friend;
To dash that beauty, at that thought to strike;
Arraigning, what you envy, or you like!
In every blot you make too plainly seen,
The ink was spilt, by folly or by spleen.
Cou'd you applaud each weakness you despise;
The writer wou'd be blest, and *critick* wife;
Believing, that judiciously to think,
Wants nothing but the aid of quills and ink.
That each rich genius must the town delight,
Suppose his print is large, and paper white;

With

With *Tonson's* authors if his volume dwells,
And once each term with * *C—bb—r's Cæsar* sells;
The first edition hardly touch'd; perplex
That *Jacob* makes no haste—— to print a next;
Assur'd, his sheets wou'd not one moment lye
Longer unfold —— but till the ink was dry!

The learned town ambitious to engage,
With a spruce picture, in your title-page,
Indebted for your fame, not half so much
To *Pallas*, as to † *Dhall*, or *Vandergutch*,
When for your work, your face is finish'd well;
Your next great care is, who shall print and sell;
Chuse *Edm--nd's* shelves; if you design for ease;
If to be known, chuse *Lintott's* learned *Keys*.
Since authors now we differently approve,
Lodg'd under *Brown's Black Swan*, and *Butley's Dove*?
Judge if the piece is witty or absurd;
And always guess the genius, by the bird.

* *Cæsar in Æt. 2.* A Tragedy.

† Two eminent Painters.

Wou'd you be wise; secure a mark to know
What modern writers, are sublime or low;
Abound in folly — or in worth surpass,
Which merit darkness, which their case of glass!
Enquire what artist does the labour print,
And take from him your first judicious hint.
Without one look within, learn'd moderns guess,
A writer's merit, only by his press.
Let *Strato* only know your printer's name,
The work unseen, he judges of your fame;
If good or bad, instructed to divine
Less by the author's sense, than vender's sign.
(More than their own oblig'd to *Shakespeare's* head
That some divines are bought, and poets read)
Before he buys, his first concern to look
Who publishes — the next, who writes the book.
If * *Franklin*, no more worth the volume needs;
If * *Peele* — he damns of course, before he reads;
Publish'd by him, each pamphlet hurts his eye,
Wrote for Sir *Robert* — and he throws it by.

* * Publishers of the *Craftsman*, and *London Journal*.

When

When *Caleb* prints, his breast with rapture heaves,
Charm'd with the piece — before he cuts the leaves.
Sure of its fame, with prophesy possess'd;
The title good — that consecrates the rest.

By passion sway'd, how few a beauty meet,
Or one just period in a rival's sheet;
His thoughts unpolish'd, nor his diction pure,
A thousand lights, one shade shall quite obscure;
Tho' in each learned page, and sacred line,
In *Y—ng's* clear language, *Walp--le's* reasons shine;
He strives to move, and to convince in vain;
Or if he likes — a foe still likes with pain.
Too wise to praise what heightens his disease;
Quite angry with the lines, that chance to please;
Vext with each period, which with wonder strikes,
And still, the more convinc'd, the less he likes.
Volumes to darkness, and the worm, decreed,
Tully might own, nor *R—chm—and* blush to read.

Criticks, to judge of writers now, think fit
To know their party, e'er they try their wit;

Since factions fierce, who different schemes espouse,
 Reign in each shop—— as well as in the house:
 Wou'd you the dull discern, from men of note;
 'Tis only to enquire, which way they vote.
 If to the court and *P--ll--m* they belong,
 Whate'er they urge, their notions must be wrong.
 For *S--t* *Y--v*, and his mob, suppose they fight,
 If true or false, their reasons still are right.
 Our first great care, to have our volume please,
 On the sure side to give our *no's* and *yea's*.
 For if the learned speech disgusts the iſſe,
 'Twill have no force—— tho' utter'd by *Argyle*.
Onf--w's strong ſenſe, the many ſhall diſdain,
 And *L--mb--y* ſtrive to pleaſe, and move in vain.
 'Tis a falſe glaſs, that cheats our erring ſight,
 Shewing our foes ſtill wrong, and fay'rites right.
 The wiſdom of the firſt, with ſhades o'ercaſt;
 With tranſport read, the follies of the laſt:
 Thro' this deluſive mirror, all we view
 Juſt as we like, or hate, is falſe or true.

Miſſed

SATA V. The Manners of the Age. 131

Misled by this, we substance leave for air;
 Think truth offensive, and delusion fair;
 Ravish'd with one, the other quit with ease,
 For nothing can convince that does not please;
 Our judgment but the pander of our will,
 As this decides, is false or faultless still;
 How oft, by its imperious dictates sway'd,
 To baseness hurried, or to guilt betray'd,
 From virtue's paths how sure to turn aside
 Our worst deceiver, chose to be our guide,
 Long to his country *Codrus* had been dear,
 His heart was upright, and his fame was clear.
 Unstain'd his rigid virtue, scorning still
 The art, when conscience rose against his will:
 Whene'er he spoke, his sense was clear and strong;
 By place or bribe ne'er tempted to the wrong;
 By all, his zeal approv'd, and parts avow'd;
 The fav'rite and the idol of the croud.
 But see! by some malignant power misled,
 At once corrupting both his heart and head;

Ador'd the second, the third day of *Lent*
 His parts were all impair'd, and virtues spent:
 His friends amaz'd, in *Codrus* what they saw
 Their praise to merit, or esteem to draw.
 Whose honour they explode, and fame despise;
 All weak—— whoever fancy'd *Codrus* wife.
 Of genius and of truth, at once bereft,
 And scarce with fifty faults, two virtues left.

But say, what guilt or weakness does impair
 That glory, which of late appear'd so fair?
 With treason charg'd, from justice is he fled,
 Or has a fame too ample—— turn'd his head?
 Nor this, nor that, has made his merits less,
 ——Last week he voted for the troops of *Hes*;
 Here all his shame begins, and glories end,
 A sage no more, a patriot or a friend.
 This swept his honour and his parts away,
 Dropping a *yes*—— which shou'd have been a *may*;
 Still a good statesman, in the peoples fight,
 Had he pronounc'd but one short word aright.

Britons,

Britons, be just ! and true to vertue's cause,
 Give her, where'er she shines, her just applause !
 An upright foe have courage to commend ;
 And dare desert, if base, a bosom friend.
 Those dear, and of your fondest love possess,
 Whom reason, not whom passion, thinks the best.
 Drive far that guilt, from each degenerate heart,
 Which truth and merit, from esteem wou'd part ;
 That in a rival, wou'd each worth disclaim,
 Displeas'd with nothing in him, but a name !
 'Twill fix a sting in every partial breast
 To view those honour'd, whom you most detest ;
 Their virtues priz'd, by every other eye ;
 Enjoying that applause which you deny.
 While your derision does their fame adorn,
 Blooming more fair beneath your friendly scorn.
 Your friendship may indeed their worth extend ;
 Your malice only can be more their friend ;
 Pleas'd from your kind reproach, new fame to steal ;
 Like salves, that torture first, and after heal.

Some

Some boast a soul too lofty and divine
On schemes below, to comment and refine;
The nice projectors fram'd for higher things
Than modelling weak states, and guiding kings;
Condemn on earth no party, low or high;
Their contest only with the Deity.

Alphonso busies his laborious brain
Intent, amongst the stars a fame to gain;
Where modestly each day his thought ascends,
And what the God forgot, the mortal mends:
Vex'd from his heart, a power so great and wise,
Betray'd such weakness, when he fram'd his skies.
Nor built for use, nor beauteous to the sight,
His hand scarce placing one small star aright.
The sage, howe'er, so much his Maker's friend,
Will teach him what to change, and where to mend.
His guide, each weak contrivance to review;
These orbs effac'd, those better cast anew!
Too near the earth some scorching planets roll;
Some in their flight, too distant from the pole;

Those

Those wheeling too oblique — whose course refin'd
With better skill, wou'd better aid mankind.
To the glad earth eternal summers bring,
And o'er all nature spread one blooming spring.

But venturing, without him, new worlds to frame,
The builder's skill how many flaws defame;
The seasons seldom know their just returns,
While one too cool, too hot one climate burns;
These regions less, and those more heat require,
Chill'd with too small, or scorch'd with too much fire.

Had he been left to teach the sun its way,
An equal portion both of heat and day,
The universe throughout had fill'd and warm'd,
Each empire cherish'd, and each region charm'd.
While the soft *Pleiads*, from their urn shou'd pour,
When wanted most, the gentle genial shower.

Say! what ambition lifts his soul so high,
To dwell with stars, and regulate the sky!
Ruin'd by schemes below, which none approve,
He tries, great sage, for better luck above;

Hoping

Hoping, this planet his worst foe to find;
The rest, for favours shewn 'em, less unkind:
That as he guides their flight, and station mends,
Saturn and *Mars* may prove his future friends.
And he, by earthly projects, quite undone,
Thrive, by a new edition of the sun!
Of his wild schemes that *Jove* will pay the cost,
And give him back the sums his folly lost.

Learn'd idiot! when thy deepest thought has power,
To trace the wonders of a grass or flower;
The hidden beauties to unfold, that grow
On every shrub, in every field below;
Whose skill a whiteness o'er the lilly throws,
Streaks the gay tulip, and enflames the rose;
The smelling violet, with deep purple stains;
And dips in red, each blossom's fragrant veins;
When thy nice eye can half the secrets read,
Of one neglected blade, or trodden weed;
To nobler themes I give thee leave to rise,
To build anew, or mend the aukward skies.

Till

Till then, thy ignorance shou'd damp thy pride,
And he that fram'd each orb, for ever guide.

Pleas'd with the prospect each fair landskip yields,
Amesiris, likes the worlds her Maker builds;
The park and ring delightful to her eye,
She passes o'er small blunders—— in the sky;
The stars her fav'rites, and good friends, that light
Her coachman from the ball, at three, each night;
The sun, she oft has heard of in the news,
A planet which she very seldom views;
Together, who but rarely shew their head,
One rising —— when the other goes to bed.
In heaven's wide circuit found no faults, or flaws,
She quarrels only with its rigid laws:
In a free nation born, not quite so fair,
With rules, a lady's freedom to impair:
Vex'd, that her conscience is not let alone
To merit bliss—— by maxims of her own;
Secure of heaven, in revelation's spite,
By reason's help, and nature's fav'rite light,

T

Inspir'd

Inspir'd with sacred morals, which the ball
 Dictates and teaches, better much than *Paul*;
 Gentle and kind, which prompt her to fulfil
 Each soft persuasion of her heart and will;
 Her lord forgot, her lover to embrace,
 No crime at all — or sinning in the case.

She owns a God! but still she thinks it rude,
 Into her conduct shou'd his eye intrude;
 A little hard, the power supream shou'd know,
 At masques and balls, what women do below;
 Not quite so courtly and well bred, to mark
 Whose spouse may be their lover in the dark.

At *Will's*, and *Tom's*, no more let *T*—*n*—*l* preach,
 But listen while *she-atheists* better teach;
Woolf--*n* outdone, desert his learned chair,
 Better supply'd, by converts of the fair!
 Tho' weak, the thunder's voice, who can defy,
 And trembling at a worm, insult the sky!
 With sweet soft lips, and eloquence extream,
 By the best masters, tutor'd to blaspheme;

Of finer parts possest, who kindly grieve
For ladies, born so dull, as to believe;
With precepts aw'd, which damp each dear delight;
And force weak wives to lodge at home, each night;
To please their husbands, and fulfil their vows,
And worse—— to live contented with one spouse!

Sure to subdue, these ne'er can plead amiss,
For who can stand a female's no, or yes?
By nature form'd, to conquer, or beguile;
Who fight with looks, and argue with a smile;
With learned charms, who each weak foe surprize,
And borrow their best reasons, from their eyes!
The smooth glib tongue may tattle what it will,
Their face is sure, to be a conqu'ror still;
Each pleas'd to merit heaven the modern way,
By *christian* saving precepts learnt at play!
Assur'd no pious student can do ill,
Govern'd by maxims, utter'd at quadril.

Defended by so smooth and soft a tongue,
Ah who so rude, as not to like the wrong?

To each good natur'd, and well judging ear,
The sweet simplicity must needs be dear;
And *Lord*, good *God*, the gentle moving phrase,
In all disputes, instead of sense, amaze!
Their reasons, urg'd in a soft hybla stile,
Still weak, unless assisted by a smile;
Th' advantage of its airs, who ne'er let slip,
Still calling in the fan, to aid the lip;
Whose arguments each rival chiefly hurt,
Disputing fiercely, with a pat, or flirt;
Spread like a trophy cut, the conquest won;
The fan victorious, and its foe undone.

Nevetia to her God, some power allows,
Not such, to bind a countess to her vows;
In wedlock, tho' she wears a gentle chain,
Allow'd to shift it, if it gives her pain.
(A mystick tye, its vertues odd and strange,
That gives the fair more liberty to range.)
The Deity that does her conduct scan,
Painted upon her snuff-box or her fan;

Still

Still smiling, never in so harsh a mood,
 From bliss, for small offences to exclude.
 Cruel, if swearing when she miss'd a *vole*,
 For this, a lady shou'd pollute her soul;
 By passion hurried on, much harder yet,
 To vex his ear — blaspheming at picquet;
 To threaten hell, beyond all reason quite,
 For the stol'n bliss of one transporting night;
 So lovely now, a death to courtly dames
 To think, those eye-brows shou'd be touch'd with flames;
 On earth victorious, how sincere a woe,
 To meditate, they cannot kill below!
 Beauty in shades beneath, without her throne;
 Confin'd, to conquer in one world alone.

But nymphs may err, and for their errors shew,
 In life's last scenes, sad marks of pious woe.
 Themselves severely for each crime upbraid;
 For guilt incurr'd — and duties left unpaid.
 Say! what her penitence, as now she dies!
 — Soft looks of sadness to engage the skies;

Not

Not too severe, to censure frailties past,
 Hoping the present may not prove the last,
 Careful to manage her last hours aright,
 Her sheets are fine, and mob extremely white;
 Upon her toilet, in nice order laid,
 Combs, patches, rings, her fleeting ghost to aid;
 Her brilliants near, still grateful to her eyes,
 Sparkling, to yield her comfort — as she dies.
 E'er she begins her flight to scenes of bliss,
 Her last new *mecklin* brought — with tears to kiss;
 Tho' not for man, to save the mournful fair,
 One sigh sufficient, and one parting prayer;
 Her conscience well assur'd 'twill more than do,
 If heaven allows her time to utter two,
 The Deity she ever did adore,
 Too courtly, and too kind, to covet more;
 Begging her friends the dread of death to sooth,
 Her praise may be well cut, and marble smooth;
 In hopes, for some few virtues let alone
 In life — as many 'scutchcons may atone;

With

With many coaches, many pardons bought,
Fair the amends—— a flambeaux for a fault.
Secure no evil can that foul attend,
Whose epitaph is wrote by * * *, or F——d;
Who seldom to the fair a heaven deny!
Opening the gates of bliss to most that dye.

From vertue's paths, tho' seldom led astray,
Themselves to torture, some contrive a way;
Resolv'd, of every gift we prize, possess,
Heaven still shall want a power to make 'em blest!
Who their chief bliss, of what we dread compose,
And reckon health and strength amongst their woes.
Enjoying these, of beauty who despair,
And wish for agues, why? — to make 'em fair.
Or if some fits, b' ill fortune they escape,
All know, good stomachs spoil a slender shape;
How prudent then, to draw the waste more fine,
O'er a lov'd dish, to piddle, and to pine;
To turn her eye, from the dear carp, or pikes,
For no one reason, but because she likes.

Dreading

Dreading, the partridge, or the teal, to touch,
Longing for more, for fear 'twou'd be too much:
Not to seem beauteous in her shape, and neat,
How much a forer ill, than not to eat!

In delicacy striving to excel,
Iris is sick— of always being well;
The practice of rude nymphs entirely wrong,
To boast their bloom, and be in health too long:
Who creatures wretched in her eye appear,
Not blest with agues twice each happy year:
To prove the fineness of her tender frame,
How nice her texture, the soft sickly dame
Consults her pulse, and pays a doctor's fees,
To lose her bloom, and languish by degrees.
From her soft cheek the roses to affright,
And in their room to plant a modish white!
The pills she takes, and bolus wou'd displease,
Too soon to rob her of her dear disease;
Shou'd they her florid look with colour paint,
Inspire the red she longer hopes to want;

DE _____

Tho'

Tho' hungry, with her physick angry quite,
It did not drive away, her appetite ;
How hard, oblig'd her dinners to repeat,
And when she long'd to fast, be forc'd to eat !
Her bliss quite lost, to languish with an air
On the soft couch— or in the velvet chair.

What other gift of heaven cou'd *Iris* seek,
But to be faint and feav'rish, once a week !
Always robust, her parents must be oaks ;
And she of flesh and blood — like other folks.
A porter's privilege ! more fond and proud,
To please, and stand distinguish'd from the crowd,
Not by her blood, her vertue, or her wealth ;
But what she prizes more, a want of health.

The Manners of the Age.

S A T I R VI.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Earl of SCARBOROUGH.

——— *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hanc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrabere & pellem, nitidus quâ quisq; per ora
Cederet, introrsus turpis; num Lælius, aut qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen
Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
Famosiq; Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumq; tributim;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti, atq; ejus amicis.*

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. I.

TO birth when fame a second lustre joins,
With strongest force the hero's action shines;
As gold, that does a richer flame display,
Assisted by the brilliant's streaming ray!

The sovereign's smile the patriot's star bestows,
Your self the golden beam with which it glows;
That light your own, which from its circle springs,
And adds a glory to the gift of kings.

Yet tho' your fame at distance we admire,
You damp each genius, which you first inspire;
Too weak the grateful and well-meaning lays,
To give applause, where monarchs chuse to praise;
Born, to the state a like support to yield,
In courts, or camps—— the senate, or the field,
Doubly inspir'd her glory to pursue,
Both by your eloquence, and courage too;
Gifts, your own *Pallas* to her fav'rite gave;
A voice as moving, and an arm as brave!

Loft in those wildy shades, where fortune chains
Your poet down, to combat age and pains;
What can he sing, harmonious to your ear?
To please the judge, or to instruct the peer!
What *Attic* phrase select to give advice;
As *Dorset* courtly, and as *Horace* nice?

Without

Without exalted thought, and manly sense
The satir always sure to give offence;
For turn and wit, that ne'er with nature parts;
Most smiling, when she throws her keenest darts.
Yet as the trembling muse ne'er hopes to send
A gift, which he who reads it, cannot mend;
It gives her some relief, with fear oppress'd,
That they forgive the most, who judge the best.

Some, till the mode was nicely understood,
Wou'd blush — perhaps wou'd tremble to be good.
Nor venture, tho' by zeal inspir'd, to kneel,
Till they first knew, the posture was genteel;
(Quite rude, to mention hell, or name the sky,
A *Grecian*, or a spruce free-thinker nigh)
Since both alike might give a just pretence
In a wrong place, their virtue and their sense;
Each seeming, tho' with silence, to arraign
The vicious one; and one the pert and vain.

Adrastus, always govern'd by the throng
Is just as they inspire him, right or wrong.

Reasons

Reasons to poise and weigh, in each debate,
A task too mean, for knights of his estate!
Whom no religion pleases or offends,
Jew, Christian, Turk, and Pagan— all his friends!
He takes without distrust, what others say;
And travels on to bliss, the beaten way.
Easy and safe, his faith receives at *Will's*;
And always likes the *creed* the club instils.
Not over nice; whose heart is still at ease
With the good doctrines which his fellows please.
With them does glory share, and fame pursue,
And dresses and believes — as moderns do.
Bound by no gospel, by no church enslav'd,
Without his friends, too generous to be sav'd!
For what in heaven cou'd their learn'd pupils do,
If *Blunt* and *Tindal* were not happy too?

So strong a passion wou'd *Bellarmino* feel
For unbelief, but that 'tis thought genteel?
(Who proves the modern way his canons clear,
By a wise shrug, and by a studious sneer.)

Against

Against the dictates of nice honour quite,
If peers will err, for commons to be right;
For wisdom more refin'd than theirs, to pant;
And boast a genius, which his betters want!

Who wou'd disturb the gay; offend the fair
With a grave look; or with a modest air?
At court, the rustick name of heaven let fall;
Or with the sound of conscience—fright a ball?
A shew of virtue in his air assume,
With fifty masks intriguing in a room?

Cloſe by his oracles behold he ſits,
And ſteals his wiſdom from his brother wits.
His voice the learned tube that blows around,
His tutors reaſons——all compriz'd in ſound;
With a facetious laughter, taught the way
To help the cauſe——and ſecond what they ſay!
For ſenſe and argument, a learned oath
Pinch'd by his foe, ſerving inſtead of both.

Yet if the creed he likes, ſeems not ſo true,
To pleaſe his friends, he'll think as others do!

More

More courtly sure, than to defend the right,
Suppose the truths he holds—— are not polite!
To err in morals, does no pardon need;
To err in manners, is a fault indeed!
One does the loss of ladies smiles portend,
The other only does his God offend;
And sure the nice *Bellarion* better knows,
Than, pleasing heaven, to make the fair his foes!

But see what sorrows here the best assail,
Each bliss beneath, how changing and how frail?
By cruel fate a fever is decreed,
To spoil his maxims—— and to change his creed;
Unfair, with terrors to disturb his breast,
That very eve; when for a ball he drest.
Its power to shew, and fury to begin
Just when he seem'd so well dispos'd—— to sin.
While now he fights beneath his raging pains,
Converted by the *reasoning* of his veins,
With each hot fit, his piety returns,
A sound believer all the while he burns.

Better,

Better, the worse he grows — thro' all the fit,
Reason a wicked foe, too hard for wit;
Which loses, as he fainter grows, each hour,
A little of its pertness and its power;
No object wears the look, it did before;
Vertue seems fair — and *Felt--n* is a whore!
Less lovely now the harlot's cheek appears
Stript of each beauty, by his pangs and fears;
His reason opening, as his terrors rise;
While *Woelf--n* now seems weak, and *Sberl--ck* wife.
Long wavering in his faith, till in a fright
He ask'd his pulse — which told him what was right.

Blest infidel! whose hope from torture flows;
Happy, if fate in love prolongs thy woes!
For bliss relying on thy pains alone;
For if the doctor heals, thy heaven is gone;
Myfick the woe his patient does endure,
Sav'd by the ill, and ruin'd by the cure.

How few, amongst the many, live content
With the kind share of blessings fortune lent!

What they enjoy not, they esteem alone;
And if enjoy'd, disdain, because their own.
Of every valued gift of life possess,
Sincerely striving still to be unblest:
While thus, made wretched by their own desire,
For want, in plenty's bosom they expire!

Laurus, resolv'd to shine a bard of note,
And change his plain, for an embroider'd coat;
With a good fortune he enjoy'd before,
Repair'd to court, to mend, and make it more!
There merit bloom'd; and there promotion grew;
The patrons numerous, and the poets few!
Rich their reward, altho' their toil was small;
The place or pension sure—— to write was all.
His ravish'd eye, the park and palace strikes;
That lawn he doats on, and that *Vista* likes;
How green the pasture, and how fond the deer;
The long canal, how deep, and wide, and clear;
Each cool and arching roof of flow'ring lime,
Wove by *Apollo*, for inspiring rhyme!

The

The groves of *Pindus*, where the muses meet,
Scarce bloom'd so fair, so grateful, or so sweet;
Thro' the rich *mall*, no marks of want or woe;
Each maid a duchess, and each youth a beau:
In every form quite round the circle seen,
Where'er he turns his eye, a peer, or queen!

His heart dilated with these pleasing hints,
He writes and flatters — dedicates and prints.
Picks each choice virtue from his *common-place*,
Gives this, his lordship, t'other to his grace;
Convinc'd, no man of prudence wou'd deny,
At his own price, good qualities to buy!
All sure of fame, recorded in his sheet
For pious, learned, valiant, just, discreet;
Whate'er they wish'd, to make their worth more fair,
At easy rates the willing muse cou'd spare!
Virtues by dozens taking from her store;
If these seem'd few — she fold 'em by the score!
Of parts and wit her patrons all possess;
Or any other gifts, that pleas'd 'em best;

Their own perfections who had leave to chuse;
One just as cheap as t'other — with the muse.
Smoothly addressing thus each age and sex,
—To chuse a place— does only now perplex!

In his own thought, the race but just begun,
The prize of glory seems already won!
From *Cibb—r's* head he plucks the blooming bays;
And plants 'em on a brow, that merits praise.
A birth-night song each year! the laureat's task;
How small, for such a pension, such a cask!
Each his, in fancy— while with rage divine
He sings his monarch's fame, and taps his wine;
Blessing *Apollo* for his new renown,
The deity, that brought him safe to town:
Took him from warbling sonnets in a wood,
And kindly shew'd him where *St. James's* stood;
Sure of preferment soon; so very near
The royal presence— and *Sir Robert's* ear!

But ah! what pangs distract his heart, to find
Courts so unmindful of a muse so kind?

Her

Her choice tho' prudent, yet her usage hard ;
One fond to please ; one backward to reward !
No honours yet enjoy'd for all she writ ;
Her woes each day encreasing, with her wit ;
The price of one poor dinner hardly rais'd,
For peers applauded, and for statesmen prais'd ;
Who with a frugal hand their bounty deal ;
A dedication flattering—— for a meal.
His happy genius now becomes his curse,
His verse still better, and his fortune worse.
Odes will no more the charge of wigs defray ;
And *panegyricks* scarce for powder pay ;
While tainted with the av'rice of the times,
Barbers prefer base gold to beauteous rhimes ;
Scarce pleas'd, so mean is merit in their eye,
To take a satir, for a bob, or tye ;
With hopes of gain inspir'd no more to write,
Blest, if his muse can keep his linnen white ;
In his full fame he humbly is content
With a year's toil, to pay a quarter's rent ;

Pawning a smooth epistle to a lord,
For what? — a guinea for a fortnight's board.
His last fine birth-day song, reproach to wit,
Oblig'd to mortgage — to prevent a writ;
What shall the poet do, intent on fame;
To stay, is ruin; to return, is shame?
Courts are deceiving — credit fast declines,
And shops refuse the notes *Apollo* signs:
Base cooks, resolving to insult his muse
With scorn, a sonnet for a soup refuse;
And the lean profits of an anxious day,
At night, will hardly for a supper pay!

Resolv'd, at last, in courts no more to shine,
Where poets often sing, but seldom dine;
Where a smooth smile for a learn'd *epic* pays,
And all their food is promises and praise;
For the lime shade, he now the beech does chuse,
And back to *Sussex* brings his baffled muse;
To other bards resigns his luckless feat,
That they, in turn, may starve, and he may eat.

Wouldst

Wouldst thou for life secure a wealthy place,
And with rich plenty smooth thy smiling face?
To chapel make young ducheſſes repair,
Out of pure love to piety and prayer;
From the dull lip, let eloquence diſtil,
Old age delight us, and deep wrinkles kill;
In a grave cit ſincerity allow;
Faith in his word, and meaning in his vow;
With ſmiles of joy, his want of ſenſe endure;
Beſpeak the chariot then — thy poſt is ſure!

Nor does our ſex alone on ſhadows thrive,
By kind deluſions fed, and kept alive;
The gentle fair our prudent ſteps purſue,
To cheat themſelves, as wiſe, and witty too!
Of glory fond, invent a thouſand ways
To win our ſcorn, and rob themſelves of praiſe.

Reſolv'd to pleaſe, in ſpite of age and time,
At ſeventy, young *Anilla* boaſts her prime;
Her *climacteric* does new charms inſpire,
Adds to each grace, and is a year of fire!

Gay in her mein, and sprightly in her talk,
She mimicks her great grandchild in her walk;
Each gaudy suit with glaring colours trims;
And when she creeps and waddles, thinks she swims.
To strike and to subdue all amorous hearts,
From beauteous wrinkles now she throws her darts;
Murder in her, by law chance-medley found,
Her eyes too dim to see the wretch they wound.
Uncertain, where her cheeks their arrows lance,
Her cruelties are all the work of chance:
Certain the death, the victim tho' unknown;
Not conscious at whose breast the shaft was thrown:
Not with her gums quite smooth, her triumphs cease,
For why shou'd biting be a help to please?
A tooth or two, if lost, no mighty ill;
Lyons, not ladies, with such arms shou'd kill.
For these decay'd, her age is not to blame;
Which spoils her teeth, but leaves her tongue the same;
That with past conquests her pleas'd bosom cheers,
Tattling whole evenings, of her dying peers;

What

What knights and lords her eye had power to wound;
What darts she threw, what deaths once scatter'd round;
When other beauties fade, untouch'd her bloom:
Gay her decline, and lovely, near a tomb!
In age who does the spite of time defy;
Her business still to triumph, not to die!
But who is he, an envied fame to gain
In glory's chase, as busy and as vain?
Some care important dwells upon his brow,
Something he wants—— he hems, and has it now!
Writing, his work he follows to the press,
Does each learn'd page adore, and period bless;
Smit with each thought, with every beauty fir'd,
Wondring, what genius warm'd, or god inspir'd;
One rapture o'er, another strait succeeds,
That soon is vanish'd—— and a stronger breeds;
The writer and himself grown mighty friends,
As one repeats, and one as oft commends;
Pleas'd, as the smooth encomium thus began;
To the learn'd author—— who?—— himself the man;

To strangers how exceeding kind — his own;
Who writes the verse, *the friendly hand, unknown*;
The surest art the poet's worth to raise,
When he that wrote the epic, gives the praise;
By a strange pen not half so well express'd,
Since all must know their own great merits best.

How long has wit, which thou'd engage our smile,
Strove, but without success, to please our idle?
How long each favourite folly, banish'd hence,
And tore the laurels from the brow of sense?
That humour now which hopes applause to gain,
Must have its dwelling, distant from the brain;
Change seats, and to inspire nice judges, flow
From the learn'd heel, or the facetious toe,
Skipping from form to form, its varying shape,
A R — h this moment, and the next, an ape;
A merry modern *Proteus*; pleas'd to pass
From like to like — from L---ge to an ass,
Now, in appearance, to the wondring pit
A puppy — with the smallest change, a wit.

Consummate

Consummate artist, which the stage has chose;
 This scene in rhyme—to bark the next in prose;
 Thro' the pleas'd audience, what a joy does flow
 To view thee, with what humour—scratch the beau;
 Thy buckram tail can never act amiss;
 Each box in raptures to behold thee pass.

Each play well purg'd of all its wicked wit,
 Secures a favouring box, and ravish'd pit;
Macbeth and *Fallstaff* scorn'd, the learned croud
 In *Harlequin's* applause are long and loud.
 In a thin house while † *Rowleigh* meets his end,
 And † *Myron* dying, wants a weeping friend;
Britans, who once their fates with pity read,
 Struck with more moving scenes—to *Faustus* fled;
 With imps and witches flying 'cross the spheres,
 Throng'd by judicious knights, and judging peers.

Shall *Drury* boxes, *Powell's* scaffolds break,
Wilks be admir'd, while learned *Punch* can squeak?

* See the celebrated farces of *Perseus* and *Andromeda*, *Passus*, and several others of equal merit, with which the present judicious age seems so highly delighted.

† Two excellent tragedies, *Sir W. Rowleigh* and *Busiris*.

Great modern wits to theatres repair,
 While *Bruin* acts, or *Southwark* has a fair;
 Nice criticks, *Shakeſpear's* wretched ſcenes adore,
 Till * *Lions*, curb'd by ſtatute, act no more?
 Shall *Dryden's* muſe the curious court delight,
 While *Vaux* can juggle, or while *Figg* can fight;
 Long as the ſtage in laughing farces deals,
 And *Y--nf--n* half the town from *Orway* ſteals?
 Shall *G--y* in riches or in fame advance,
 While *Italy* can ſing, or *Paris* dance?
 Thy praife, great *B--th*, ſublimer yet may ſoar,
 When *wax* grows ſpeechleſs, and can jeſt no more.

Wou'dſt thou engage the town, throw by thy wit,
 For where the ſatir fails, the farce may hit.
 'Tis now no more a gift, but a diſeaſe,
 And writers muſt decline in ſenſe, to pleaſe:
 The comic humourous, or the tragic ſad —
 One wou'd ſeem monſtrous, and the other mad;
 The ſureſt way to have the age your friend,
 And gain applauſe, to ſink and to deſcend.

* Opera of *Hydaſpes*.

No art nor language in the piece to show,
Just fashion'd like its genius — leud and low.

To give the town from end to end delight,
Make wizards conjure, and make dragons fight:
Throw thy dull *Fletcher* and thy *Ben* away,
And take from *R--b* the model of thy play.
Clear'd of all dangerous thought, he knows what sport
Will drain the city, and divert the court;
With too much joy, whose audience all expire,
When demons mount, and then descend, in fire!
When gods divert 'em with their humourous tricks,
Carried across the stage, on magic sticks.

The actors all he keeps, of heavenly birth;
Not one, of all the train — a son of earth,
Till *Hermes* falling from his rope, was found
Divine before, a mortal by his wound.

How great that mortal, who in every play
Hires *Mars* to act, and keeps e'en *Jove* in pay!
Phœbus and *Neptune*, at the treasurer's call,
Clear'd once a week with *Bullock* and with *Hall*.

While

While beauteous *Juno* a receipt does write,
For wages she receives, each *Monday* night;
With her dear guinea to her lord repairs,
Lodg'd in *Olympus* up five flights of stairs;
Which aids the power, against he next is seen,
To gild his crown, and edge his thunders keen.
That senate in full joy wou'dst thou behold
Which counsel kings, and *Europe's* ballance hold;
See 'em in raptures spent, o'ercome with bliss,
When * frogs dance bories, and when *gorgons* hiss!
What heaving transport in each bosom lies,
When *Faustus* conjures, and when *Hermes* flies!
How rich the scene which does each eye engage,
Viewing two humourous haycocks mount the stage;
Skipping from side to side, from end to end;
Which dance, then make a bow, and then descend!
Why shou'd a god be wanted to inspire?
Has not the stage its pullies, cords and wire;
Each scene, to please the grave, and win the fair,
An acting table, or a witty chair;

* *Perseus* and *Andromeda*.

Which from the senate half its fages draws,
To give a magick broom its just applause!
While warlike *Perseus* vaulting thro' the skies,
Diverts their thoughts, and saves a new excise!

With nice conceit if actors can enflame
The heart, no matter from what limb it came;
Whether the humour that our smiles wou'd gain,
Springs from the foot, or issues from the brain:
No difference, if each box we influence,
Whether we please by tumbling, or by sense!
As the same gem with equal light does shine,
Extracted from a dunghil or a mine:
Both with one pleasure touch the ravish'd soul,
Plato with his pen, *Maria* with her pole.
Some favourers of his wit the bard may hope,
The vaulter more admirers, from her repe:
Claiming, by different arts, an honour'd name;
And while one writes, one dances into fame.

Nor let the injur'd bards for this deplore,
That sense is scorn'd, and folly pleases more;

The nations smile that they no longer share,
For which some modern fav'rites better fare!
Shou'd liberal lords to poets always give,
With all his cubs how wou'd poor *Bruin* live!
How educate his sons, and with a grace
Sustain himself, and all his numerous race!
But learned *Hockley* now with *Cibber* shares,
Favour'd alike our actors and our bears!
To the throng'd audience just as rich a feast,
The player's wit, and humours of the beast:
Whose cause and interest parties now espouse;
Hockley too often seen the fullest house;
The town with *Dryden's* scenes and *Congreve's* tir'd,
With *J--nf--n's* farce, and *Figg's* great triumphs fir'd;
Whose parts and bravery every heart delight,
Dull at a play——and ravish'd with a fight.

Why shou'd bad writers blame a censor's quill,
For taxing what is mean, or what is ill?
'Tis out of pity, that he does despise;
And finds 'em fools, in hopes to leave 'em wise!

Dissecting

Dissecting each erroneous page, to shew
What reasoning is absurd, or image low!
An humble thought, what words wou'd better grace;
What lines they shou'd correct, and which erase:
If Y—g and if *Depreux* had never writ,
How long had dulness wore the garb of wit?
However blam'd, the critick's friendly ink
Makes pride sometimes review, and folly think!
The fond admirer blot his fav'rite sheet,
The bold more wary, and the pert discreet.
Each darling dear simplicity resign
For a chaste image, and a better line!
The fear of this made Bl—re oft be still,
And in dire dread of vengeance, dry his quill;
Kindly resolv'd, no more with want of fire
His bookseller to break, and reader-tire;
Atoning thus for every past offence,
With prudent silence, or with better sense!
And if our spleen correct a reigning fault,
How cheaply is our rage and malice bought?

The writer's torment thus becomes his gain,
To merit fame, who only suffers pain.
Without a pang a kind rebuke endures,
The pill, tho' bitter, pleasing if it cures.

Beside, conceal'd before from mortal sight,
We thus hang up forgotten works to light;
Buried, and silent long in shades alone,
Our friendly vengeance makes the author known;
Adjusts the time, and leaves the *æra* clear,
That he *said nothing*, just in such a year.
Or with dark rhimes the puzzled town perplex,
Publish'd one term, and quite forgot the next.
Who had e'er known what *T——te* or *Settle* wrote,
Had *Dryden* in revenge their names forgot?
Rescu'd from darkness now, both share the light,
And flourish by the friendship of his spite!
Deathless, transplanted in his sheets, they grow,
Lost in oblivion, had they mis'd a foe;
As weakly cyons grafted oft, we see,
Shoot out more strong, than on their parent tree.

Had

Had *P—rse* and *Sh—ck* never drawn their quill,
Woolf—n, now known, had been a phantom still.
Slept on the penny bulks in every street;
Each cook by night and grocer claim'd his sheet.
Round spice and pepper then the sage had dream'd,
And ne'er, but under pies and puffs, blasphem'd;
No prison then, but *Bedlam*, had been thine;
Nor *Newgate* claim'd by law, a sound divine.
From skulleries and shops now fond to pass
To the *beaux* shelves, and unbelievers glafs!
The deists faith to clear, and study grace;
Next *Blunt* and *Toland*, thine the second place.

Did poets, when they write, no censures fear,
How vast wou'd be the harvest of the year!
What showers of verse wou'd every season fall,
And deluge *Tonson's* shelves, and *Lintot's* stall!
If *Garth* in pity had not drawn his pen,
W—ly relapsing, might have writ agen;
His awful satire curb'd the muse in time,
And sav'd us from whole rheams of holy rhyme.

By *Dryden's* help mankind obtain'd a truce,
And peace at last, with *Flecko* and his muse:
Who with more wit had else our island curst,
And tagg'd a second volume to his first.
Heaven has our thanks, when wars and plagues are o'er,
Why then unpaid, if *D'Anvers* writes no more?
The problem doubtful, which deserves 'em best,
Deliverance from the patriot, or the pest.
The blessing equal to a thankful age,
When one forgets to write, and one to rage.

This *Criton* knew, and pondering in his thought
The dire, dire battles oft with *criticks* fought;
Tho' long ambitious of an author's name,
Is check'd by fear, in his pursuit of fame.
He now throws by, now trembling takes his pen,
Then thinks of *D-m-s*, and is dumb agen.
The image fair, the couplet smooth no more;
Approv'd and beauteous each, the page before.
Tho' willing to oblige the world, he fits,
Suspended long—a bard and none, by fits.

Suspicious;

Suspicious, how his numbers may succeed,
If malice shou'd inspect, or envy read!

Poet, without a dread thy sheet adorn,
Neglect the censurer's rage, and pedant's scorn.
Indulge thy genius, and thy volume trust;
Secure, if doom'd to 'scape the moth and dust.
A long, long rest thy *Phæbus* shall bestow,
Without one censure from a friend or foe;
The critick's wrath thou safely mayst defy,
For those who damn dull authors, first must buy:

TO

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq;

Speaker of the *House of Commons.*

*Sedit qui timuit ne non succederit — esto;
Quid? qui pervenit, fecitne civiliter? atqui
Hic est aut nusquam, quod quærimus; hic onus horret,
Ut parvis animis, & parvo corpore majus,
Hic subit, & perfert: aut virtus nomen inane est
Aut decus, & precium rectè petit experiens vir.*
Hor. lib. 1. Ep. 17.

TO reach that fame and virtue we admire,
Tho' hard the toil, 'tis godlike to aspire;
Heroick minds like distant suns appear,
We feel their beams, but cannot touch their sphere;
The eye contented, while their orbits glow
In tracks above, to bless their light below.

Sublime;

DEDICATION.

Sublime, our selves beneath, we view thee plac'd,
Fair with each worth, with every honour grac'd;
With sober counsels, and in wise debates,
Now guarding kings, and now protecting states;
Planning nice schemes in thy well-judging breast,
To make the sovereign fear'd, and subject blest;
Blended in one, where distant virtues lie;
Great, without pride; without ambition, high;
A friend to each, contending to unite,
The monarchs claim, with the glad peoples right.
To leave fair freedom every *Briton's* dower,
And liberty to reconcile with power.
Yet ah! how oft, with pain hast thou beheld,
The wisest schemes, by rage or folly quell'd;
Fond to contrive the worst, the best to blame;
Whose madness satire only can reclaim!
Thy self unable often to withstand,
When pride wou'd awe, or faction wou'd command;
The force of language, and of reason vain,
For her own guilt, to give her heart a pain.

With

DEDICATION.

With truth resolving never to agree,
You have your *craftsmen*; and our *criticks* we;
Who a strange zeal for contradiction boast,
Smiling and blest, whene'er they blunder most.

If then thy eye has leisure to peruse,
That eye, she fears, the offering of the muse;
How will the patriot often start, to view
Each portrait, which from life her pencil drew?
More keen her rage, and more severe the thrust,
When every feature and each line is just;
Who needs no falsehood, any foe to strike,
That satir wounding most that paints most like.

A a

The

The Manners of the Age.

S A T I R VII.

NOT only the smooth cheek is taught to feign
 An outward joy, but the false heart, a pain.
 For what is sorrow?—a meer modish art,
 Play'd by the look, not practis'd by the heart;
 While *Britain* shews a deep respectful care
 Of her set forms of grief, as well as prayer;
 Custom her guide, a nice *decorum* keeps,
 In zeal and sadness—when she kneels, and weeps:
 In each distress, a herald see'd to shew
 The newest fashion to adorn our woe;
 Who at sad funerals crape and lawn supplies,
 To moan and sigh, instead of hearts and eyes.

Whate'er we want our passion to inspire,

At any shop we now may buy or hire:

By law instructed, what is just enough,

Whate'er our loss, of silk or *Norwich* stuff;

Settled by statute, when a spouse is miss'd,

How close the weed must *sorrow* to the wrist:

In what dark veil the relict must be clad,

Inclin'd to mirth, to help her to be sad.

Send but to *R—me*, you purchase in a trice,

Sadness of every shape, or any price;

Suited to each soft mourner in despair,

The anxious widow, or the pensive heir.

Those drops, their own want moisture to supply,

For pay, distilling from another's eye:

Who round the *dew*, a sadness to inspire,

Lets mourning cheeks, as well as cloaks, to hire:

Does a kind spring of tears in pity keep,

For eyes which strive, alas! but cannot weep!

Of nice despair, wou'd we a picture see,

Our eye, *Miranda*, must be fixt on thee.

For

For her dear lord who can no anguish feel,
Till she first knows, her mourning is genteel;
That her sad sable vest, and widow's sleeve,
Are neither cut too short, or long, to grieve.
Not qualify'd for sadness, if her cuff
Has too much cambrick in't— or not enough.
For who, alas! can in despair succeed,
If the dull artist's hand has spoil'd her weed?
What dame with decent rage accuse the sky,
Her much-lov'd lord just ravish'd from her eye,
To spoil her sorrow, and her shape disgrace,
Her girdle fix'd two hairs below its place.

See, where in shades the lonely relict sits,
And knows her time exact, to fall in fits.
When her sad spirits gently shou'd decay,
The minute fixt, to sink and swoon away:
How oft each hour her soul shou'd breath a sigh,
Restor'd to life, how soon again to die.
When musing on her dear departed spouse,
Ne'er smiling once, but where the law allows.

The

The marble urn that does his ashes hold,
Is scarce so fixt, so silent or so cold;
A breathless statue, till the wretched wife
Shews by her sobs, she is possesst of life.

Her visiters appear ! ah prop the fair,
As from her couch she journeys to her chair.
Too weak, alas ! and feeble to arrive,
Without some succour, at her stool, alive.
In the long stage how often at a stand,
Tho' kindly aided by each friendly hand !
Seated, at last, and waving to and fro
Her pensive head, sad symptom of her woe ;
Decent in grief, she knows she must not sit
An hour in health — then sighs, and takes a fit ;
Her watch consulted, by whose aid she knows
The length, return, and period of her woes.
Taking, as now she faintly moves again,
The gift of life, with sadness and with pain.
How cruel to unseal her closing eye,
Reviving often, but as oft to die !

Who

Who only gains, by her returning breath,
The privilege, to sink again in death.
Irkſom, and flow the minutes lag along,
The nights are ages, and the days as long ;
In her firſt mourning month, her ſelf in doubt,
Demanding, if her year is almoſt out.
How long thoſe eyes in darkneſs ſhe muſt keep,
Diſpos'd to ſmile, how long be forc'd to weep !
Cuſtom unkind, that wou'd oblige the fair,
With a gay heart, to feign a deep deſpair.

How can poor *Allia* act a widow's part,
Who mourns with nothing but a penſive heart ?
Not rich enough a flowing veil to buy,
Nothing about her weeps, except her eye !
Following her conſort's herſe, no ſable plume
Shades the lov'd dead, or nods above his tomb ;
Contented to bedew the mournful bier,
Sent from her heart, with a ſad ſilent tear ;
The ſolemn ſighs ſhe pours, each breſt to move,
Extorted not by cuſtom, but by love.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with that gloom alone, her soul does wear,
Without *Miranda's* fits, her woe sincere.

Nor does the lying tear, and treacherous sigh,
Burst only from the female breast and eye;
False man, from them, has learn'd the specious art,
To dew the cheek, and to instruct the heart;
Each power, and all its sadness to employ,
To weep those ills that give the fullest joy.
When pleas'd, he too has learnt the skill to moan,
Has his grave pensive hours — to smile alone;
His soul, all raptures, in deep fable clad,
Which hides his joy — yet helps him to be glad.

Behold *Castalio*, if your eye can view
The wretched youth, nor be as wretched too;
Robb'd of each comfort, freezing with despair,
For being left, last week, his *uncle's* heir!
Did death before e'er launce so fierce a dart,
That conquering one, quite chill'd another heart?
The second cause *Castalio* has to weep,
The wound his breast receiv'd, was not so deep.

See

See there, in solemn state he moves along,
Behind the herse, the saddest of the throng !
Surveys the tomb with what a pensive breast,
Where the dear ashes of the dead must rest.
For such a loss to calm his anxious mind,
Too few the manners which he left behind !
Tho' wide each opening lawn, serene the air,
Each grove delightful, and each prospect fair;
Disconsolate with these, how small a part
Take they of anguish from his throbbing heart ?
Across each thought the *donor's* image flies,
And robs him of the joy each gift supplies ;
For all the sighs he pours, to moan his fate,
Possessing nothing—— but a vast estate.
If for his death alone *Castalio* griev'd,
How great had been his sorrow, had he liv'd !

Avaro sickens ! timely to restrain,
With cooling draughts, the fervour in each vein ;
Learned *M—d* is sent for—— ‘ Sir, your water high,
‘ And bounding pulse, presage a fever nigh ;

' Yet dread no danger! for your life is sure ;

' Bleeding in time, with bark, a certain cure ! '

A cure ! but pray how much may be the cost ?

' A trifle, Sir ! five pieces is the most . '

What, five ! — a sum how frightful to the ear !

Did ever madman purchase life so dear ?

Sweeter, with all its tortures, akes and pain,

With such a loss, than vigour to regain.

Take back each med'cine, julep, drug, and pill ;

If I must die, let heaven enjoy its will ;

'Tis better by a fever, than a bill.

Expence and death ; whene'er the one I see,

The other kindly kills, without a fee.

But who are those, a glory fond to raise,

And by learn'd censures hope to merit praise !

Wou'dst thou enjoy a friend's, or *critic's* name,

Whoever writes, or blunders — never blame ;

Sure of its worth, each writer shews his sheet,

Not your correction, but applause to meet :

Altho'

Altho' he begs you freely to amend
What thoughts displease you, and what words offend;
With genius and discernment blest, to shew
What character is wrong, or image low;
True humour, where his happy muse has hit,
And where she fails, in manners, or in wit;
Tho' to your judgment seemingly he bends,
'Tis only out of pride, he condescends;
Touch but one sacred error, in a rage
He snatches from your hand the injur'd page,
Beseeches you to let his muse alone,
And turn your judging eyes, upon your own;
Which never pleas'd the town, or paid the press,
Wanting correction more, and pity less.

Since *Titirus* then all counsel will despise
'Tis cruel to condemn, or to despise,
And rob him of the bliss of seeming wise.
How little does his low ambition claim,
Content and rich with his own stock of fame?

Let him in quiet o'er his *epick* smile,
No mortal lives so blest in all the isle;
From fate or fortune, who has nought to fear,
Secure of joy, while self to self is dear!
But from a lov'd simplicity to part,
Quite breaks his slumbers, and disturbs his heart;
When he has nurs'd and cherish'd a low thought,
And a nice error to perfection brought;
With care and pains, exactly to his will
Polish'd a *rugged* line, more *rugged* still;
You kill him all at once, if you accuse
One fav'rite blemish of his darling muse;
The first and highest of all earthly bliss,
Without a foe, to think, and write amiss;
O'er a dear weakness envy wou'd destroy,
Or malice blot, to die in smiles away.
Sure, as he reads in transport to advance,
Each page assisting, to inspire the trance.

Who then wou'd damp that peace which fills his breast,
With a rude censure, or too free a jest?

His

His soul in all its full fruition wound,
 To say, his muse, for sense, is pleas'd with sound;
 With shadows pleas'd; of imperfections proud;
Ixion he—— the nymph he hugs, a cloud;
 The goddess, seeming to his eye so fair,
 A glittering gaudy form of empty air;
 Struck with her thin delusive fairy charms,
 Great in his eye—— and nothing in his arms.

Proud of a fame superior, *Corvus* looks
 For wisdom in his 'scutcheons, not his books:
Tully and *Plato* pleas'd a barbarous age;
 Both these derided, *Guillim* is his sage:
 The writer of all learned writers, he,
 That sooths his pride, and shews his pedigree;
 The actions of his great forefathers notes,
 And still preserves his glory, in their coats:
 Touching his soul, and ravishing his ear,
 With the lov'd sound of *chev'ron*, *fefs*, *saltier*;
 The genius how sublime, that comprehends
 The mystick power of * *crosets*, *frets*, and *bends*;

* Barbarous Terms in Heraldry.

All authors, in his thoughts, but letter'd fools,
Unskill'd in *azure, argent, or, and gules*.
Tho' fairest wreaths from distant climes they brought,
For nations fav'd, and battles nobly fought;
Each ancestor's great acts unheeded lie,
Their crests, and not their triumphs, please his eye.
The action that deserv'd the honour, small;
The conquest trivial — the fam'd arms are all.
Peircy's blue lyon, cou'd his father claim,
For that, he wou'd resign the warrior's fame.
Forgot the hero's glory, to adore
The noble beast his shield in battles bore!
Not half the joy, were he of both possesst,
To merit his applause, as wear his crest.

In the dread war, let *Corvus* fly or fight,
He still has bravery — in his fathers right;
Who does for glory on their valour trust;
They all were brave! and sure their children must:
Tho' by his gallant arm no victim fell,
His grandfite many slew — which does as well:

The

The self-same blood his veins inspiring still,
Tho' peaceful now, and less inclin'd to kill.

Let others purchase fame, as they unfold
Nature's deep secrets, systems new or old:
The earth disdain'd, aloft with *Tycho* fly,
Or, rival to great *Newton*, range the sky;
The heavens describe; each planet's orbit view,
And comets flight, from world to world, pursue:
His haughty soul the vulgar praise disdains,
To conquer science, with such little pains!
No less a glory fought, than to explore
Edgar's proud arms, what great supporters bore;
Whether fierce leopards in the *argent* field,
Or tygers glar'd around the *blazon'd* shield;
If our great unicorn's imperial chain
Was always gilt with gold—— or sometimes plain;
Knowing when *Austria's* eagle first begun
To wear two heads, whose sire had only one.

These secrets for the curious; he descends
To knowledge *less sublime*, to please his friends;

And

And adds it to his stock of former fame,
From a lord's scutcheon to divine his name;
The wisdom deeply priz'd, and ever dear,
If from his motto he can hit the peer;
What parts, to guess, without a glance or look,
If he that lolls within is earl or duke?
Close hid within his chariot or his chair,
Skill'd to detect the baron — by his *bear*.

Yet tho' our arms the noblest race denote,
Dull tradesmen prize our wealth before our coat:
As *D* — *t*'s honour'd, and as *Talb* — *t*'s old,
Scarce think our crests so solvent as our gold;
Titles disdaining, their weak sense upbraid,
Chusing with guineas rather to be paid.
To upright lands who credit will afford,
And trust a manor sooner than its lord!
Unskill'd to vow, to flatter and betray,
Whate'er they promise they are sure to pay.

With neither friend, nor credit, nor estate,
Blest in his birth, tho' wretched in his fate,

Corvus can still of heaven's indulgence boast,
His blood still noble, tho' his farms are lost :
Robb'd of each bliss, and vex'd with every ill,
His pedigree supports and cheers him still.
By *Anstis* sign'd if his descent he gets,
He wants no other wealth to pay his debts ;
In every sadness, this his sure relief,
Feasting on glory, oftner than on beef ;
While other transient joys are ours to day,
Fleet fugitives, to morrow stole away ;
'Tis solid lasting bliss that does inspire
His heart — for none can rob him of his fire !
Above the reach of fate, for come what will
Both are secure, his birth and 'scutcheon still :
These every care suppress, and want supply ;
A full repast, when hungry and when dry !
Give him, for what he lost, a nobler good,
Eternity of fame, for want of food :
And who, in rags, can think his fate severe,
Proud, in his line to boast a *Gray* or *Vere* ?

Corvus, by these inspir'd, its fellows spent,
Gives his last guinea, for his high descent.
The parchment that his glory does dilate,
Just wide enough to cover his estate!
His choice, which may to some like folly look,
To pay a herald rather than a cook :
How great the fame, amongst the great to shine?
Wanting a meal, how poor a bliss to dine?
Men, only, can their fathers deeds repeat ;
While brutes, as well as they, can feed and eat.
— Each other blessing vanish'd, birth alone
Turns want to fame, a garret to a throne ;
With rags and wretchedness, sublime and vain,
Solliciting your alms with proud disdain :
Meagre its famish'd looks, it throws an eye
Of scorn upon the hand that does supply !
Sincerely pitying their unhappy fate,
Who live on nought, but wealth and an estate !

Labeo's hard case indeed is full of woe,
Who meanly begs—— and has no arms to shew.

The

The last and lowest sure of all disgrace,
To starve—— without one peer, in all his race;
He has no pedigree in time of need
To be his comfort—— and is poor indeed;
No list of lords, his soul in peace to keep;
To charm his eyes; or dry 'em when they weep.

Great pride! from every passion else but thee
Time has a power the heart of man to free!
Desire and love, fruition does destroy;
Short liv'd our hope, and transient is our joy:
Revenge, when cloy'd, will leave the tyrant's eye;
And rage, to pity turn'd, subside and die;
Thy force, no change can lessen or consume,
Springs with our birth, and waits us to our tomb;
In courts well pleas'd with greater pomp to dwell,
Thou dost not scorn the peasant's haughty cell;
Beyond the grave, erecting oft a throne,
And fluttering o'er thy breathless master's stone!
O'er the gay marble, which his ashes mourns,
Perching aloft, in angels and in urns.

Philo, with wants perplex'd, each wretched hour
Bears thy hard chain, and feels thy mighty power!
Oblig'd a weight of sadness to sustain,
Not conscious of the cause that gives him pain.
The down-cast look, the solemn thoughtful air,
The gloomy brow, and visage of despair,
The melancholy mein, and frequent sigh,
Are ills the wretch endures—— he knows not why!
Hid from himself, each creditor well knows,
The source and nature of his mystick woes;
Can the strange parents of his griefs reveal,
Which all derive their birth, from *wax* and *seal*;
Direct him where his maladies may meet
Sound learned doctors—— bred in *Lombard-street*;
Possessing each a medicine, that relieves
Each patient's illness—— when his pocket grieves!
Even *Mead* mistook, where *Philo's* illness lay,
Sick of a dangerous bond — he cou'd not pay;
By *Freind* and *Hollings* undiscover'd yet,
The happy potion that can cure a *debt*.
Unskill'd,

Unskill'd, the sovereign secret to reveal,
With physick to work off a *hand* and *seal*;
When duns each morning darken *Philo's* door,
His strange disease will pills or bleeding cure?
Will strong *emeticks* his distemper kill,
Or a kind bolus sweat away a bill?
The bank alone that golden julep keeps,
Which cures that pain unhappy *Philo* weeps;
Then, then alone, his remedy prevails,
When he leaves * *Burt--n*, and consults with *Shales*.

Does zeal, or interest, every solemn day,
Oblige us at the shrine our vows to pay?
The woes we fear, or deity we dread,
Invite us to his skies our hands to spread?
For what is modern zeal? A pious trade;
'Twixt heaven and man, a civil contract made!
A bargain, where the first in blessings pays,
For value he receives in legal praise!

* A very eminent Physician and Banker.

If *Jove* will mend his breed, encrease his flock,
Jove may expect a present from his flock;
Else with contempt he looks upon his skies,
The blessing first must earn the sacrifice!
Henriquez disbelieves — the reason, say;
Last summer, by a flood, he lost his hay;
An envious blight, that season corn was dear,
Blasting the product of the hopeful year.
Above let *Jove* exert his love or hate,
What has the god to do with his estate?
Mistaken, if he longer hopes to find
Offerings from him than he continues kind.
If with *Henriquez* he wou'd trust a power
To call from heaven the sun-shine or the shower,
To him resign the guidance of the sphere,
To form the seasons, and direct the year;
The clouds to manage, and his meadows feed
With rains and moisture, just the time they need;
Rich incense then shou'd cloud his hallow'd sky;
The vow be paid, and victim oftner die:

He

He bribes his gods, like lawyers, with a fee;
When they neglect him, he withdraws his knee;
Long as they smile, consenting to adore;
If they displease, the bargain binds no more;
The conduct, in his judgment, just and fair;
They keep their blessings back, and he his prayer;
Themselves, in his opinion, much the worst;
He well inclin'd, they broke the cov'nant first;
Forc'd him, their shrines and altars to forget;
Sending dry weather, when he begg'd for wet.
If his kind doctor mixt the wholesome draught
Which from his kidney the sharp gravel brought;
Why then shou'd heaven his grateful thanks obtain,
When *Douglafs* gave the dose which mov'd the pain?
One quite forgot, the other's pay is sure;
—For providence knew nothing of the cure.

With real ills less touch'd, the wayward heart
From trifles takes, too oft, its joy or smart;
These, to which all our care and thoughts are due,
We lose with sadness, or with zeal pursue:

The

The noblest gifts of heaven for these foregoe,
Source of our bliss, or parents of our woe.
Tho' fate has each selected favour shed,
Each blessing pour'd indulgent round our head;
Some gewgaw, which we want, shall yet destroy
The pleasure, we from plenty might enjoy!
One bitter drop that in our cup we meet,
Tempting the sense to fancy nothing sweet;
To spurn each wholesome draught, and think that all
We touch or taste has something of the gall.

Blest with a numerous race, and fair estate,
Has *Galba* yet a cause to thank his fate?
Who, without pity, in a luckless hour
Last *April*, snatch'd away a fav'rite flower;
How cruel, not to bid the mildew cease,
Nor guard his tulip — and prolong his peace!
In the late fire, say, did the gods do well,
Who sav'd his house, yet burnt a sacred shell?
His furniture and rooms escap'd the flame,
His sons, his servants, and his trembling dame;

Yet

Yet ah! what dreadful fears his bosom fill,
A medal and a print are missing still!
How little of their love can *Galba* boast,
His wife protected, and his *Otho* lost!
Robb'd of the joy his soul in that posselt,
He cares not if the gods had took the rest:
With sighs reflecting what his *Roman* cost;
Not minding what he sav'd, but what he lost.
Satir, *Balbinus* next drag out to view,
A name as favour'd and as wretched too!
The heaps he looks on cannot entertain,
While what he wishes more creates a pain:
Pensive his days, and broken is his rest,
For still the bank more bags than he posselt.
To taste that cask why does *Balbinus* fear?
Wines may be bad; the vintage fail next year.
Joy to his frugal eye, of that bereft,
In all his vault he has but fifty left!
Instructed by wise avarice to think,
That to possess is sweeter than to drink!

As she suggests, to touch is to destroy;
 The blessing, to behold — and not enjoy;
 How pleas'd, with treasures which he only views!
 With gold how rich, heaven gave him — not to use!
 His guardian left hand watching, in a fright,
 Whene'er he tells his guineas with the right.

No slave to wealth, nor fond of fordid gain;
 A want of this, gives C—ns heart no pain;
 After a higher bliss his bosom pants,
 A medal, fought for long, which still he wants;
 Beyond all mortals envied, cou'd he get
 A *Drusus*, to compleat his curious set.
 'Tis found at last! obscur'd with sacred dust!
 How priz'd the face, and how ador'd the rust!
 The happy sage, whose features entertain
 With deeper joy — because they are not plain:
 Where graces, by a length of time are won;
 Which here bestows new beauties — leaving none!
 See, how his warriors shine in awful rows,
 None missing — *Roman* these, and *Attic* those!

By a strong genius and superior wit,
 How blest if his divining eye can hit,
 And from a mangled visage nicely trace
 A *Prætor's* look, or *Consul's* mouldy face!
 But why thus proud? to shut the coin from day;
 Close as within its urn when first it lay;
 Seal'd up from human eyes; unseen, forgot,
 Not to be view'd, great *Drusus* only bought;
 Hid with a *celtick* shield, and broken bust,
 To gain, by age, a still more reverend rust.
 Asham'd, a *Sylla's* image to admire;
 Of little worth——his beard and nose entire!

Like his, *Albino's* curious breast is smit,
 Not with the coins of *Rome*, but *Roman* wit:
 Searching for this, he spares no time or cost,
 To gain the sheets of his *Petronius* lost;
 Not without cause his studious care and sweat
 Uniting thus, his *author* to compleat;
 How blest, if what is missing he regains;
 Who cannot read one page, of what remains!

Shall man bemoan the rigour of his fate,
To fleeting life assign'd so short a date;
Forbid, his age's vigour to renew,
His labours many, and his years but few;
Yet so much of those few that heaven has lent,
Behold, without a sigh, in folly spent!
While of that measur'd span he lives possess'd,
Guilt has one share, and vanity the rest;
Does he lament the speed of each wing'd day,
The moments fled, or flying fast away;
Yet thinks a fly, a medal, or a root,
But cheaply purchas'd, with a year's pursuit;
Can with delight, whole days, and rapture dwell,
On a gay flower, dull coin, or painted shell;
A sonnet, a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Call'd in to ease the irksome load of time!
Divided in a nice proportion still,
In doing nothing — or in doing ill;
While little thro' the void of life appears,
But what demands his penitence or tears!

The scenes with wisdom chose to cheer his soul,
The midnight revel, and the drunken bowl ;
The cards display'd, or friendly tables brought,
For what great end?— to purge his mind of thought ;
The present hour assisting him to taste ;
And save him from a view of horrors past ;
With toys amus'd, with trifles round beset ;
That with more ease, himself he may forget ;
His heart of every dire reflection drain,
And of all thought discreetly clear his brain.
Dying, by fate's unkind decree, before
His life's first joy, his game of chess, was o'er ;
Hard, from his victor brow the wreath to wrest,
When two *moves* more had won— and left him blest !

The fence rich willow close to fence his soul; hand
The midnight revel, and the drunken bowl; and
The cards display'd, or friendly tales brought
For what greatness?—to purge his mind of thought
The present hour ailing him and all;
And save him from a sick or hapless fall;
With toys amuse'd, with trifles round bed;
That with more ease, should he may forget
His heart of every dire reflection drain,
And of all thought directly clear his brain;
Dying, by fate's unkind decree, before
His life's first joy, his game of chess, was o'er;
Hard, from this victor brow the wreath to wrest,
When two more none had won—and left him blest.

T O
The RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY PELLHAM, Esq;

One of the Knights of the Shire
for the County of SUSSEX.

——— *Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina, humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent; quas, qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens, etiam & rex,
Et quicquid volet; hoc veluti virtute parentum
Speravit magnæ laudi fore* ———

Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. 3.

WHEN rival kings, to prove their titles, fight,
-Whoever beats and conquers, still is right;
Their claim allow'd, tho' without blood, or law;
Success still foddering up, each fault and flaw.

So

DEDICATION.

So when the learn'd and noble like the strain,
However low, the town derides in vain;
Bold criticks here, like rebels venturing hard,
Who, e'er they reach the king, must rout his guard!
Daring the voice, with censures to defame
The satir, guarded by a P——m's name;
Like citadels such well-fenc'd poems seen!
Whose strength secures the troops, tho' weak, within;
Who when the storm begins, and foe is nigh,
More on their *rampires*, than their swords, rely.

Smile on the verse, and * * * * dangerous quill
Pushes in vain, tho' drawn in wrath to kill;
Behind your friendship, safely I retire,
Scorning the pedant's charge, and critick's fire;
Each breach their fury makes, repair'd by you;
Who give us credit, and protection too.
Like well-wrought steel, the smile of noble friends;
Which beautifies the warrior, it defends;
Supports his courage in the daring fight,
Shining and strong; — secure at once, and bright.

The

The Manners of the Age.

SATIRE VIII.

SUCH crouds before by satire swept away;
 Where shall the ranging muse nex thunt for prey?
 To rouse fresh game, to what fresh covert run,
 When drawing-rooms are drain'd, and courts have none?
 Already by her keen discerning sight
 Fools of all titles have been brought to light;
 By a strange gift of fate, with courage blest,
 Given by a plume — with honour, by a crest;
 From real bliss, led by its shade away,
 Who pant for sorrows, for delusions pray;
 Gay deep projectors of aerial schemes,
 Improv'd by visions, and inspir'd by dreams;

In the wild chase of glory busied long;
 Who court thin fame, and think the bubble strong:
 No sage forgot, in parts who grows profound,
 From leaves uncut, and volumes richly bound:
 Blest with a genius, each gay cover breeds;
 And deeply read in books — he never reads:
 Unveil'd, the faintly prude's delusive airs,
 Her heart at *Ombre*, and her eyes at prayers;
 Her fan, its owner's fancy led astray
 Left to perform the duty of the day;
 And while she roams to find her viscount out,
 Taught in its mistress' stead to be devout!
 Where then shall satire meet with future hints,
 Till S — — blushes, and till C — — prints?
 No subject for her idle pen, till next
 Lords pray, at prayers, and ladies mind a text;
 Till the rich reliet mournful does appear,
 Bibles to beaux, and creeds to atheists dear;
 In *Epic* lays till *Grubstreet* muses sing;
 And *D'avers* loves a truth, or likes a king.

But ah! what numbers shall the verse offend,
 Who buy, to laugh; but seldom read, to mend?
 To guard thy self against the injur'd croud,
 Say, canst thou push as well, or swear as loud?
 Who searching after faults of fools unknown
 By the sly poets cunning, meet their own!
 Amaz'd, his pen through prejudice or spite
 Shou'd chance to hit the guilty part so right;
 By his unlucky thought, and muse reveal'd,
 Deep in his heart, the crimes that lay conceal'd.

How will the great be startled to be told,
 That peace, and merits are not bought with gold!
 That cares and discontent oft choose to roam
 Through the proud palace, and the marble dome;
 Climbing the stately pile, their influence shed
 On the rich couch; and wound the royal bed;
 To banish dire remorse, and anxious pain,
 Useless the purple, and the ermin vain.
 Vent'rous thy daring muse, that does presume,
 Cowards may often strut beneath a plume;

With Birth that vertue is not always bred,
 Genius in lace, or courage drest in red.
 How hard for wrinkled misses to be told,
 At seventy, nature meant they shou'd be old;
 That mourning oft, and sorrow dwell apart,
 And the sad look oft hides the chearful heart;
 That nymphs with sanctity of face endu'd
 May veil the wanton, underneath the prude!
 That some few folks, of heaven may be possest,
 Nor earn salvation with their arms, or crest;
 Find out a mystick way of being good,
 Without descent, nobility or blood;
 The wise and potent by their arts deceive,
 And merit bliss without a herald's leave.

With care and caution, nursing up their woes,
 All these enrag'd are sure to be your foes;
 With a superior genius blest, who prize
 The gifts you scorn, and glories you despise.
 The *Fair* draw vertue from a beauteous face,
 And chymick courtiers, honour from a place;

Pleas'd

SAT.VIII. *The Manners of the Age.* 413

Pleas'd with a thousand glittering shades, that shine
Bright in the owner's eye, though dull in thine!
Which wanting light could never yet behold
Merit in place, or sanctity in gold.

With that fair foe thy parts no more debase;
Thou canst not have her sense, without her face;
Taught on her cheeks for conquest to rely;
Whose tongue may have the worst, but not her eye.
To wisdom while the gay soft looks prefer,
Those learned ruby lips can never err;
Of whatsoever stuff the reason's made,
Utter'd by them, it always must persuade;
Her want of sense so smooth and gently flows,
What hearts so cruel, to be thought its foes.
The weakness he disdains, each youth admires;
The *idiot* pleasing, while the *beauty* fires.

From each bold rival to assert the prize,
Labeo depends on paper, more than eyes;
Of fame ambitious, taking greater pains,
To furnish well his cases than his brains:

His

His parts to mend, and to improve his fame,
 Open or shut, his classicks just the same
 Each courtly volume you behold him bear,
 Working by contact, like *Achilles* spear,
 Trickling from golden backs their wit distills,
 His genius rising, as his study fills;
 The authors sense, without the readers pain
 Soft gliding, from the binding to the brain
 By rising volumes, knowledge often bred;
 The shelf and books, all one to *Laheo's* head:
 Assur'd, according to his heart's desire,
 Good writers purchas'd, read or not, inspire;
 How great his stock of sense, we may presume;
 When we once know the largeness of his room;
 Exact the circuit of his wisdom's walls,
 Permitted to survey his case, or press;
 His mystick learning, deep, and high before,
 Will be compleated by one auction more;
Aristion's parts, who justly may despise,
 Wanting five shelves, of being quite so wise.

But who is that, who bears along the chafe,
A warrior's fierceness, and a virgin's face!
Drest for the field or dance, the hall or fight,
And view'd at once, with dread and with delight;
Severe the aspect, till the smiling bloom
Relieves us from the terror of the plume.
Our eye thy mingled form does so perplex,
The midwife must be call'd to vouch thy sex;
Which from thy air and habit none can know,
A spritely youth above, a maid below;
Awful by turns and soft, how seldom one;
To day a daughter, and the next a son!
Say, will this female *boy*, this manly *miss*,
When next we visit, give or take the kiss;
Demand the gentle favour, or allow;
And greet us with a court'sey or a bow,
Entering a room, to shew an air genteel,
Or chuse to bend the knee, or turn the heel;
Of each soft limb to manifest the grace,
Forc'd to unbutton now, and now unlace;

By

By turns, eight snowy beauteous fingers hid,
 In gloves of tan, and skins of softer kid;
 While different vests, her different pleasures mark;
 At court a nymph, a sportsman in the park;
 Ah lovely *something*! fierce by fits, and fair,
 One part an heiress, and one part an heir,
 Thou blooming he or she, for doubtful fame
 Is silent yet, and has not told thy name;
 If ever wedded, tell me if you can,
 Shall the dear spouse a woman be or man?
 The linen, when your hand you gently lift
 That morn, for changing, be a shirt, or shift?
 A bell or beaux, ah! fix thy lover's doom;
 If youth, thy stays; if virgin, burn thy plume:
 That martial feather adds too strong a grace,
 And steals its softness from that tender face;
 Topp'd gloves, whatever custom may command,
 Gauntlets of steel, drawn on a female hand;
 Waving a fan those fingers almost broke,
 Ah! how unfit to hold a staff of oak!

Their

Their curious frame and delicacy such,
They faint, o'er-loaded with a gem too much.

No longer then thy charms confound and blend,
But be of some one sex, from end to end;
To own thy mystiek self, no more afraid,
All o'er a Colonel, or all o'er a maid.
The conquests won, by the soft virgin's smile,
Let not the jockey's air, and roughness spoil;
That marble veiny bosom hiding still
Behind a tucker, or beneath a frill.

Ye *British* fair, to make our homage sure,
Each heart to please, and pleasing to secure;
From art, let nature borrow no supplies,
But draw your triumphs only from your eyes:
These throw the softest, and the surest dart,
And sooth the fond, and melt the stubborn heart;
Kindle in every breast love's gentle fire;
With raptures, youth; and age, with joy inspire.
To live ador'd, trust your own native bloom;
How injur'd, by a wig, cockade, and plume!

These give us back our freedom, break our chains;
 Your folly losing, what your beauty gains;
 The conquest, which you plann'd, unfinish'd leave;
 And promise still success, yet still deceive!
 Blunting those arrows, each soft visage seen,
 By nature only dress'd, had made so keen.
 For one safe stratagem you yet have room,
 Which spreads o'er every cheek a fairer bloom;
 Stealing from this, you may be faultless still,
 And teach your looks a guiltless art to kill:
 Vertue alone makes beauty fairer shine,
 Augments her power, and shews her more divine.
 All other shifts do but our eye offend,
 Those gifts impairing, which they strove to mend.

Fond of the fame, *Mirtilla* takes a pride
 Supreme in modish trifles to preside;
 The Glory how important, to be seen
 First in the white, the azure, pink, or green;
 Or in the park, with plumes to win renown;
 Or beavers soaring with a spiral crown!

Ambi-

Ambitious to direct the *British* fair,
 To please, and vanquish with a softer air;
 From her the tutor'd sex, receiving still
 Their rules to conquer, and their arts to kill.
 She the sage *Pitbonefs*, who guides the throng,
 When ruffles shou'd be short, and lappets long;
 Her own the test, in all assemblies plac'd,
 To lengthen or contract the beauteous waist,
 Till she from end to end is fully read,
 None dares adjust the rucker or the head;
 The folds determine of the flowing vest,
 Or praise the colour, which she likes the best;
 Change an old fashion, or a new begin,
 Vary a plait, or regulate a pin:
 None the gay fan presuming to unfurl,
 To stick the patch, or bend the fav'rite curl;
 Till she directs what portion of the face,
 One the next ball, shall arm, the other grace;
 On the left cheek, a spot — how strange a sight!
 When learn'd *Mirtilla* wears it on the right;

It's station shifted, to confront a foe;
An Age at court — almost three nights ago —

Let the grave matron, and the squeamish dame
From virtue and religion draw — their fame;
'Tis merit full enough for nymphs so gay,
To settle modes at church, — while others pray;
To see, that females in their maker's fight
Return their compliments — and court'fy right;
How well *Floretia* in her pew behav'd,
How nice she drest — in order to be fav'd;
Who faulty for no crime, her self can call,
But now and then, her absence from a ball!
Oblig'd on sundays, fore against her will,
To hear a sermon, and desert *quadrille*.

But who is that, his martial arm who shows,
And seems to date his glory from his woes;
Afraid, as in full state he passes by,
The scarf he doats on thou'd not reach our eye;
Proud of the lucky shot which lent the wound,
In a rich string *Lorenzo's* arm is bound;

Pleas'd

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Pleas'd when the ball the kind contusion gave,
And with a glance confirm'd the warrior braye.
A Hero thus allow'd, he wou'd not lose
At any rate, the blessing of his bruise;
With joy, the anguish of the scar endur'd,
Not once his wish, to have it clos'd or cur'd;
Of its gay silk, to rob his warlike side,
His fame is gone, his ribbon once unty'd;
For who without that gaudy mark cou'd know
He e'er had laugh'd at death, or fac'd a foe;
Beheld the sanguine field with slaughter red;
For glory fought, or for his country bled?

But, ah! how short and fleeting is the date
Of every blessing, lent us here by fate?
Chearful one eve, the colonel had forgot
The wounded arm, that long had felt the shot;
And by a luckless chance, the ribbon ty'd
To ease its anguish, on the other side;
The left the sufferer long, that fatal night
Its torture great, now binding up the right.

Says

Says *Fabius*, smiling, to the chief perplext,
Be sober, when you use your fillet next;
When the third dangerous bottle has gone round,
Your shatter'd shoulder may again be found;
Unless by law, warriors in time of peace,
May chuse to wear their bruises where they please;
To ease which arm, they will, within the thong,
When it has ak'd without a pain — too long!

Shall beauty chuse in secret to retire,
To aid her force, and to augment her fire;
Blushing, the lonely grove, or shade explore,
To make us languish, and pursue the more?
Has the gay hero chose a different art,
To prove how bold his arm and brave his heart;
In publick his own gallant acts to found,
And dwell with transport on each fav'rite wound?

In peace and war true courage still the same,
Near boasts its scars, nor flutters after fame;
Hangs not its gaudy trophies up to light,
Nor with vain shew affects to catch the sight;

From modest silence does a glory gain,
 And almost hears its own applause, with pain.
 All noise, the stream that glides the deepest, thins,
 The shallow only rattles, as it runs;
 Striving in vain, its channel less profound,
 The want of depth to hide with empty sound.
 Thy self still silent, let another find
 Each fair endowment of thy noble mind;
 What to thy bravery, or thy faith we owe,
 Extol the generous friend, or daring foe;
 Though hid with caution, and conceal'd from sight,
 The world will always do each virtue right:
 Whoever on himself a fame bestows,
 That debt discharges, which another owes.

To shew their courage great, and conduct nice,
 Some love to play on the smooth edge of vice;
 Well pleas'd to tread, their bravery to commend,
 Just on the brink of guilt, yet not offend.
 See *Glauca* hovering on the verge of sin,
 Yet fully purpos'd never to enter in;

Sports with each soft temptation at her will,
 Amidst a thousand, pure and spotless still;
 More pleas'd to conquer from a doubtful cast,
 And draw fresh glory from her dangers past.
 How mean the warrior's praise, a wreath to shew,
 And worthless laurels, won without a foe.

With every old acquaintance free and gay
 (For she has known 'em now, perhaps a day)
 She hoidens, plays, assigns — yet nothing more —
 Constant to one — yet romping with a score;
 The time, the place, her thought can ne'er perplex,
 In all amusements, who forgets her sex;
 In private chaff, tho' laughing with a spark,
 Chose for a modest walk — the midnight park;
 With a young Peer as safe her guiltless bloom,
 In a close shade, as in a drawing room;
 Conscious 'tis nothing but an air — when led
 To the cool bower alone, or secret bed:
 Her self as pious, if her heart you knew,
 On a soft couch, as in a Sunday's pew.

But,

But, ah! betimes the dangerous trial blame,
 Vertue is lost if e'er you lose its fame;
 Not to your self sufficient to be clear,
 Which must not only be — but must appear:
 Prudent your manners, and your conduct nice;
 For vertue indiscreet is half a vice.
 Smit with the prospect of its heights sublime,
 To fame's bright dome if you aspire to climb,
 Slip'ry the path; the precipice is high;
 One yielding motion, or one step awry
 Hurries you down, into the gulph betray'd,
 Which from above with dread your eye survey'd.
 The step that deviates first, some moments past,
 Ah! at how small a distance from the last!
 O'er life's tempestuous ocean as you ride,
 Though vertue is your best and surest guide;
 Her wise and sacred dictates scarce will do,
 Unless you join her sister prudence too:
 The two great pilots that your bark can steer,
 When tempests threaten, and when shelves are near;

Direct her course, and your weak vessel save,
 When tost, and bounding o'er the dangerous wave.
 Pity the Gods, to please Evandra's eye,
 Built not a private heaven, and closer sky;
 More secret scenes, each courteously to bless,
 She might enjoy, and others not possess:
 Not to be fully blest, till she alone
 Has stars, and heavens, and prospects of her own.
 Of those amusements only fond and proud,
 Indulg'd to her, and yet deny'd the crowd,
 The costly gem more valu'd in her ear,
 For *Oriza* cannot purchase one so dear;
 She deems it a reproach to nobler names,
 To tire and share delights, with vulgar dames.
 Selected blessings due to nymphs of birth,
 Their mould more nice; and finer much their earth;
 (For heaven could ne'er design such curious clay
 To eat, or walk, or breathe, the common way;
 Which shou'd from every ill a freedom gain;
 — To prove em mortal — now and then, a pain.

Direct

O 8

How

SAT. VIII. *The Manners of the Age.* 427

How hard! the fates have no new Scheme decreed,
 For ladies of her blood, to love and breed like
 Displeas'd in mind, the world shou'd guess or say,
 Her sons were got and born the good old way!
 That folks shou'd boast, of low and mean degree,
 As many senses and desires as sheen
 That coronets and crests, which all adorn,
 Lend not their amours one affection more;
 With justice blaming the unfriendly skies,
 That crowds like them, shou'd boast their ears, and eyes.

Oh! say ye Gods, for you these censures strike,
 Unkind to form the mean and great alike;
 Why does the morn's fair birth, and eve's decline,
 Inspire alike *Evander's* eye and mine?
 Too free, the pleasure she enjoys, to take
 From the cool fountain, or the silver lake;
 With objects she adores to please my sight,
 Or taste these sweets, in which she takes delight;
 For her alone, their balmy scents to meet,
 Fragrant the Jess'min, and the roses sweet.

Unkind to birth, that heaven did not dispense;
 To sooth its pride, a new and nobler sense
 Some fair distinction on its fav'rites fix,
 And while we live on five, allow 'em six.
 How can the breath she draws sustain the fair
 The page she hires sucks in the self same air;
 Whose smell, as he attends her, does presume,
 From the same flower, to taste the same perfume;
 So very rude, and saucy, to be pleas'd,
 For her own eye, with scenes, which she had seiz'd
 Which hit the humour, and the fancy strike;
 Both of the mistress and the *slave* alike.
 A want of blessings, *Celia* cannot feign;
 Defects in others only give her pain;
 Something, where-e'er she visits, seen amiss,
 Disturbs her eye, and sullies every bliss;
 One a coquet, another seems a prude;
 Aukard their motions, or their manners rude;
 No delicacy who in life profess,
 Nor boast a genius, like her self, for dress;

Clumfy

SAT.VIII. *The Manners of the Age.* 429

Clumfy their shape; and ungentle their air;
Each wretched face, the views, too brown or fair;
In their odd gait, each step, too quick or slow,
Their voices still too lofty, or too low:
Afflicting ills, she kindly wou'd amend,
Out of mere goodness, in a foe or friend;
Who hid in blushes each, their faults deplore,
And own, that none, but *Celia's* self, have more.

Nice female fashions *Geta* lets alone,
Nature's rude scenes to mend, or to bemoan;
Quite vexing at the errors she has drawn,
In every field and mead; each grove and lawn.
A taste so nice, ne'er to be reconcil'd
To works of hers, so artless and so wild;
To hit his fancy, and attract his eye,
She shoots the branches of his limes, too high;
Instructed by his genius, to admire
Prim firs, or hollies, tapering to aspire;
Ravish'd with birds, and balls; with crowns and spheres;
With gods in green, and monarchs made with sheers;

Heroes

Heroes in Beech o'er Cypress chiefs prevail,
 And Vessels in green waves of Hawthorn sail;
 Yews once a year into immortals prun'd,
 And *Phæbus*' harp, by gard'ners strung and tun'd,
 On the same stem, how wondrous to behold,
 A *Mars* just born — and *Jove* scarce ten months old;
 The god and soaring eagle that you see,
 Twin-brothers — springing from one parent tree.
 Till *Geta* told us, who cou'd e'er believe,
 That trees should serpents turn, to ruin *Eve*;
 Who takes the Apple, fair as ever grew,
 From the sly tempter — fruit and fiend of yew.
 Each vegetable here some wonder shows,
 While from one root the flower and flower-pot grows;
 Where hounds in elm, swift standing deers pursue,
 And Huntsmen follow, swift and standing too;
 Where * *Hector* charges, and *Achilles* mocks
 His fury, shelter'd with a shield of box:

* In several Gardens near London we see abundance of these beautiful representations and figures.

SAT. VIII. *The Manners of the Age.* 431

Each stem you view is seen with awful dread,
Bearing a god, or warrior on its head;
While the pleas'd eye the warlike *Quincunx* sees,
Pushing its foe — and battles fought by trees.

Nor is his taste to trees alone confin'd,
Attend him to his *Villa*, there you'll find,
Nature in other schemes his fancy's foe;
Blund'ring and blind, in all she acts below.
How harsh the sound, how rustick the cascade,
By sloping hills, and falling torrents made!
The noise offends his ear, and spoils his sleep;
Of waters, rattling down from steep to steep.
The rills he likes, should have no sound at all,
Or smoothly glide along, or gently fall.
The stream more beauteous, from the fountain's head,
Bore to his basin, through a run of lead,
Which in a thousand figures upward flows,
From *Venus'* nipples, or *Minerva's* toes;
Or in a smaller tide augments his bliss,
Assisting wanton *Cupid's* — when they p —

Or

Or up the air, from *Neptuna's* trident spouts,
 Instead of *Tritons*, waited on by *Trouts*,
 The treacherous pipes, that fill'd their ocean, burst,
 His *Nereids* dying all below — of thirst;
 While on dry pedestals his courfers stand,
 Foam without froth — Sea-horses now by land
 To *Turkeys*, soft *Apollo* breathes his rhimes,
 His *Hyades* swimming through a stream of limes;
 Each deity their element mistook,
 Sea-nymphs in groves, and *Pallas* in a brook;
 Gods, heroes, mortals and immortals seen,
 All on one spot — and in one heaven of green.

When *Geta* dies, say, will his learned heir,
 Approve his father's schemes, and think 'em fair;
 Doat on the rural plans his fancy drew,
 Or rather chuse to please his eye with new?
 Blest with a finer taste, each way he looks,
 On his canals, or groves, his walks or brooks;
 With all disgusted, he can nothing find,
 That suits his genius, or delights his mind.

“ Those

" Those beeches rise too thick in shady rows ;
 " That cold canal too near his villa flows ;
 " Those elms too short the waste beyond to hide ;
 " Each slope too steep, and each parterre too wide.
 " That ample wood, which does too distant stand,
 " Takes up too many acres of his land ;
 " Judging, not touch'd with vista's, walks and glades,
 " People may better live on wheat than shades ;
 " Each prospect round, though wide and fair indeed,
 " May please the ravish'd eye — but cannot feed —
 " Fruitless, tho' lovely, nor a scene can yield,
 " So beauteous, in a garden, as a field ! "

But see the waste begin, — one fatal day
 Sweeps the long labour of whole years away !
 Each lawn with kennels, or with stables fill'd ;
 The grove an orchard ; and, the garden till'd ;
 The bending slopes all levell'd to a plain,
 Their flowers and shrubs, exchange for golden grain.
 The son's command condemning to the fire,
 Young deities — long nurtur'd by his fire !

From their green thrones each hour a god he takes,
Stern *Neptune* brews, and poor *Apollo* bakes ;
Two strokes a goddess and a mermaid kill ;
And *Pallas' Gorgons* hiss beneath a still.
The frighted eye beholding with amaze,
Jove's thunders, and *Minerva's* *egis* blaze ;
Fair *Juno's* self, in all her youth and bloom,
Bound in a brush, or sweeping in a broom ;
While *Venus*, with a feign'd chat did inspire
Each bosom once, now lights a real fire.
In the short space of one destructive Day,
Gods, Flower-pots, men, immortals, swept away.
While *Geta's* soul repines within his shades,
To view no more his fountains, lawns, and glades ;
Amidst each blissful scene below, perplex,
That to a fire, a son shou'd be the next.



To the HONOURABLE
James Brudenell, Esq;

*Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant Præcordia culpa.
Inde iræ, & lacrimæ. — Juv. Sat. I.*

THO' gratitude the zeal might well excuse,
And generous wishes of a faithful muse,
To draw the friend sincere, the states-man just,
And vindicate each vertue from the dust;
Praise, if discretion is not chose her guide,
That means to give applause, does but deride;
Shewing the sop, genteel; the timorous, brave;
The pert, facetious; and the thoughtless, grave,
Their friends and fav'rites thus, whoever paint,
Only extol those merits — which they want.
By art and stratagem we should commend,
And when we praise, seem almost to offend;
Convey the gift beneath some smooth disguise;
Since the well-bred, the courtly and the wise,
If conquer'd, must be taken by surprize.

DEDICATION.

True panegyrick looks like nuns profest,
And underneath a veil still pleases best;

Which seeming at first sight a secret foe,
Has something friendly still it does not shew:
But turns to ridicule, and low disgrace;

If *Hoyden* like, it stares you in the face;
Adjusts your virtues like a bill of fare,
And shews that worth which shoud' be shadow'd bare;
Daubs thick the paint, which nicely guided o'er
The canvas, touches and affects us more;
Praise, like the *Parthian*, whose unerring eye,
Then aims the surest, when he seems to fly.

Applause is such, which surer to beguile,
And please the more, sometimes inverts her smile;
Suspends the friendship, till she finds a place
The gift to offer, with a better grace;
Says little while she acts the kindest part,
Of *R--by--nd's* glory, or of *Br--dn--ll's* heart;
Forgets the peer, the patriot, and the friend,
Unless the poets praise — where all commend.

The

The Manners of the Age.

SATIRE IX.

HAS satire then, unwearied in her toil,
 Still breath to censure, courage still to rail?
 The muse, like weights, which from the sky descend,
 More swift and rapid near their motions end;
 Does a long chase her speed the more enflame,
 Indulgent folly still supplying game;
 Where-e'er she looks or turns, fresh sport in view,
 Pursuing long — still eager to pursue.
 No dread that chance or time shou'd kill it all,
 While fate in pity spares the *mask* and *ball*;
Quadrille and *ombre* charm each square and street;
Ridotto's flourish, and *assemblies* meet;

Where

Where waiting peers impose a tax each night
On all their guests, for *citron*, cards, and light.

Prefaging cuckows, when the winter's nigh,
For other regions, leave the *British* sky ;
While fools and fops, delighted with the sphere,
Kindly continue with us all the year.
No soil so blest, rich harvests to produce,
Of creatures, nourish'd for no end, or use ;
That feel the influence of *Beotia's* sky,
And live ——— for what important cause? ——— to die ;
Florid and fat'ning in their fav'rite Isle,
The blessed brood, a continent might spoil ;
Of idiots, a long dearth, the change presage,
And rob, of half her wits, the future age.
Oblige good *Tindal*, wasting now apace,
In pity to mankind, to spread his race ;
By conscience urg'd his country to befriend,
And see the sure succession ne'er shou'd end.
In *Christian* states, the *Flamens* great design,
To nurse a priesthood of the *Pagan* line,

Pro-

Provide young faints, his pulpits to supply,
 Of pox or palsy when the old ones die;
 Pleas'd in this life some hardships to endure,
 The next, to make his dark election sure.
Marsias, in vain to brevity a friend,
 Cries out— this writer's wit will never end;
 Shou'd he be short, his muse wou'd sure be wrong;
 While still her list of knaves like him, is long;
 A little volume chose with lesser skill,
 Which half *Britannia's* fools would more than fill;
 The poet in a larger work engage,
 Though thinly spread — an idiot for a page;
 Weak though his arm, resolv'd with each to fight,
 While birth gives fame, and power will still be right:
 While guilt delights in flattering courts to dwell,
 Nor fraud deserts the bar, nor pride the cell;
 While joy is taught to act a mournful part,
 And fears flow fastest from the merriest heart;
 While in deep black the funeral coach is clad,
 And not an eye that weeps within it, sad;

While old and young profess the hiding trade,
Half the wide world a moving masquerade;
While prudes invent new airs, coquets new wiles,
And nobles pay their debts with bows and smiles;
While justice nods upon her lazy throne,
Too wise to suffer knaves to cheat alone;
Sleeping all day, while ladies rise at night,
And generals best with plumes and patches fight;
Gay in the field, to chess and song inclin'd,
Less pain'd to leave their sword, than snuff behind;
While Cits turn bankrupts to augment their store,
And T——n breaks to be possess'd of more;
His freedom for a term's confinement gets,
And pays with frugal perjury his debts:
New ways to heaven, while modern sages teach,
And learned atheists sound religion preach;
While heirs, a father dead, with tears abound,
So long may virtue weep, and satire wound.
Say, is it virtue, or its useful shade,
From the world's censure guards the blushing maid?

A real sanctity, or *mimick* prayer,
 That gives the fame of pious to the fair;
 Pleads the young saint a title to the sky,
 From a warm heart, or from a lifted eye;
 Amongst her sex a veneration gains,
 For what she acts, or what she wisely feigns;
 Drawing from shade each specious excellence,
 Vertue, a toil; a pleasure, its pretence;
 Each modern heart feeling much greater pain,
 To practise dull morality, than feign.

Behold coy *Alra*, how demure she fits,
 A song or jest wou'd throw her into fits;
 Who hides her blushes close behind her fan,
 Whene'er you name that odious creature, man;
 Astonish'd, by ill customs led away,
 Ladies should dance, the hours they ought to pray;
 In visits trifle, to assemblies roam;
 Abroad at six, and scarce till ten, at home.
 With a deep dye of shame her cheek o'er spread,
 Whene'er she hears of two that mean to wed;

Constant and firm to her first virgin vows;
 No name to her so filthy — as a spouse:
 Her chastity offended, when she views
 An heiress match'd, or married — in the noose!
 The loose idea quite disturbs her head,
 To think the minx, at night — must jaunt to bed;
 Before a man, how brutish and how base,
 Her tucker to unpin, or stays unlace;
 In the same room with shameful freedom spread,
 Wigs, ruffles, fans — and near 'em all — a bed.

Within that modest breast what virtues dwell;
 Silent her self, her midwife best can tell!
 Devout, and solemn on her knees, at prayer,
 Without a spouse, deliver'd of an heir.
 No malice, sure, can charge the faint with sin,
 Since with a prayer her pangs were usher'd in,
 Who might have wanted grace, by guilt enthrall'd,
 If unprepar'd, she had her gossips call'd;
 In danger, e'er her morning vows were o'er,
 Had she cry'd out — to have been thought a whore!

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Melania, in her conduct scarce so nice,
Some frailties has, but frailties without vice;
Without a blush, her coyness to confess,
Before her spouse who can at night undress;
And seldom faints with conscious shame o'erspread,
When her good man and she prepare for bed;
Yet pious in the main, her faults but small;
What woman, nay, what saint, is free from all?
If not her fame to taint, her peace to vex,
Each tinctur'd with the weakness of their sex.

Say then, what gives *Melania's* breast a pain,
What woes can fortune's fav'rite feel, or feign?
What cruel arts against her self contrive,
Thus blest, to seem the wretched st thing alive?
In her gilt glass, with every pleasing air,
She views her beauties fresh, and image fair,
Whose form design'd in nature's softest mould,
The box and park, surpriz'd by turns, behold;
Both sexes gaze with envy or desire,
While these with pain, and those with love expire!

Few, greater favourites of the smiling sky,
 Gay her retinue, and her birth was high;
 While round the park, each eve, her chariot roll'd,
 Crouded with slaves — all stiff in lace and gold.

Whence then those sighs, that swell her soul with woe?
 From what sad fountain can her sorrows flow?
 To pain her self, what scheme can she contrive,
 Her lord in health, and her dear lark alive!
 The brilliant that she wears out-shone by few
 Her silks the best — and all her liv'ries new?
 But while you hear the pensive dame deplore,
 Learn the sad cause, and be surpriz'd no more:
 In *Livia's* coach she does with pangs survey
 Six beauteous mares — and each a *Flanders* grey;
 When she, ah, wretched wife, how blest before,
 Drives o'er the park and ring with only four!
 For this her heart is robb'd of each delight,
 No flame her eyes, her gems diffuse no light;
 Irksome the shade, and lonely is the day;
 She oft forgets to patch — sometimes to pray!

Can

Can nothing beauteous view, or pleasing call,
 Dull at the play, the visit, and the ball;
 The pangs of heart, and secret pain she feels,
 Oft damping her devotion as she kneels:
 Who of each joy, and peace of mind despairs,
 In number, till she equals *Livia's* mares;
 Her set, the ring admiring, as they fly,
 Their manes as flowing — and their necks as high!

With different ills sad *Rhætus* is oppress'd,
 Gayly fatigu'd each day with too much rest;
 Not with the weight, but want of cares perplex'd,
 Who knows no hour the business of the next;
 His great concern, a medium how to keep,
 And fix the bounds of sauntring, and of sleep;
 To think, what folly for that day shall please,
 What scheme relieve, or labour give him ease:
 The doubt important, e'er he toils to bed,
 If the last bottle shall be white or red;
 Rising, what best does with his taste agree,
 Bitters, or drams — the wormwood or the tea!

In dreams quite lost, his spirits to repair,
 His couch receives him now, and now his chair;
 By turns, with thinking, and not thinking cloy'd,
 And idlest then, when seeming most employ'd.

What is that doubt with which he seems perplex,
 If he shall sleep at *Dick's*, or *Burton's* next?
 If with a dice or whore conclude the day,
 Or visit first, a mistress, or a play?
 Still the same maze of shame and sorrow run,
 While age completes the torture youth began.
 He now his flute, now throws his carders by;
 Now rides, now walks — for each, no reason why,
 With nothing long delighted, or perplex,
 Reading — because his book, nor can lay next:
 On study now, and strait on slumbers bent,
 Good C — chose to sleep with more content.

Not thus, the gentle sex — the prudent fair
 Are idly busied with a serious air;
 Who with grave looks, and with a solemn face,
 Pick out an erring flesh, or flower crase;

The snuff ne'er purchas'd, nor the patches bought,
 But in a deep tranquillity of thought;
 To judge if both the lawn and lace are clean,
 Fit only, when the mind is most serene;
 While visits, plays, a birth-night, or a ball,
 Are things of moment, and important all;
 A patch to station right or ruffle sleek,
 The hard fatigue, and study of a week;
 Though men may smile, no low or vulgar care,
 To plait a fold, or to adjust a hair;
 The cheek and eye with gentle darts to fill,
 Or place the spot where it may surest kill:
 With a nice hand the cream and tea to mix,
 When visitors, for scandal, meet at six:
 The art not trivial, nor the knowledge mean,
 Each friend abus'd, to wash the *China* clean.

To censure *Miris* then must be a sin,
 Who hardly takes an hour to fix a pin;
 Not half the morning, which so many pass
 Away in trifles, seen before her glass;

Not

Not half the evening wasted, when at night
 She drives to court — to place a tucker right.
 The day well spent, in her judicious thought,
 A fan with wisdom chose, or edging bought;
 No creature more surpriz'd, how giddy wives,
 False to their vows, can trifle half their lives;
 Oftner at home, not mind their own affairs,
 And with their pleasures sometimes mix their cares:
 Who might from her a good example take,
 To sleep by three, and just at twelve to wake.
 But what are *Gallia's* most important cares,
 How busy, if by nine her nails she pares?
 By ten in haste adjusts a look, no light
 Atchievement, if by twelve her teeth are white:
 How active, and how quick, with much ado,
 If her new head is huddled on by two.
 While in nice portions she divides the day,
 Ten minutes just to wash, and three to pray:
 The time to dress her charms, and sooth her pride,
 Her own by right — her God has all beside.

Upon her knees a little hard to fall,
When half the court are merry at a ball ;
Or pensive on a velvet couch to sit,
And moan those sins she rather wou'd commit.

Each morning duty o'er, her next design,
Is to determine how, and where to dine ;
What fan to chuse, new beauties to inspire,
To cool her own, and light her lover's fire ;
If she shall play at night, a while debates,
Or visit a dear fav'rite friend — she hates :
What gem that evening shall each box alarm ;
What knots, the blue or white, or willow, charm :
Long unresolv'd, and fickle in her will,
What colour is that night to please and kill ;
In t'other world, no doubt, secure of bliss,
Busied with such religious schemes — in this.

So pleas'd is *Lyce* with the killing trade,
She sighs, she can so few at once invade ;
Blaming the gods, to pity less inclin'd,
Such beauty to one place shou'd be confin'd.

When half the ring her lovely looks enthrall,
 She weeps she cannot murder at the ball;
 Divide her self, possess of such a face,
 To be ador'd at once in every place
 At court admir'd, it does her bliss allay,
 To think that others triumph at the play;
 Sad, that from thence, her rivals to defy,
 She has no art to send a look, or eye;
 Whose envy'd cheeks the gods would soon disarm,
 If *Lyce* cou'd be multiply'd to charm;
 The park, the court, the ball, the self-same hour,
 Bend to her beauty, and confess its power.

'Tis not enough, a mother's fondest love,
 Young miss, in prayer and picket shou'd improve,
 Unless the dame is suffer'd to employ
 Her care informing too, her fav'rite boy;
 No other guide the growing pupil needs
 While she instructions gives, and lectures reads;
 Selects good authors from his father's chest;
 In her nice judgment *Bunyan* much the best.

She

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She views the States-man early in his face ;
Now good advice bestows, now mends his lace :
To make his morals sound and visage fair,
By turns corrects his faults, and cuts his hair ;
(Precepts on manners, and on dancing read,
To teach him how to live, and how to tread :)
Bids him each learned rule with caution mark,
And seldom travel far beyond his park ;
With mystick authors not to hurt his eye,
But throw his *Ovid* and his *Lilly* by,
Since none but those, at courts, who places seek,
Pore on dull books, and stuff their heads with *Greek*.

How fast must schools and colleges decay,
Since closets can instruct as well as they ?
Where with good maxims the fond parent waits,
Reserv'd with care amongst her choice receipts ;
In order rang'd, each claims a different shelf,
These for her heir — and those to use her self ;
Some teach to pickle pork — the rest have won
As great a fame in training up a son ;

The serious dame employ'd each learned hour
In guiding youth, and mingling eggs and flower.
Some time each morn the stove demands her care,
Then leaves her pantry to assume her chair.
Close, frugal nobles, now may take degrees,
In their own hall, and save a tutor's fees.

Till ten, if dear mamma the bridle guide,
Young master safely may his broomstick ride;
Cruel, till twelve her fondness to withdraw,
And rob her student of his top, or taw:
With what delight amongst his marbles seen,
Her full grown babe, her infant at fifteen;
Who the next year, ambitious to excel
In books and letters, may with judgment spell;
The wise assistants of his tender age,
The nurse or cook, the coachman or the page;
With all his parts and genius quite undone,
Till both are mended by his nets and gun.
What sages must from learned *Villa's* spring,
If roaring, hunting, wou'd but serve a king?

If

If noise of thinking would but save the pains,
 And mirth cou'd manage states, as well as brains;
 If wisdom were with songs and catches bought?
 And a shrill whistle, wou'd but pass for thought.

Just from his letter'd guardian's power releas'd,
 Smit with his parts, with his improvements pleas'd,
 He takes the first fair omen of his fate,
 From a clean bound a-cross his highest gate.

How does the mother's breast with transport heave,
 To view him plait his whip, or meshes weave;
 Joy to her heart, to see him scowt along
 In each swift chase, the foremost of the throng!

In *Greek* and *Latin* others may succeed,
 (Which one of his fore-fathers once cou'd read)
 He thinks, and justly thinks, one language fair,
 One tongue sufficient for a *British* heir;
 By birth and blood his parts and genius lent,
 By arms made wise — a scholar by descent.

Since rural nurseries such knowledge yield,
 Ah, why does *Cham* repair, or *Ips* build?

Our

Our Sons to *Bodly's* shelves for science roam,
 More quickly learnt, and cheaply bought at home;
 With parts to bless, and genius to endure,
 More *Alma maters* in our life than two:
 Their pupils taught, with nicety extreme,
 The useful wisdom, how to dance — and dream.
 But small the charge, with very little cost,
 Their vanity improv'd, and manners lost!
Cleante full as learn'd, with equal care,
 Trains up a daughter — for she wants an heir;
 Beneath a watchful parent's guardian eye,
 Her academy chose three stories high:
 Her curious work, an alphabet in silk,
 Cheesecakes her supper, and her breakfast milk!
 Musick and piety, by turns, her care,
 Allowing still three ballads for one prayer;
 Taught the good ancient way to merit heaven,
 In bed by eight — her blessing ask'd, at seven;
 In her first sleep at nine, her breast on fire
 With pleasing raptures — dreaming of her squire!

In miss's manners you behold in part;
 Plain, simple nature, unimprov'd by art;
 A little alter'd by her studious nurse;
 Aukard before, with pains who makes it worse.
 Shrill is her voice, and fierce her daring air,
 Thinking all gifts compriz'd in being fair;
 Who, where she visits, stalking o'er a room,
 Treads just as light, and gently as her groom;
 Where she the sloop seated, with a grace,
 Unfolds the beauties of her neck and face;
 Plies her gilt fan, her manners so complete,
 And in the midst of winter fairs with heat;
 Her tucker loose, a side her head-dress lies,
 And nothing in its place — except her eyes;
 Her gloves but seldom white, or muslin clean,
 And her dear posture still to loll or lean;
 She has no smile, if ought her fancy strikes,
 But with a laugh, applauds whate'er she likes;
 Thinking, when'er she romps amongst the croud,
 She cannot be gentleel and not be loud.

Ill-bred and foreign, with the rural race,
The gentle motion, and the easy pace,
The nymph in walking, who no action shews,
Tosses her head — and gallops as she goes,
Well pleas'd, the circle round to entertain,
With her pills working, and her stomach's pain.
Attend her to her closet, there you find
Confusion all — a medley like her mind;
Here play-things, creams, and powder; if you look,
There, you behold a puff and spelling book;
Here her rich lockets — there nice *India* ware,
Close by, her patches, folded in a prayer;
While rang'd, in even rows, her ballads lie,
Strephons above, beneath *Corinnas* die;
Too soft to view, the wedding day so near,
A lover in a shroud, without a tear.
In nice disorder, blended on one shelf,
Stays for her baby — stockings for her self;
A comb at either end, a shift between;
Miss merry with her doll till full sixteen;

Who

Who plaits her ruffles, strings her little beads;
Drest by the bride, the morn before she weds,
Far different cares, *Lusippe's* breast inspire,
She wants, already match'd, no spouse to tire—
In a gay life, her only anxious fear,
Whene'er she rattles, that too few will hear.
From morn till night one shrill unceasing noise
Gives her glad ear and heart their fullest joys;
Who talks the croud, where-e'er she goes, to death,
And then bemoans the shortness of her breath;
Wishing kind heaven had fram'd her voice more strong,
With stories to oblige, more loud and long;
Conscious, that all have reason to bewail
Her tongue's defect, and shortness of her tale.

With each command beside she can comply,
Enjoin her silence——and you bid her die;
Nothing but that *Lusippe's* bliss can wound;
Silence, with her, more loud and harsh than sound.
Whoe'er begins, in pity to her friend,
She still is sure the darling chat to end;

Catches the scandal from her lip half told,
More skill'd to open, comment and unfold:
Her tongue more smooth to praise, or to disgrace,
And drop a falsehood in its proper place;
Who many virtues to her neighbour grants,
But always pities her — for more she wants;
The bliss of babbling so afraid to lose,
For talk — she'll blame her self for want of foes;
And always when a jest has stunn'd the crowd,
Her self applauds it with a laugh as loud.
Whate'er her ailment, if the Doctor gives
His patient leave to prate, she surely lives;
Which thro' her veins more strength and life distills,
Than all his trash — his juleps and his pills.

Talk is not *Macer's* fame, with a less joy
Who does his tongue, than learned pen employ;
And skill'd in verse, has always ready bought
Fit tools, like other trades, to work a thought;
Too wise, when shops can furnish both, to strain
For language, or for rhyme, his tortur'd brain:

The courtly modern art found out, to think,
 Fine paper, and a vase of shining ink;
 The poet sure rich wonders to unfold,
 If the bright sand, that dries his wit, is gold;
 No drop in vain upon the volume spilt,
 If the gay leaf, on which he writes, is gilt.
 Whene'er his fancy flags it soars agen,
 Sublime, assisted by a silver pen;
 Lively and pure his thoughts, descending still
 Through the neat hollow of a modish quill.
 Who then wou'd ask *Apollo* to inspire,
 When stationers, as well as gods, can fire?
 Or beg the muse with flame to fill their souls,
 Much better bought of * *Barret*, or of *Coles*?

'Tis cruel then poor — muse to blame,
 Who has no friendly shop to aid her flame:
 Vain, if we sense expect from such a head,
 Whose pens are feathers, and his standish lead;

* Two eminent stationers.

To wing his fancy, and inspire his thought,
 Not one gilt quirt, or shining pencil bought;
 Boasting no gifts, for a nice author fit,
 But a fine genius, and a manly wit;
 Working in verse with two such clumsy tools,
 His wretched fate to ravish none but fools.

What is man's life, to his own frailties blind?
 'Tis dark before, and gloomy all behind;
 One giddy maze of thoughtless folly run,
 Impatient, till another is begun;
 While each sad hour with fruitless pangs and pains,
 He doubts, he wishes, scorns, approves, disdains!
 Whose present, never please his wayward taste,
 All his wild joys, the future, or the past!
 Eager for toys, which now his fancy strike,
 Which now he asks — how reason e'er could like?
 By turns to envy and despair a prey,
 To love or hatred, foes as fierce as they;
 Without an act scarce doom'd a day to live,
 Prudence wou'd chuse, or vertue wou'd forgive.

'Tis sun-shine now! the clouds in dire array
 Roll on apace, to hide and blot the day;
 The promise of a fair and lasting light
 Vanish'd, how soon! how soon obscur'd in night!
 While the same scheme we scorn, by turns, and prize,
 To day 'tis weak; — to morrow 'twill be wise!
 How hard to give our anxious bosoms ease,
 Or with our own lov'd joys our selves to please!
 Each present moment still condemns the past,
 Though oft our greatest weakness is our last.



'Tis too thin now! the clouds in this array
Roll on apace, to hide and blot the day;
The promise of a fair and lasting light
Vanish'd, how soon! how soon obscur'd in night!
While the same scheme we learn, by turns, and prize,
To day's weak;—to-morrow, 'twill be wise!
How hard to give our anxious bottoms ease,
Or with our own joy'd joys our selves to please!
Each present moment still condemns the past,
Though oft our greatest weakness is our last.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir WILLIAM YOUNG,
Knight of the Bath.

*Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? aut cruciet quod
Vellicat absentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus
Fannius, Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusq;
Valgius, & probat hæc Mæcenas optimus —
Complures alios, doctos ego, quos & amicos
Arridere velim, doliturus, si placeant spe
Deterius nostrâ —*

HOR. Lib. I. Sat. XI

Forgive the unknown part'ner of your care,
Though hid, long list'd in the glorious war,
Fraud to detect, and * faction to oppose,
Now gor'd in verse, and bleeding now in prose!
Half won by you, my conquests are but small,
Who in some routed straggling party fall;
Renew the combat when the danger's o'er,
The foe quite weaken'd by your arm before;

* State Satires written against the *Craffsmen*.

While

DEDICATION.

While here a *S*—*n*, there a *F*—*g* expires,
As trembling from your eye each chief retires;
Their *Journals* batter'd, where they shelter fought,
And whence each hero briskly fir'd and fought;
On *Franklin's* shelves, which now in ruins lie,
Where statesmen deeply think, and grocers buy
Craftsmen, to bind up tea: For courts decreed,
Here loyal *D'anvers* serves his king indeed!

Oh, greatly born! to add a new renown—
To *George's* gift, and *Baia's* noble crown;
Which blazing on thy breast, we view from far,
A beauteous rival to great *Edward's* star!
And wore by thee, with fresh effulgence bright,
Takes from thy bosom a much fairer light.

Yet oft how vain has prov'd this boasted art,
To awe the bold, or turn the impious heart!
Whom language cannot charm, or reason melt;
In senates oft the power of each unfelt;
These satire strives, but vainly, to advise,
Who hearing thee so oft — are still unwise.

For

DEDICATION.

For to convince 'em, what a mean pretence
Have poets, when the statesman fails in sense;
To hope that rhyme their morals shou'd improve,
Or verse persuade, whom reason cannot move
An error to reclaim, or fault to see,
Their eyes so often clear'd and couch'd by **THEE**.



The Manners of the Age.
SATIRE X.

THE thirst of fame, the growth of every soil,
For which the proud contend, and modest toil,
Inspires the bold, and captivates the fair,
Reigns in the prelates stall, and prætor's chair;
To every age does its strong force impart,
Glows in the statesman's breast, and preacher's heart;
By turns the hero, and the hermit sways,
Now boldly fights, and now demurely prays;
Pleas'd in the cottage often to reside,
Which rags and wretchedness in vain wou'd hide.

The dawn appears — for sport the day decreed,
Thelestris wakes, and mounts the manag'd steed;

Fir'd,

Fir'd, and impatient of the sun's delay,
Prevents the morn — and hardly waits for day;
First in the field, behold the captain drest,
In her fierce hat, cy'd hair, and manly vest;
While the gay plume, for sure destruction made,
Nods o'er those charms it strives in vain to shade;
Adding a fairer lustre to the sky,
And shames the morning with its richer die.
Give her a sword and belt, she wou'd appear
In *Churchill's* troops his boldest grenadier;
Her warlike vest with fiery scarlet lin'd,
Leaving her shift each morn, and sex behind.

Hark! how the hunter smacks her echoing thong,
And animates the bounding pack along;
The rock, the hill, the gate, the stream disdains,
Skims o'er the lawns, and flies across the plains;
Nothing seems dreadful to her fearless eye,
The precipice too deep, or mound too high.
At the bold leap, which all beside affrights,
The huntsman trembles, and the squire alights;

But fame, in meeting gallant dangers lies;
 O'er the tall bars the daring sportsman flies,
 And not one thing reveals — except her thighs;
 Which, as she hangs a while sublime in air,
 Shew not, chaste nymph, above two seconds bare.
 Wife nature thinks one sex one woman's due;
Thelestris fain wou'd prove her right to two:
 The wretched maid in murd'ring thought unskill'd,
 'Till in each shape and dress her eyes have kill'd;
 Proud to enslave, and potent to subdue,
 By turns her *Cloes*, and her *Phaons* too.

But why so fond, to view her triumphs cease;
 Taking such pains, and pleasure not to please
 With wayward arts her native grace to mend,
 And striving more to gain, but more offend;
 Kind heaven, in pity thus her power disarms,
 Her folly, the best guard against her charms.
 Each heart without a pang her shafts endures,
 And those her beauty wounds her weakness cures.

The blushing cheek, that *virtue of the face*,
 The gentle look, coy air, and modest grace,
 The fearful voice, the chaste and trembling eye,
 That views with pain the slaves that round it die,
 Are female stratagems, victorious still,
 The surest shafts that beauty takes to kill!

For, oh, what power o'er man wou'd woman gain,
 If her kind follies did not break the chain!
 Good-natur'd weakness act a tender part,
 Dissolve the charm, and give us back our heart!
 How kind, the gifts of nature to despise,
 New dress her cheek, and arm a-new her eyes;
 A borrow'd bloom, each lover to subdue,
 In her esteem, much surer than a true!

Is then the lively tint by nature spread,
 O'er the soft virgin's look, more faint and dead;
 Than that by study mixt, and female care,
 To shew, with mighty pains, each charm less fair?
 Though *Myrrha's* cheeks so keep a lightning dart,
 They wound, in spite of ignorance and art;

Although improv'd and mended — yet they will
Shine through her wash — and please, and conquer still;
Nothing she does, or says, her power disarms,
And romping, laughing, fooling, still has charms;
She patches, yet a secret joy we feel;
She paints, and yet the daubing is genteel;
She prates, and though but seldom in the right,
The lovely idiot's nonsense is polite;
Her beauties, shaded by her follies, bless,
Whose tongue has scarce a power to make 'em less
Our passion and her triumphs more increase,
The more she tries, and labours, not to please!
But say, when conquerors, have the pitying fair
No other schemes to break their captives snare?
Mirtilla nicely bred, on sundays seen
At church but rare, and then o'erwhelm'd with spleen,
To dance devotes the night, to sleep the day,
Her voice much better torn'd to sing than pray;
Ne'er tiring at a ball, she seldom feels
Pains in her tender limbs — but when she kneels;

Kill'd with a prayer, and ravish'd with a song,
She thinks *Romances* short, and collects long;
O'er a dull sermon, or a text, expires,
While *Sidney's* dear *Arcadia* never tires.
Resolv'd on wedlock, *Pollio* struck her eye,
Gentle his manners, and his birth was high;
Adorn'd with beauty and each manly grace,
Pleas'd with his youth, his fortune, and his face.
The day was fixt — but when she heard by chance,
Her lover was a foe to dice and dance;
The park on sundays leaving for a pew,
And one that rose at seven, and din'd at two;
Was seldom seen at play or masquerade,
And always took receipts for what he paid;
Once every year perus'd his mercer's bill;
Thought money paid to wives was money still;
Who ne'er had kill'd his man; his faith wou'd keep;
And oddly thought, that nights were made for sleep;
She found her passion for the youth decrease,
For *Pollio* was not rake enough to please;

To strike whose heart, and hit a taste so nice,
 He boasted not his modish share of vice;
 Unhappy, in his limbs no pains to feel,
 In her esteem, too found to be genteel.
 On *Fabian* next, her eye, *Mirilla* turns,
 Sighs for diseases — for pollution burns;
 Her passion lights, so wayward her desire,
 Rather at *Fabian's* snuff, than *Pollio's* fire;
 Vigor and strength by rottenness out-done,
 Pale cheeks, with her, have charms, the sanguine none.
 In her fond arms, by choice, and not mistake,
 She hugs the dear delightful — loathsome rake.
 What solid transport must that nymph possess,
 Whom youth displeases, and distempers bless!

But ah! as beauty ne'er is at a stay,
 But fleets like shadows, or like dreams away;
 On a sick bed, behold her breathless lie,
 In her own thoughts, too young and fair to die;
 Pitying each youth, that must lament her bloom,
 From earth so early ravish'd to a tomb!

What

What fears around! Sir *Hans*, her servants call —
 “ Ah, Doctor! must I die, — so near a ball!
 “ Whose heart with patience can submit to fate,
 “ When the gay chariot’s ready at the gate?
 “ What saint in prayer, or penitence delight,
 “ When dear *Faustina* sings this very night?
 “ Though heaven now enters, and I feel my mind,
 “ Odly by fits, to piety enclin’d,
 “ The gay Ideas flutter in my thought,
 “ Of edging purchas’d, and rich *Mecklin* bought;
 “ The mask, the musick, and the charming dance,
 “ The soul distracting in her holy trance;
 “ Fill all my heart, or rise before my eye,
 “ And draw me to a birth-night from the sky!
 “ In a fair cherub’s room, some earthly peer
 “ Succeeds, his form more lovely and more dear;
 “ Devout at six, relapsing just at seven,
 “ *Handel* and *Satan* are too hard for heaven;
 “ While pious thoughts now fill my heart and head,
 “ But when the curtain opens — all are fled;

" Relenting till I think the ball begins,
 " And then can sigh no longer for my sins,
 " Besides, my strictest honour is at stake,
 " Five visits, e'er I leave this world, to make,
 " And with what peace can any Christian wait,
 " Think once of death — before they all are paid?
 " Ah! yet, my fleeting life some moments guard,
 " Let me return 'em all, and die prepar'd,
 " Nor, as I faint, sustain the guilty load,
 " Of compliments forgot, or visits owed!
 " Give me, e'er yet a shadow, to be seen
 " Once more at court, with this celestial green.
 " How wretched, should my soul to bliss be bore,
 " E'er my gay birthnight suit has once been wore,
 " Sprung a fierce passion in some rival's face,
 " Fir'd with my richer silk, or finer lace!
 Not zeal like hers, and beauty can inspire,
 Or wake in *Clitus*' breast love's gentle fire;
 Too weak their boasted power — the learned dame
 Directs the only ray that can enflame;

The nymph with knowledge, who augments her charms,
And each keen glance with fatal science arms;
By conquer'd systems who improves her looks,
To scandal and to cards preferring books!

Ah! youth, beloy'd by fate, how fully blest,
A *Vatican* and wife in one posselt!
So fond of *Greece* and *Rome*, the studious fair
Sometimes mistakes a poem for a prayer;
So pleas'd to search dark authors meanings out,
She wants both heart and time to be devout!
In *Tully's* stile, who does her sense unfold,
Selecting still a *classic phrase* — to hold;
Each period sweet and flowing, when she calls
For her lac'd slippers, or her scented balls;
Chusing *Quintilian*, always to upbraid,
Her fan or gloves misplaced, the heedless maid:
See on her toilet, *Lock* and *Flamsteed* spread,
Her hair neglecting to adorn her head;
While now she takes her *Newton*, now her tea,
Feasting, by turns, on *Bentley* and *Bohea*;

Drinks deep of one, and one but gently sips;
 So much she loves her fame beyond her lips.
 Pins, patches, paint, and powder, all give way,
 To *Carter* some, and others to *Cambray*;
 The citron only keeps its wonted place,
 Though not above, yet valued next his *Grace*!

Intent beneath, now view the learned fair,
 In scales, with *H-I-I-y*, poisoning light and air;
 Now fir'd with heavenly science bore above,
 To mark the roads of *Saturn* and of *Jove*,
 Where planets roll — where constellations glow;
 Unmindful of her pies and paste below.
 No *British* wife in her opinion wise,
 Who views her pantry oftner than the skies;
 She cannot sow, or knit, but can refine
 On *Ticbo's* Scheme, and *Ptolemy*, on thine;
 Old theories destroy and new create,
 Leaving the bus'ness of her house to fate:

How wretched, *Clitus*, is thy neighbour's fate,
 Whose spouse cou'd never comment nor translate?

Who

Who only dwells on earth, nor fond of fame,
Prefers a pullet's to a planet's name;
Content, her thoughts in *English* to express,
And without *Horace* both to talk and dress;
Hoping her fame, by virtue, to encrease,
With looks to charm, and piety to please;
Who thinks a Lady from her globes may part,
And *Tully* of small use to raise a tart;
From *British* cooks who does her knowledge seek,
Mixing her spice — without one word of *Greek*!
Wou'dst thou a lasting joy, when wedded, find,
Neglect the eye, and marry with the mind;
Let worth inspire beyond the fairest face,
Learning and beauty, each a second grace,
And unavailing, if they live apart—
From virtue, to subdue, or please the heart!
Tho' shape and form may strike the ravish'd sight,
Soft features warm, and sprightly sense delight;
High birth, with gentlest mien, conspire to move:
And kindle in the breast the fondest love;

A prudent passion aims at gifts more high
Than birth, and more attractive than the eye;
Which touch the soul, with tenderest joy surprize,
When vanish'd from the cheek, frail beauty dies;
Round the glad lover's heart a transport shed,
And please, when every grace beside is fled.

Others less nice, for fewer gifts compound,
And chuse a wife, just as a bell ——— for sound!
When harmony and rage together meet,
Her threats sonorous, and her fury sweet!
How blest the spouse, when he offends, to hear
Melodious lectures quiv'ring in his ear;
A base and treble lesson play'd in time,
Rebuk'd in softest notes ——— for every crime!
No service else the husband now demands;
Her tuneful voice absolves her idle hands;
The task enough to manage well her strings,
The drudge acquitted while the *Siren* sings:
Birth and good breeding, with the modern fair,
Seem a discharge from duty and from care;

A

(Enough,

(Enough, in reason, if a bride excel
In no one vertue more ——— to warble well)
The gentle movement, and the graceful dance,
The airs of *Italy*, and modes of *France*,
Are a release in full, whoever gains
A nymph with these, from business and from pains:
Thus furnish'd, every toil of life is o'er;
She only is to sing ——— and he adore.

But if nice zeal thy passion more advance,
And piety can please thee more than dance;
See, *Biblis* prays ——— behold, the prostrate fair
Devoutly bent before her easy chair;
On a coarse mat, whose heart no fervour feels;
The cushion silk on which the vestal kneels:
For fear she should the deity afright,
Her gloves are always clean, and cambrick white;
Each hair adjusted in its proper place,
For want of curls, with her, is want of grace;
Five spots in conscience who can scarce believe
Heaven hates so much, as two upon the sleeve;

Her

Her fingers plac'd aright, she now begins —
Her patches number'd first, and then her fins;
The chief, which for a pardon seems to call,
Her guilty absence from one birth-day ball;
The next, for which she does her self upbraid,
—— A visit ow'd ten days — and yet unpaid;
But hopes, as none without their frailties live,
Each dire offence kind mercy may forgive;
Whose fancy roving as her self she blames,
Dear *Phaon*, for dear *Jesu*, often names.

How peaceful then must *Biblis* live, to want
Nothing but sanctity — to be a saint!
Vertue to other maids, to her is given
A talent more polite, to dress for heaven;
Who kneeling, does a double end pursue,
To please her pride, and serve her maker too:
If tissues and brocade *Elisum* fill,
The church saves fewer souls than *Ludgate-hill*;
Where sinners by their suits may know the price,
And what the charge that merits paradise;

How

How much each year in velvet must be spent,
To make a wanton pure, a *Beau* repent;
To purchase heaven, known to each learned fair,
Just how much silk will serve, and how much prayer.

Ah! when will *Biblis'* penitence be o'er,
When her devotion makes her guilt be more!
Not mended by her piety, unless
The Godhead pardons for a finer dress;
Accepts of gems for zeal, and *Mecklin* lace,
In composition for her want of grace.
If to be blest she must some way invent
For her repentance, deeply to repent;
Laborious task! a sorrow to renew,
Both for her sins, and her devotion too.

Say here, what cause does ladies zeal allay,
When call'd by custom once a week to pray?
— A cold, a hot, a moist — or any day.
In heaven and earth apologies they find,
The sky is fear'ful; rough — the stillest wind;

The heats in summer, and the winter air,
 Alike unwholesome — when the work is prayer.
 Beside, they cannot kneel amongst the crowd;
 And still the preacher is too low, or loud;
 His phrase uncourtly, and his reasons light;
 Talking too pious to be thought polite;
 And when the doctor does their ear offend,
 Whose heart, however willing, e'er cou'd mend.

But when the dance and sparkling ball invite,
 To waste the day, and wear the guilty night;
 When pride or folly calls 'em forth, to range
 The glittering mall, gay ring, or gaudy change;
 The wanton midnight mask, or evening scene;
 Showers are but dews, and tempests are serene;
 The tender fair keen lightnings cannot wound,
 And thunders roar aloft — without a sound!
 Dreadful each Sunday, these weak women hear,
 On every day beside, without a fear;
 Quite harmless then, and still without a power,
 To fright the sex — but in the kneeling hour.

Who

Who blames *Lavinia* then, that trembling fair,
 Who prays at home, to shun unwholsome air?
 One day so cautious, why abroad the next?
Booth uses neither collect, psalm, nor text.

How does *Matilda* dress, when forc'd, a day
 With her dear lord, against her will, to stay?
 Which suit attires her beauty, to detain
 His fond esteem, her modish, or her plain?
 For him, the worst, in conscience good enough,
 Her hair dishevell'd, and her visage rough;
 No doubt a winning, and attractive bride,
 With stays unlac'd, and rumpled mob untied;
 Who her best face to none but friends allows,
 For who e'er marries now, to please a spouse?
 Full fine enough for him, the careless trapes,
 In her scour'd satins, and her flimsy crapes.

But see! her visitors arrive — up stairs
 She flies — selecting all her choicest airs;
 Her morning looks left off, now arms her face
 With each soft beauty, and each killing grace;

New cheeks and features furnish'd by her maid;
 Her charms unfolded, and her gems display'd;
 Her smiles return, her frowns, and fury cease;
 Pleasing to all, but him she vow'd to please;
 A goddess now, till wak'd next morn at ten,
 The slattern in the wife revives again;
 Who each soft air with care and caution locks,
 Till the next ball, within her *Indian* box;
 When with each beauty a new creature blooms,
 Inspir'd by gems, by washes, and perfumes.

That form must please, if beauty fairer shews,
 And shines more bright, augmented by its woes;
 Yet, why is *Lætia* sad, when fate has lent
 Each blessing, to inspire her with content?
 Those ills, which once disturb'd her rest, quite fled,
 Her lark still living, and her lord just dead?
 The court beholds her pensive eyes display
 Their beams by night, the park and ring by day;
 Her sadness breaking through her tears more fair,
 Sweet while she weeps, and lovely in despair.

Yet,

Yet, oh! though man was never half so dear,
 'Tis hard lamenting o'er his grave a year;
 What cost to moan, and dress her sadness fine,
 So long in cambrick and in crape to pine?
 In black, her beauty and her grief to shew,
 And buy materials to assist her woe:
 'Tis dear, her faith and duty thus to prove,
 Wasting her jointure to attest her love;
 Custom unkind, obliging her to keep
 A veil for sorrow — when she cannot weep.

Who then, that knows the charge of grief, can blame
 For saving what she can, the frugal dame;
 To stop expences, if she weds so soon;
 And thinks *October* a full year from *June*!

But hark! the ladies cry, pert poet, vex,
 With your dull rhimes, your own offending sex.
 The muse obeys — frail fair ones, all attend,
 And from our follies learn your own to mend.

Ten years at court *Bathillus* sagely err'd,
 And once each year had almost been preferr'd;

When

When will experience clear the madman's sight,
 And when his *almost* be exchange'd for *quite*?
 On airy hopes, still prompted to rely,
 He thanks, each day, his patron — for a lie;
 Blest with a fav'ring look, and for a while
 Lives on the bounty of a treacherous smile;
 Till now the naked wretch, by fortune woo'd,
 In tatter'd velvet, and in gaping shoes,
 With shadows cheated, and by phantoms led,
 Just at the point of glory — begs his bread;
 To-morrow, his new honours to display,
 Had not a writ confin'd the wretch to-day;
 His only joy, that all like him must grieve,
 When courtiers promise, and when fools believe;
 A jail his post — where life's long journey ends,
 Blest with more freedom now, and better friends;
 When *Neivius* does himself in tatters hide,
 Which buys the rest — *humility* or *pride*?
 A mighty genius it must needs denote,
 To be lowly, and wear so mean a coat;

To purchase credit, and to gain renown,
 Beneath a greasy hat and gaping gown!
 Unhappy *Pedro's* suit is just the same,
 But what is *Navius'* praise is *Pedro's* shame.
 When in one room together they appear,
 One meets respect where t'other finds a sneer.
 Shou'd *Pedro* thrive, he then might boast a right
 In rags to visit, yet be thought polite;
 Tho' scorn'd when poor, of greater wealth possst,
 Gain a good title to a shabby vest.

Yet well may *Navius*, *Pedro's* parts despise,
 Who has not land sufficient — to be wise:
 Let him but know how much you weigh — from thence
 He guesses to a dram, your fund of sense;
 Exactly judging what your head contains,
 More by your purse instructed, than your brains:
 In whose uparring morals never meet,
 The fool and rich — the wretched and discreet;
 Worth without manners who cou'd ne'r admit,
 Or ever own, the wealthy wanted wit.

Our sense and fortune both together grow,
 If this is humble, that is always low;
 Meer pride, in parts our betters to out-do,
 And with less gold to have more judgment too.
 Why are they nicely bred, and nobly born,
 But with a grace, that fame they want, to scorn?
 Of boasted arms and titles, why so proud,
 — In worth and wisdom to out-shine the croud?
 Can *Virro* reason well, or think aright,
 His birth ignoble, and his treasure light;
 Shew skill or parts in any grave debate,
 To buy his dinner who must pawn his plate?
 Give him but wealth, the sages who deride
 His weakness, shall pronounce on *Pedro's* side;
 Who a late foe had worsted in the fight,
 But wanted just ten guineas to be right.

Expect not shivering *Cleon* at your feast,
 For see the feav'rish wind is full at east,
 Dull atoms clog, and taint the heavy air,
 And clouds foretel it cannot long be fair.

When

When he has weigh'd, and found its parts more light,
 He may oblige 'em, if his friends invite;
 To his dear grate at home for ever tied,
 Till soft south breezes give him leave to ride;
 Who still the dire fatigue with trembling bears,
 Not warm'd by glowing Suns and kindly airs;
 In a hot day oblig'd some colds to feel;
 How cou'd miss *Cleon* else appear genteel?
 Above the rest in delicacy shine,
 Or prove the texture of his parts more fine?
 Afraid of being thought in health too long,
 And, with the crowd, of always being strong.

Fame, from his weakness thus, while *Cleon* draws,
 To *Cratilius*, good breeding gives applause;
 What then is breeding; — which, alas! in vain
 So many boast of; and so few attain?
 The courtier's pride, and oft the fool's pretence,
 Though one wants judgment, and the other sense:
 Is it, in song and dancing to excel,
 To know so little, and to dress so well;

The soft and flowing step, the gentle look;
 Our visage often for our heart mistook;
 The flattering promise, or protesting vow,
 The easy movement, or the courtly bow?
 'Tis at all-times, in every place to know,
 What to our selves, to others what we owe;
 Nature improv'd by wisdom, not by art,
 The mind well polish'd, and the tutor'd heart;
 Sprung from humanity, averse to pride,
 Good sense its fire, good nature still its guide;
 Nor groveling nor sublime, well pleas'd to shew
 Her carriage, not too lofty, nor too low;
 Inspir'd by pity, ever to abstain
 From words and acts, that give our friends a pain;
 The merits which we boast, content to slight,
 That those who want 'em may appear more bright.

Does modish *Lycan* thus his sense display?
 Well bred indeed — but in the modern way;
 Ent'ring a room, he sleeps and turns afloat,
 Exact his motions, and his dress polite;

The first each birth-night who leads up the dance,
 Knows to retire, to stop, or to advance;
 The cringe and bow, what different bending makes,
 How oft to pat, before his snuff he takes:
 More courtly yet, he loves intrigues and play,
 At church too spruce, and too genteel to pray;
 And to be thought by all *well-bred indeed*,
 To learn his gamut, quite forgets his creed;
 For his lost faith, who has small cause to grieve,
 So hard, at once to play, and to believe!
 So nicely taught, that *Lycon* wou'd as soon
 Forget his Maker, as neglect his tune;
 Without his flute and fiddle strings to live,
 Heaven may, but ladies never cou'd forgive!

Who then at *Lycon's* board fine parts can see?
 " Each slave he keeps talks just as fast as he.
 Why of his manners, and his sense so proud?
 " His footmen bend as low, and swear as loud.
 If prudence in our conduct bears no part,
 'Tis mimick'd but in vain by form and art:

With phantoms and with shades our selves we please,
Sense is our guilt, and wit our worst disease.
Without good sense, was breeding taught by rules,
Button's, in time, might lose its fops and fools;
Pedants appear in conversation bright,
And balls may have a chance to seem polite.



T O

JAMES BUTLER, Esq;
One of the Knights of the Shire for
the County of *Sussex*.

Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore.

Hor.

Patriot, and friend to truth, whose sense ally'd

With virtue, still has chose the better side;

In modern manners less exact and nice,

Venturing to be well bred — without a vice!

How cou'd you ever hope, in custom's spite,

With piety alone to be polite?

That honour, without art, a vote shou'd lend,

Friendship oblige, sincerity commend;

Choosing odd ways your glory to pursue,

To rise by worth — whole want wou'd better do;

In every eye the patriot's fame sublime,

Bore to its height without one courtly crime.

Say

DEDICATION.

Say then, when guilt expiates without shame,
And for its bravery claims a greater fame;
(*Britain's* kind wits, assisting with their ink,
Young lords to prate, young deists — not to think;
From their own sense, good saving schemes, who draw,
And where heaven errs, with comments mend the flaw,
The Deity each week, whose parts are less,
By learn'd free-thinkers tutor'd from the press;
Who practise virtue, and who bliss pursue,
By mystic rules their Maker never knew.)
Say! while beneath religion pines and weeps,
And yet above each awful thunder sleeps;
The cherub's brow, whose pious smile shall cheer,
And from her cheek wipe off the falling tear;
The fable cloud remove, her forehead wears,
And teach her to avert the fate she fears!
But see the power emerging out of night,
Glow's fair, with beams of fresh celestial light;
Beholds her sons with every honour grac'd,
Shining in councils — and in senates plac'd:

Assur'd

DEDICATION.

Affur'd that Isle is still heaven's fav'rite care,
Whose smiles her *P-llb-ms* and her *B-ttl-rs* share;
Who does in yours her own fair glories view,
Augmented more, the more she favours You,
And adding Titles to each patriot's name,
Enjoys a credit while she gives a fame.



The Manners of the Age.

S A T I R E XI.

THE mode has power to conquer nature quite,
 By that we taste and smell — nay, judge aright;
 It throws our reason, and our sense aside,
 And bids us follow, where *the many* guide:
 The state and church its ruling influence feel,
 Doctrines and dress, or awkward or genteel,
 As that directs our faith, or cuts our sleeve,
 And shews us what to wear, and what believe!
 How long a *christian* truth may fairly hold
 In fashion — nor be reckon'd odd, nor old;
 With decency, how long we may contest
 For creeds — *which C--ll--ns* has pronounc'd a jest;

In

In vertue's sacred cause how far decide,
 When bells and beaux are on the other side;
 How ungenteel a doctrine to espouse,
 Which heaven commands, and custom disallows;
 For killing kings, when * * * does declare,
 To think it murder, and a crime — with * *H—re*.

Let this but dress the nymph, the shoulder bare
 Shall feel no prejudice from the winter air;
 Muslin shall guard against the fiercest storm,
 Sables be chilling, lawn and laces warm;
 Furs guard the tender neck when *Eurus* blows,
 Less than rich gems, or shining pearls in rows.
 The best expedient, hoops, if large and light,
 To bilk young fops, and keep the leg from sight;
 She, the first learned sage, which prov'd it true,
 What was most view'd was most conceal'd from view;
 That to be modest, if the blushing fair
 Wou'd credit courts, was only to be bare;

* See his most learned and excellent sermon preach'd on the thirtieth of January, 1731.

The naked bosom, and discover'd knee,
Parts, which without a sneer, the *Mall* might see!

Whatever objects now our senses strike,
Tis dangerous to approve, condemn or like;
The sight and smell delusive, who shall dare
Call the rose fragrant, or the lily fair;
'Till she, in all she acts unerring still,
Who forms our judgment and directs our will,
Teaches the eye what colours most excel,
And what nice scent shou'd most oblige the smell?
The self-same thing, as in or out of play,
Shifting its qualities, quite dull, or gay,
Frights us in *June*, although it pleas'd in *May*.
Why then shou'd *Probus* use his tongue or nose,
To taste his peach, or to admire his rose;
Our senses now but vain and useless things,
Since subjects ought to like, or loath, with kings!
Hermia, last week, invited to a feast,
Brais'd, by mistake, the cup she lik'd the best;

Nor careful to inform her self aright,
 What tea, that month, was wholesome and polite,
 At the gay ball and mask but seldom seen,
Bohea, ah, wretched maid, preferr'd to *green*!
 "Jesu! says *Cloe*, what, *bohèe*, my dear?
 "It has been poison now, almost a year;
 "Since *H—r—y* damn'd it in *December* last,
 "'Tis quite a different leaf in smell and taste:
 "Rank poison in each muddy dish you meet,
 "A puddle in *July* as clear and sweet;
 "Besides, it hurts your face, disarms your eyes,
 "And bids your colour sink, and pimples rise;
 "Vapours inspires, with sober solemn airs,
 "Nay worse, it hinders sleeping — when at prayers,
 "Makes you be serious when you shou'd be gay,
 "And almost pious — on a chapel day:
 "So fill'd with spleen when the third dish is o'er,
 "A fulsome sermon scarce can give you more!
 "But for the sovereign vertues of the *green*
 "Credit not me, but trust the court and queen;

" Since last in vogue you drink at least a score

" Of modish tastes — it never had before ;

" It cheers the heart, with joy your spirit fills,

" Preserves your bloom, and stops physicians bills ;

" At nine, when wearied at the ball, by ten

" Gives you fresh vigor for the dance agen ;

" Drives from the soul each sad and anxious pain ;

" *Carlo* and that last *June* began their reign."

While *Hermia* heard its praise, how strange to tell,

Her cup had lost its flavour, and its smell ;

Though pleasant, when she drank it the last hour,

'Tis now unsavory, flat, insipid, frown:

Sudden, though fam'd before, its glory ends,

Its colour nauseates, and its taste offends ;

Amaz'd she shou'd so strange a potion wish,

And turning — begs the maid to change her dish:

She sips — and feels her spleen and vapours fled,

Each modish ailment — quite from heel to head.

Where shall the muse select a better place,

Her poem to adorn, and satire grace;

With

SAT. XI. *The Manners of the Age.* 501

With fair she-patriots, o'er their learned tea,
 Who guide our troops by land, and fleets by sea;
 What beauteous croud around that orb is set,
 'Tis *Britain's* female states in council met;
 Where rival wits a war eternal wage,
 Where *W-lp-le* dreams, and *Sb-pp-n* is a sage;
 Where taxes are from puffs and powder rais'd,
 Where peace is censur'd and where war is prais'd!
 Here join the wife, the studious and the fair,
 And she who argues loudest — claims the chair.
Pyrrha's the seat — who boasts a right supreme
 To moderate — when trifles are the theme;
 Who censures senates for our trades decrease,
 Now breaks her sugar, and now mends our peace;
 At every sip, who steals away a grace,
 From *P-lb-m's* conduct, or from *Sb-rl-y's* face;
 The shining vase with more delight does fill,
 If she reveals in *Iras* something ill,
 Can draw her wit, or merit less sublime,
 Or dash her virtue with some specious crime;

A soft simplicity disclose or feign,
To swell a beauteous rival's heart with pain;
Each well feign'd rumour which her fame does blast,
Giving each cup she drinks — a sweeter taste;
Pleas'd to condole her follies or mistakes,
And faults she cannot find — she kindly makes;
Routing the *Spaniard*, now the *Moor* she frees,
Settles soft peace, or direful war decrees;
Holding the scales, where *Europe's fate* is weigh'd,
Now fights for finer balls, now better trade;
When *H-ll-es* dies gives *B-ngbr-ke* his place,
Or decks her tucker with new fringe or lace;
Adjusts the different claims of church and crown,
And views the birth of drams when tea goes down.

Though *Charmian's* curious lip the juice approves,
She dares not taste the fav'rite dish she loves;
Who lately sick, at court last night was seen,
Tho' fav'd from death, yet quite o'erwhelm'd with spleens;
Her youthful bloom restor'd, the pensive fair
Wanting her beauteous smile, and lively air,

Nothing

Nothing she views her sorrow can controul,
Sad at the dance, and sighing with a *vole* :
Spadille her constant lot, she yet deplores,
Unblest — tho' holding all the *mattadores*.
What then disturbs the lovely mourner's mind?
Is her lark sick, or is her spouse unkind?
Nor this, nor that, disturbs the pensive fair,
More deep the cause, and source of her despair!
When sick, the chaplain told the wretched maid,
Departed souls ne'er drest in gay brocade;
Had no soft couch below, no downy beds;
No sparkling jewels, and no *Mecklin* heads;
And sadder yet, amongst the happy shades,
No evening balls, or midnight masquerades;
Where the cool bower, and arching walk allows
The heavenly maid, nor cards, or spark, or spouse.
For bliss, sad *Charmian*, may have yet one chance,
If angels understand picket and dance;
If waiting ghosts their nectar often fill,
And spend sometimes an hour at dear *quadrille*.

What

What pleasures reign, how fleeting souls below
 Are entertain'd, gives *Jago's* heart no woe;
 Struck with the age's taste the artist builds,
 Where the long vale the fairest prospect yields;
 The dome now finish'd each pleas'd eye admires,
 Which fills with wonder, or with envy fires;
 How deep the *visto's*, and the walks how long;
 The top how lofty, and the pile how strong;
Hampton, thy royal courts, and *Windfor* thine,
 Where *British* monarchs sleep, less beauteous shine!
 But, ah! the sumptuous tatling seat is such,
 It pleases all, but then it tells too much;
 Of spacious woods destroy'd to pay a loom,
 And jewels sunk to gild or carve a room;
 Judgments oft sign'd, for painting and for plate,
 And *Holben's* pictures covering an estate;
 Statues along the shining summit rais'd,
 By *Risbrack* finish'd, and by *R——d* prais'd.
 But why, two prospects does the dome afford,
 A rising structure, and a sinking lord:

Some

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Some farms sad sepulchre, each costly room;
Each pit he dug, some mannor's fatal tomb;
Finding that quarry, when it was too late,
That rais'd his house, had buried his estaté.

Now to the finish'd dome direct your eye,
If it has power, to cast a look so high;
By the strong pillar and firm arch sustain'd,
To raise its tow'ring height whole mountains drain'd;
To strengthen and adorn the noble piece,
The columns here of *Rome*, and there of *Greece*.
Boyle's learned genius, and *Palladio's* art,
Mixt, to complete each beauteous boastful part;
Rows of immortals, *Jove* and *Pallas* seen,
To grace the dome, and guard its lord within.

But say, for sure the *happy great* can tell,
Pleas'd in these structures, pride erects, to dwell;
Within these gilded roofs, and polish'd stones,
Can creatures live, who grieve, or utter groans;
That feel a secret pang, or once repine;
Hearts that relent, or utter sighs, like mine?

Rises the dome to give the soul relief,
Besieg'd by anguish, or impair'd by grief?
The gloomy soul to rescue from despair,
To still the pangs, or sooth the weight of care?
Soft joy to pour into the mind distressed,
Relieve the sad, or cheer the anxious breast?

But, why those boding shrieks, that wound the air,
Those weeping cheeks, that scene of deep despair?
See the rich couch its master does disclose,
Like us, a wretched prey to grief and woes;
Whose columns soar, and arches rise in vain,
To mitigate the mournful builder's pain;
Bore from the royal structure's proudest room,
Just like a mortal, breathless to a tomb;
For whose inscription, let the marble say,
Here lies th' *immortal man*: — who dy'd to day:

Nor does the gilded roof, and polish'd stone
Shine, to oblige the master's eye alone;
What beauty in his sight is great, or rare,
To me, without expence, seems just as fair;

With

With the same bliss, who all his works survey,
 Well pleas'd — and for my pleasure nothing pay:
 Charm'd with the prospect which his Terras yields,
 For me his Limner paints, and mason builds;
 To me, transported with each scene I meet,
 His elms as shady, and his bowers as sweet; —
 From whose cool arches each soft bliss I draw,
 Steal all his joy — nor yet offend the law;
 Not to himself his opening glades more fair,
 More cool his fountains, or more fresh his air;
 His lawns as beauteous, and his Dome as high,
 To each beholder, as its owner's eye.

But, say; what gains its lord by so much cost?
 The sweet delight of manners sunk and lost;
 Pleas'd for mankind his riches to employ,
 Fond to erect, that others may enjoy;
 Whose lasting bliss cou'd never flag nor fail,
 If bonds no seals, and *Britain* had no jail;
 If bows his workmens wages cou'd defray,
 And friendly smiles instead of guineas pay;

Like *India* bonds, if promises wou'd sell,
Woods rise again the summer that they fell.

Florelio does the builder's madness blame;
And from less costly arts derives his fame;
To match whose solid bliss, let none presume,
For see — his *badgetts* all are in their bloom!
Strange turn of fate, he shou'd again behold,
Wealth so immense, when all his fields were fold;
Whose loss he has small reason to repent,
Roots turn'd his tenants — blossoms paying rent;
Pleas'd the rich meadows, which he fold, to want,
To live the lord of so much bloom and paint;
While on each border, to his wondring eyes,
Rich mannors open, spacious farms arise;
Each flower with joy beheld, in smiles ador'd,
He sees agen his parks and ponds restor'd;
Thanks heaven, instead of oaks, his hand can range
Such roots — how happy in the blest exchange!
Whose leaves the ravish'd sage does so bewitch,
Had he but money — none wou'd be so rich;

Yet,

Yet, who so wealthy? — such his fancy'd store,
 That *E—les* has less, and only *Guy* had more!
 Each bill his little blooming *India* pays,
 New liveries buys, and antient debts defrays.
 With a gay purple tulip edg'd with white,
 In his glad thought he clears his grocer quite;
 A beauteous murry, ting'd with lively blue,
 Each groat discharges, to his mercer due;
 While a brisk green, with streaks of yellow grac'd,
 Two seals, from two dire threatning bonds eras'd.
 Vast treasures yet behind, reserving still
*Great * Julius* — to pay off his vintner's bill;
 And while his *Tamerlane* appears so fine,
 Is in no care for dinners, or for wine.
 That his young daughter might not want a dower,
 To her, the generous sire bequeaths a flower.
 To his son *Jack*, his son of fairest fame,
 Proud to maintain the honours of his name,
 His best belov'd, he gives no less than five,
 To leave his heir the richest man alive!

* Tulips Names.

Queen Ann reserving for his vertuous wife,
Proof of his love — but then 'tis but for life;
Hers only while on earth — bequeath'd in trust
For pious uses, when she sleeps in dust.
Thrice happy! who hast found a mystick way,
Portions and debts, with roots and leaves to pay;
Thy cunning, did dull mortals understand,
In time their gardens might out-sell their land.
Possess already of a legal right
To vote in senates, an illustrious knight,
Let thy ambition mount a higher sphere,
Plant one bed more — and hope to be a Peer.

For flowers great *Thraso* no nice genius shows,
The field his choice, where glory springs and grows;
With noble toil, where fame is cheaply bought,
And where all heroes — but himself — have fought;
Sieges he forms — each chance of battles scans,
O'er his wife tea, at *Button's*, or at *Mann's*;
With heaps of dying foes the trenches fills,
Or mounts a breach at *Mons* when drunk at *Will's*;

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Marks out the *British* camp, or forms designs,
To stop a march, or force the *Gallic* lines;
How fear'd abroad wou'd be his pointed lance,
Cou'd he but push from *Charing-Cross* — to *France*;
Or else be sure, that cannons wou'd not hurt
His effenc'd limbs, or powder spoil his shirt.
But since by hearsay the wise warrior knows,
Bullets and bombs have small regard for beaux;
(Who wou'd forgive with a much better will,
The ball that hurts his bosom than his frill,)
That smook and fire in battles oft have foil'd
The richest ruffles, and best *Mecklin* spoil'd;
Let no pert chiefs abroad his caution blame,
To save his wig — who wou'd not lose his fame?
Brave cripples may the Hero's conduct hiss;
—— Sound limbs were ever deem'd a solid bliss;
A wiser scheme, who thinks it from his heart,
With airy honour, than with legs to part.

Like him, all toil and danger *Lyce* shuns,
More fear'd with these, than *Thraso* is with guns;

Who

Who just has strength to blame the partial skies,
That nymphs who sleep — must go to bed and rise;
Each hour of wretched life with ills perplex,
To breathe, her first complaint, to move, her next;
Sighing, the gods her sorrows to complete,
If she will live, shou'd force her first to eat;
Pity, without her hand, an easy wish
Wants power to fan her cheek, or lift her dish;
A death to heave, before she yet can sip,
The burden of a cup quite to her lip;
Where safe arriv'd, it drives her to despair,
To know it must be cool'd by breath and air.
Ah, gentle heaven! sad *Lyce's* grief remove,
For see, she cannot walk — but she must move!
To play, she must fatigue her tender hand,
And speak — before she gives the soft command;
Her own desires reluctant to fulfill,
Because to marry she must say — I will.
The couch is easy where she slumbering lies,
But then it kills to think she soon must rise;

Taurus

Taurus and *Teneriff* not half so steep,
 As the tall stairs she climbs — or must not sleep;
 Those dreadful cliffs she does with pain ascend,
 Three long, long stages, to her journey's end;
 Blessing her heaven, such toils with safety past,
 She reach'd with life the highest step at last.
 One wish, ye Gods, indulge the fainting fair,
 Teach her to move, the time she keeps her chair;
 How blest, cou'd she each soft desire fulfill,
 By doing nothing, or by sitting still;
 If without pains she were a painful wife,
 And speech and motion not entail'd on life!

Florio, like her, fatigu'd with too much ease,
 Resolv'd that nothing should inspire or please;
 With every woe, to croud his little span,
 Strives to be nice, and wretched, as he can.
 Claiming the right of modern modish heirs,
 He plans a scheme to purge away his cares;
 (For 'twas his faith, whate'er divines might say,
 That in mans bowels, man's worst troubles lay.)

He eat, he drank, he rose, he went to rest,
Like other folks — but still with griefs oppress;
Tho' very plump — he must next autumn die,
Full of dire pains — but knows not where they lie;
Whose mind a thousand evils discompose,
The sun, the air, cold, heat — all, all his foes;
He takes his wine, and yet no vigor gains,
Eats well, but of lost appetite complains;
Consults his glass, which fills his heart with dread,
Dying, if flush'd the least; if pale, quite dead:
One sneeze too much is sure to stop his breath,
And one small pimple rising, threatens death.
The sky but seldom from infection free,
Too hot, too cold — something it shou'd not be;
Each vapour feav'rish, every blast unkind,
Dangerous the north, the east as bad a wind;
Each art he tries his sorrows to assuage,
From gruel flies to tea, from tea to sage;
Which for two mornings gives his soul full rest,
For still his present follies please him best:

Each

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Each quack's advice he takes, with each perplex,
One hour applauding, what is death the next;
While powders, vomits, sweats, to sooth his pains,
By turns he chuses, and by turns disdains;
What shall he do? 'Tis very hard to die
In his full strength — yet know no reason why;
How to ease people sick each sage cou'd tell,
Who knew no cure for patients that were well:
Florio's disease beyond each doctor's skill,
For want of illness was his only ill!
How great his fame, and vast would be his wealth,
Who had an art to cure sick folks — in health!
Amongst his drugs who cou'd a med'cine find,
Against a foggy air, or vap'rish mind;
The hardest task amongst the learned found,
To make the vigorous strong, and healthy found.
Who can convince the fair, that live by rule,
That lawn is light, and summer silks are cool!
Tender and soft, unless they nicely weigh
The suit, and muslin, proper for the day!

In *August*, when *Corinna* takes the air,
She knows exact what weight her limbs will bear;
Contrives to make her head and ruffles light,
An inch of cambrick more wou'd sink her quite;
That frightful knot in *June*, how loath'd a thing;
How feav'rish in *July*, that sultry ring!
One ruby more did the bright orb admit,
'Twould throw her fainting finger in a fit;
Her tender frame and delicacy such,
She dies, o'er loaded with a pin too much;
In a warm day, the weariest maid alive,
Instead of *three*, shou'd *Betty* stick in *five*!
'Tho' then on heaven, our folly charges all
The good or ill that does to man befall;
'Tis from our felves, each blessing, and each woe,
We taste in life, our pains or pleasures flow.
Let fortune still be urg'd, th' eternal cause
Of want or wealth, our shame or our applause;
From prudence, or from wisdom, still we date
The fair, or gloomy colour of our fate;

The

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The skies still pleas'd, each favour to bestow,
It to himself man was no worse a foe.

Urbano builds and breaks — “the fates alone
“Hew'd in a luckless hour the costly stone;
At the gold table, when he throws too high
And loses — 'tis wild fortune guides the die,
“Governs the box, and does the number fix,
“Turning an Ace, which shou'd have been a fix.
Excess and riot leave him not a groat;
“The taxes and the times are in the fault,
And when profusion lessens his estate,
“'Tis to Sir *Robert* owing all — or fate.
Gay * * * whores, and fires each burning vein;
“How hard is *chance*, to give a lover pain!
“The stars unkindness, that he was not spar'd,
“When greater sinners oft much better far'd
Had *Nævia* for a kind conjunction staid,
The skies her foe — she yet had been a maid;
Bemoaning now th' effects of lawless joy,
'Twas *Mars*, no doubt, or *Saturn*, got the boy.

If *Clelia* pares her corn too deep — ah ! blame

“ The morn for this, and not the learned dame ;

Invited out to dine and dance one day,

’Twas new, and for a change she cou’d not stay ;

The trickling blood the cruel planet drew,

For tho’ the knife was sharp — her orb was new.

Whene’er she cuts, and spoils her shining hair,

The sign is surely wrong — and not the fair ;

Some planet, of her triumphs jealous, still

Resolv’d that month her beauties shou’d not kill !

She knows her foe — with sadness in her eye,

Absolves her scissars, and condemns the sky,

To whose dire aspects, and malignant power,

She owes the sighs of each repentant hour ;

Their influence, the dire source of all her woe,

The heavens agreed — her tresses shou’d not grow,

Nor charm the ring by day, nor box by night,

Unless reclaim’d, when next the sign was right.

Why shou’d *Pamela* then in tears repine,

Her vertue lost — “ The stars did always shine ;

Her self condemn, if sitting oft too near
His flattering tongue, she yielded to her peer;
She had good reasons, doubtless, to be rude,
To shun the guilt — of being deem'd a prude;
To his embrace by ruling fortune led,
She only sinn'd — to shew her self well bred;
In her opinion, the dear crime more light,
Not to be chaste, than not to be polite;
One, in her exile from the ball, might end;
The other only — cou'd her God offend.

Juliet is chaste, but with that merit blest,
Makes that alone supply for all the rest;
Her book of *etbicks* very short and small;
Where one rich single vertue stands for all!
For what good wife, with chastity endu'd,
Tho' railing, drinking, swearing — can be rude?
To please a spouse, who sure has got the art,
Loose in the tongue, if modest at the heart;
For now she weds — and the third happy day
Assumes the woman's right, to rule and play;

Keeps

Keeps city hours, throws high, with much ado
Drives home by one, and steals to bed by two;
Next morn at twelve awaking, just when light,
No earthly thing in all her house is right;
The cook her plague, the coachman is her curse,
Her woman bad, her butler ten times worse:
Her sleeve too low, too flimsy hangs her lace,
And not one hair observes its proper place;
Nothing delicious in her lark or snipe,
Too green her melon, and her peach too ripe;
For ever wrong — yet always in the right,
Tyrant by day, and teasing half the night;
Till with the court, from top to bottom new,
A creature wretched, as the sun e'er knew.
One vertue yet good *Juliet* has in store,
Her husband's constant plague — but no man's whore;
And who can blame her fury, fire, and haste,
Who has all graces — if she is but chaste!
Beauty cou'd never yet a crime commit;
And who had e'er ill nature, who had wit?

While

While thus for bliss from scene to scene we roam,
Searching abroad for that which dwells at home;
Think that by turns the phantom we espy,
In fame's fair look, and beauty's lovely eye;
Pleasure, gay idol of our dreaming thought,
Ending in sighs, and oft with sadness bought,
Does, with the courtier's art, her slaves detain;
Her promise, just as fair, and just as vain.
From youth to age the vagrant we pursue,
How seldom reach'd, though always in our view!
Delusive form! delighted to appear
Still lovely — ever absent, ever near;
Which, like the shade, each fond adorer flies,
Eludes his touch, and, as he grasps it, dies.
Her charms unreal, as her visage bright,
Thin bubble, just as shining and as light;
A beauteous vapour, seeming full and fair,
Nothing within but emptiness and air!
What triumph then, that Syren to obtain,
Whose parent oft is guilt, and off-spring pain?

Which with a smile her dire revenge fulfills,
Fatal when kind, and fondest when she kills.
To prove our sorrows more, and pleasures less,
Our wish attain'd, is only to possess;
No other method left us to destroy
Our false fallacious hopes — but to enjoy.

Let *Varus* then the mighty purchase boast,
His wish fulfill'd, and expectations lost;
An outward smile bely his inward smart,
Joy in his eye, an anguish round his heart;
Astonish'd, when possess of his desire,
That charms shou'd surfeit, and soft raptures tire;
Deep in the soul a rankling poison leave,
Smiling to wound, and flattering to deceive.
What can oblige, when joy it self offends,
And sad remorse begins where passion ends?
What sooth our bosom, when with pain we fly
From love's soft joy, and beauty's loathsome eye?
Each object of our vain desire detest,
And shun each fatal bliss — to be more blest!

To

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Lord O N S L O W.

*Quemvis mediâ erue turba,
Aut ob avaritiam, aut miserâ ambitione laborat;
Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum;
Hunc capit argenti splendor; stupet Albius ære;
Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum, quò
Vespertina tepet regio; quin per mala præceps
Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine; nè quid
Summa deperdat metuens; aut ampliet ut rem:
Omnes hi metuunt versus; odere poetas;
Fænum habet in cornu — longe fuge; dummodo risum
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuivis parcat amico.*

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. IV.

TO vertue satire always was a friend,
Less pleas'd, sometimes, to censure than commend;
Patriots full oft, against the criticks law,
From his lov'd talk the angry poet draw;
Oft forc'd by these, tho' sore against his will,
To smooth his point, or drop his venom'd quill;

DEDICATION.

Severe and keen, the *Vain* or *Base* in view;
All smiles, and tender — when he talks of you.
Secure your self, with pleasure you behold,
Fixt by his shafts the *busy*, *weak*, and *bold*;
A strong defence, while truth and glory yield;
Justice and zeal, your helmet and your shield;
Which guard the conscious breast against the blows.
That malice aims, and darts, that envy throws.
The *good*, the *kind*, the *generous*, and the *just*,
Proof against rage — whoever makes the thrust;
Who shames the vicious, and the upright charms,
And takes from satire all its ink and arms;
Too weak its feeble arts, and malice found,
Where honour sheathes the foe, to fix a wound.

The task how easy then to give you fame,
Since to applaud is only here to name!
Through no long list of virtues forc'd to run,
We write your *Title* — and the work is done:
In vain, to draw you open, generous, kind,
Without one verse, these come of course behind;

Which

DEDICATION.

Which in your breast a constant peace maintain,
Where * death alone had power to leave a pain.
Disclos'd or not, all guess the patriot's fame
By his own virtues, guided to his name.

So when the morn first gilds the eastern sphere,
Tho' not beheld, we know the sun is near ;
His orb not yet reveal'd to human sight,
What planet else cou'd spread that glorious light?
The golden cliffs so fair and beauteous shew,
Pour out that flame, or with that lustre glow?

* The lady *Onslow*, a person of the most accomplish'd character, and the greatest virtues, died of the small pox, universally lamented, in 1730.



The Manners of the Age.

SATIRE XII.

SAtire's that mystic glass, in which are shewn

All faults, and faces, but the reader's own ;

No crime of his, the writer does arraign,

His neighbour, in each pointing period, plain ;

Whose looks the poet does so nicely strike,

The picture and the man are just alike ;

Not conscious, when through prejudice or pride,

He laughs at all — he does himself deride.

In each dear censure that delights his eye,

The author just, wou'd each who reads apply ;

Exactly his, the figure which he drew,

If each himself, that mighty stranger, knew.

All

All hold their rackets to ward off the blow,
And bandy back the ball against the foe;
(If far from them it takes its destin'd flight,
Where e'er it falls, or hits — 'tis always right;) —
With justice aim'd who the keen stroke believe,
For whoe'er feels a pain when others grieve?
To tears or pity, if they weep, enclin'd,
Or thinks the censure hard, or wound unkind?

Malice or shame for ever will despise
That sacred worth to which we cannot rise;
On high desert a look of envy thrown,
Our scorn or hate, each glory not our own:
Superior fame our eye beholds with pain,
We cannot reach it, but we may disdain;
The toil much harder, for the sons of pride,
To imitate a virtue, than deride.
The next great bliss to every fair renown,
Is from the height it soars, to pluck it down;
O'er our dim light, which does a shadow throw,
Its radiant beams obscuring all below;

Like

Like the sun's orb, which drives each star away,
 Lost in the blaze, and lustre of the day.
 If all beside had genius, what pretence
 To wit had *Niger*, or *Volpone* to sense?
 To his lov'd Titles, how shou'd *S—* *J—n* rise,
 If *Pellb—m* shou'd be learn'd, or *X—ng* be wise?
 In fame, if *P—p*'s great works shou'd e'er decline,
 The world, oh *C—r*, then may relish thine!
 Obscure but his, thy parts may shew more bright,
 As shades in painting give a stronger light.

At *F—n—s* vertue then the world may guess,
 Her sister sinners make her crime the less;
 If in the town her prying eye can find
 Saints just as chaste, and ladies quite as kind.
 Though whoring is a fault, her guilt is small,
 For soft intrigues, if she censure all;
 Bring coronets and crests, and Titles in,
 Both to excuse, and dignify the sin.
 The sages prudence then let none despise,
 Make all men weak, and *T—nd-l* may be wise;

Each

Each vain but this, he has no other chance
 In parts to shine, or knowledge to advance;
 But wisely scorning all, the learn'd have writ,
 If they prove madmen — he may grow a wit;
B--dg--l in *Bedlam* lodg'd, no longer dwell,
 But kindly to his foes resign his cell.

By pride or envy sway'd, we seldom grant
 A worth in those perfections which we want;
 In others, what we boast our selves, we prize;
Criticks think *criticks*, *poets*, *poets* wife.
 Those gifts possess'd, of beauty or of sense,
 We fix the standard of all excellence;
 And seldom praise a fame, e'er first 'tis known
 That we have something like it of our own.
 Nay, often with our wants our selves we ease,
 The swarthy wondring how the Fair can please;
 Each dapper beauty in a vast surprize,
 That nymphs should charm above the pigmy size;
 Proud *Lesbia* as she walks astonish'd still,
 How maids, without her height, shou'd ever kill.

Brunetta thinks the black alone are fair;

— She shines her self at court with jetty hair;

Vergerius's eye her polish'd teeth delight —

— Her own, you see, are even, smooth, and white;

Does on the beauties of soft movement dwell,

And easy steps — “for who can dance so well?”

She may the world, but not her self deceive,

Giving that praise, the labours to receive.

Nobility is virtue, *Quintus* cries,

— His father was a peer — the man is wise,

In his opinion, who can boast his crest,

Worth without title — but a solemn jest.

With sacred glory more than birth inspir'd,

Sublimar views have *Gallio's* bosom fir'd,

Ambitious to deserve, and not depress,

Save where his own makes others' fame the less;

To him the fullest joy dread horrors yield;

The well fought battle, and the crimson field;

Sad wasted realms to hollow into graves,

And desolation spread where'er he raves.

He

He soothes his soul with sighs, which to the skies,
From prostrate foes, and gasping warriors rise;
The pangs of heroes slain, his rage suppress,
Brought to his ear, to make his slumbers blest:
An ample waste of death, and mournful streams,
With purple stain'd, his fancy's dearest themes.

Behold the victor there in all his pride,
The blushing field around with slaughter dy'd;
Before his eye the scene, how beautiful, spread,
In heaps all pale — the dying, and the dead!
What is his joy? the wretches groan to hear,
Transfix'd, and trembling, on the bloody spear;
The sound transporting, and the prospect fair,
Whene'er the vanquish'd bleed, and Brave despair.
Who each sad scene with raptures does pursue,
Pity wou'd weep, and nature starts to view;
Feels at the moving sight her sorrows rise,
And soft compassion touch her heart and eyes.

Yet these each Bard has sung, and deathless made,
And wing'd to bliss each warrior's savage shade;

The painter's pencil, and the poet's odes,
 Wild heroes placing in the gods' abodes;
 Gave 'em to range each heavenly scene above,
Cæsar and *Ammon* shining next to *Jove*!
 Each victor delfy'd, and arm ador'd,
 The orphan wept, and widow's fear deplor'd;
 Sacred the steel, most guiltless blood that spills,
 Why not the famine too, that fewer kills?
 The earthquakes ravage, and the whirlwinds power,
 Which kind alike, just like the sword devour;
 These trembling nations dread, or else deplore,
 The tyrant's rage extoll'd — that buries more;
 Mixt at the banquet with the gods to shine,
 Thy heroes, *Virgil*, and great *Homer*, *tbine*!
 Who claim'd their wreaths, and crowns immortal gain'd,
 For power unjustly won, and then maintain'd;
 With sacrilege defam'd, with murders cloy'd,
 Who first insulted heaven, and then enjoy'd.
 Yet in *Elisum* find their shades repose,
 Deny'd the bliss to feast on human woes?

Where

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Where no dire slaughter bathes the sanguine plains,
 No ruin spreads, or desolation reigns;
 No fury does her bleeding scourge employ,
 No groans delight, and fire their soul with joy:
 How poor a bliss, long fated to sustain,
 Rais'd by no city storm'd, or army slain!

If no kind deluge sweeps a town away,
Cbyron has nothing the next club to say;
 Cursing each eve, the courier, or the post,
 That brought from *Spain*, no fleet or vessel lost.
 To give himself, and all his friends delight,
 He wants some foreign plague — to serve the night;
 A pestilence or storm, with which to shine,
 And keep his spirits up from fix to nine:
 No navy overthrown, or battle fought,
 His coffee or his dram is dearly bought;
 Pleas'd as he reads, some wonder to peruse,
 His dish quite cheap — a *tempest* in the news;
 Vext with the last *French* mail, that to inspire
 His heart, cou'd not oblige him with a *fire*;

A town in flames, or fleet destroy'd, a tale,
 Just as amusing as a *British* whale;
 While the last siege he views with less delight,
 In which so few were kill'd — to spoil the fight:
 Who never asks his heart, their story read,
 What pangs they suffer'd; but what numbers bled:
 A host o'erthrown, their sighs and their despair
 In raptures told — to make the circle stare;
 Which does his soul with pleasing thoughts employ,
 Carrying a fire or famine home — with joy.
 Give me, ye gods, deep touch'd with human woes,
 That sacred joy, which from compassion flows;
 To the sad cheek a gladness to impart,
 An *Onslow's* bounty, and a *Richmond's* heart;
 Well pleas'd to sooth the mourner in distress,
 An eye to pity, and a hand to bless;
 That fame, the victor covers, to disdain,
 And glory, purchas'd with another's pain.
 To me his boasted laurel never dear,
 Who, e'er he claims a wreath, must draw a tear;

View the sad parent's cheek with sorrows flow,
Or draw his smiles from the weak orphan's woe;
Blest with that generous virtue let me live;
That strives to ease the pang, and not to give;
To the griev'd mind, that does a joy impart,
And draws the anguish from the aking heart;
Pleas'd, the dry lip with balmy draughts to meet,
And make the bitter cup of life more sweet.

Be these great virtues mine, I ne'er shall blame
The frowns of title, or the want of fame;
Enough, by heaven's indulgent pity paid,
For wishes cross'd, and hopes too long delay'd;
For tears pour'd out, whene'er the proud disdain,
How often shed, to melt and move, in vain
For all the sighs which the sad bosom heave,
When greatness vows, on purpose to deceive,
Puts on a smile, more gently to allure,
And gives her hand — to make the ruin sure;
My breast a proof against each tyrant's arms,
When grandeur woos, and glory spreads her charms;

Beyond

Beyond the reach of fortune to beguile,
Sunk by her hate; not lifted by her smile.

But other names thy satire shou'd adorn;
Careless of praise, who toil to merit scorn.
And see the crowd advance——*Sisenna* first,

With store of wit, and dearth of judgment curst;
Thus preaching from his chair——“To give delight,

“Be sure each page has something low and light;
“An even pace let thy calm numbers keep,

“They give a blessing——if they give us sleep!
“Your first great rule, from nature to depart,

“And rather chuse to shine, and please by art;
“Thro' each smooth line a want of meaning shew,

“The diction lofty, the idea low;
“To find, both sense and musick something hard,

“Flowing the stile, the thought may sure be spar'd;
“Much more than any gentle reader's due,

“To be oblig'd with sense and sweetness too,
“That *Ode* transporting, and that *Epic* dear,

“Which tries to strike the judgment thro' the ear;
“And

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- “ And never fail with graces to abound,
“ That please and profit by the help of sound:
“ Great mystic spell, which learned authors chuse,
“ Into each work each vertue to infuse;
“ Sweet to the sense, and certain to allure;
“ As tinkling does the ravish’d swarm secure.
“ Gay modern wit, like modern beauty seen,
“ Surface and shew — mere outside all and skin:
“ How small a gift, proportion, shape, and air;
“ If the eye sparkles, all besides is fair:
“ As streams, which at the top pellucid shew,
“ Muddy and foul, if e’er you dive too low.
“ In full attention wou’d’st thou then engage
“ The judging *criticks*, that reform the age;
“ In glaring gaudy colours dress the whole,
“ Colours, of all you write, the life and soul:
“ Thick spread with these we praise each great design;
“ Beauteous, if bright; and regular, if fine:
“ Its worth then sacred, and its value high;
“ Glittering for ever fair in folly’s eye.

- " Poems and *British* beaux not much unlike ;
 " The coxcomb hift, the lace is fure to ftrike :
 " We muft adore 'em both, or both contemn ;
 " Figures and found, the fuff box and the gem.
 " Refolving then your genius to difplay,
 " Ne'er mind the months, but drefs 'em all like *May* ;
 " In foft fmooth verfe the warrior's fword unfheath,
 " Let thunders murmur, and let whirlwinds breathe ;
 " Tempefts juft move, and bend the waving trees,
 " Kifs the green grove, and fan us like a breeze :
 " Spread the fame beauties thro' the various year,
 " Make frofts infpiring, and make winters chear ;
 " Each feafon, shedding round one rich perfume,
 " Our *autumns* bloffom, and *December's* bloom ;
 " The freezing-ftream in verfe well pleas'd to flow,
 " Panfies in ice, and rofes born in fnow :
 " To mix the months in one, no mighty crime,
 " If *blooming, blowing, budding* — aids our rhyme :
 " For fure, 'twas never worth a *madonn's* while,
 " Descriptions fmooth, for wanting fenfe, to fpoil ;

" To

" To part with flowers, that aided the sublime,
 " Or quit a blunder, if it helpt a rhyme;
 " Resolv'd to throw no beauteous fault away,
 " For tho' not just, the figure may be gay :
 " Sense to deride, the poet's fault but small,
 " Since length — and filling up his sheet, is all.
 " And who with truth wou'd stuff his languid lays,
 " When *F—n* the same price for falshood pays?
 " His hand as generous, and his garret ope,
 " As often to a *S——e* as à *Pope*."

Tho' not a writer, yet a friend to wit,
Boyet is constant to his fav'rite pit;
 To want a darling bliss who never fears,
 While *Italy* has tunes and *Britain* ears;
 His crown each week to pay, no mortal wrong,
 For the two joys — a fiddle and a song.
 Round the gay stage he throws his wondring eye,
 Blest with the crowd, he knows not how, nor why!
 Whose cheeks the learned sage is forc'd to view,
 And smiles and sorrows, just as others do;

Dying each *Duett* at *Catzoni's* feet;
 Too gentle, to survive a dirge so sweet.
 What raptures does her sense and musick breed,
 Pleas'd with soft phrases, which he cannot read?
 Assur'd of something great in every note,
 So smoothly warbled through so soft a throat;
 Expiring as she sings — then begs to know
 If 'tis a strain she breathes of mirth or woe;
 What passion in his breast he shou'd prepare,
 To mourn, or else be merry with the fair;
 Till well instructed, very much perplex
 To know, if he shou'd smile or sorrow next;
 How oft deluded by the various tune,
 In smiles, or in despair, too late or soon :
 Ent'ring the stage, he knows not his design,
 If *Porus* is that act to die, or dine;
 A stranger, as he sings, to what he wants,
 If for his night-gown, or his sword he pants;
 Nor knows, when first he enters in the ring,
 If * *Handel's* lion is to fight, or sing;

* Opera of *Hydaspes*.

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Whose Heroes, as they now ascend the sky,
Just like sweet swans, are merriest when they die.
Each stage, the sad *Caifers* banks — which hears
Monarchs so oft in musick mount the spheres;
Who hurried from their throne, by death, too soon,
Lament their fates, and make their wills — in tune:
Each heart, no doubt, affected with their case,
Sung to the box — in treble and in base:
Soft warbling victims, who for pity call,
Gay in despair, and tuneful, as they fall.

But see, no longer guided by his friends,
Where *Boyer's* shame begins, and glory ends:
For three learn'd scenes he look'd not once amiss,
Each in due time, the plaudit, and the hiss;
At last his guardian scorn'd, with other folks,
He smiles at murder, and he sighs at jokes;
And cheated by his warbling warriors, cries
When *Ammon* courts — and laughs when *Clitus* dies.

From theatres to fields the muse repairs,
To counts and lords, their nephews and their heirs;

Who

Who glory, in the rapid chase, pursue,
 Yet mourn, our schools of knowledge are so few:
 To the learn'd number, not compleat before,
Celer attempts to add one herald more.
 (But not to range dire warriors in the fight,
 Prepare the star, or dress the garter'd knight;
 To hang his coat, and boastful arms on high,
 And bind the sword to his puissant thigh;)
 This sage is busied in a nobler care,
 Than plumes to chuse, and 'scutcheons to prepare;
 To trace the kin, and register the fires
 Of high-bred colts — as well as knights and squires;
 His stallions ancestry, how proud to see,
 Recorded upward to the tenth degree!
 Where his great lineage first, and source began,
 Through what rich streams his blood descending ran;
 Whose birth far fetch'd, from some high foreign strain,
 The *Barb* or *Arab*, fires each generous vein:
 More cautious much the owner, to provide
 His noble racer, than his son, a bride;

The first ill-match'd, the father is undone,
Ned valued less — for *Ned* is but his son:
 In his nice judgment thought a worse disgrace,
 To have his *Phillies*, than his children base;
 Choosing, if either must themselves degrade,
 His daughter, not his colt, shou'd prove a jade:
 The pain but little, shou'd his wanton spouse
 Steal a sly leap — and break her nuptial vows;
 But if *bay Polly*, to infect her breed,
 Turns jilt, and wanders — 'tis a woe indeed:
 Better a spurious boy his name shou'd take,
 Than *Polly's* heirs at *Epsom* lose the stake!
 The golden purse, nor the gilt bowl to touch —
 — A bastard wou'd not grieve him half so much!

These scenes offend the rural statesman's eyes,
 His province not to whip, but to advise;
 In politicks more zealous to excel,
 Who now projects — and may next sessions spell;
 To these each realm oblig'd in time of need,
 Whom shops inspire, and learned counters breed!

Who

Who view the cause and cure of every woe,
And plan our welfare, as they sell or sow.
By zeal enlighten'd, and by instinct wise,
They cannot write indeed, but can advise;
Teach statesmen better to debate and think,
And treaties finish without wax or ink.
In dark deep counsels much more shining lights,
Grocers and cooks, than *George's* squires and knights;
Their own affairs, how friendly to neglect,
Empires to save, and commerce to protect!
Their country's fame ambitious to pursue,
While one forgets his prunes, and one his stew.

Since he has talk'd so wisely and so long,
Bertram admires how courts can e'er be wrong;
That *Philip* still has power to save his *Spain*,
Or *Bourbon* keeps one ship upon the main.
Britannia's fame the sage awake does keep,
Pursuing that, he cannot stich — or sleep:
Much from his King this statesman must deserve,
To guard his glory, who submits to starve!

That

That does each day his pious toil repeat,
 Chusing, for *Britain's* safety — not to eat,
 To shine in parts, and gain a patriot's name,
 The love of beef much less than that of fame;
 Which serves this useful sage instead of food,
 Well pleas'd to hunger for his sovereign's good;
 More generous to support the tottering throne,
 Than feed each day on mutton of his own.

Philena lets alone all schemes of state,
 To mourn, as widows ought, a husband's fate!
 Those drops, which flesh and blood cannot supply,
 Pour'd on his ashes from a *stony* eye.
 Behold her image (with how sad a gloom,
 Leaning in tears above his sable tomb)
 Pine o'er the grave, where her dear consort sleeps,
 And tho' a marble widow — yet she weeps:
 Her hand supports her soft declining head,
 As she, and angels join to mourn the dead:
 Tho' nature cannot teach her eyes to flow,
Risbrack has skill to lend her cheeks a woe;

Y y

Who

Who with soft showers the monument bedews,
And what the relict wants the artist hews;
Whose friendly chisel all her grief inspires,
While the kind tears she cannot shed — she hires;
Her own — tho' not distilling from her eyes,
For all is sure her own she fairly buys.

The dead forgotten, 'tis *Palamon's* care,
With his own genius, to inspire his heir;
Simple and tall, at twenty who appears,
A manly infant, and a boy in years;
Taught to pursue the chase, and guide the shot,
Good sense, that idle useless gift, forgot;
His parents choice, to give him a nice taste
Of pleasure first — and form his judgment last.
Enough, in two perfections to excel,
And if he whips and whistles — all is well;
In his esteem the worthiest son alive,
Blest with a talent both to drink and drive!

With pain he views him read, and draws from thence
Sure fatal omens of his awkward sense;

Dreading, unless inspir'd with early grace,
 He may in time love books, and scorn the chase;
 His gun thrown by, chuse volumes in its room,
 And for a tutor, change his learned groom;
 His nets took down, his study to disgrace,
 Dull authors bought, perhaps, to fill the place.

Wou'dst thou enjoy thy fire's indulgent looks,
 Hug thy dear hounds, and banish far thy books:
 The scene for ever pleasing to his eye,
 A polish'd piece — thy flints and powder nigh;
 A leash of dogs, still ready to fulfil,
 By land or water, the great master's will,
 His smiles to share, thy glafs be always full,
 And drinking — strive in duty to be dull:
 Thy utmost aim, if studious to be blest,
 A waggish story, or a wanton jest:
 If thou can'st feast on ale, on dumplin dine,
 When e'er he dies — his mannors all are thine.

With indignation fir'd, the colonel cries,
 Ah, when, ye gods, will country fires be wise!

To guard our empire let their sons be bred,
 The camp their school; their habit, warlike red;
 The woods no more a rural fame afford,
 Exchanging each his hunter for a sword.

But, say, brave chief, who dost the trade profess,
 Can heroes charge before they learn to dress?
 On valour trusting, daringly presume
 To meet a foe, without a cane or plume?
 Rashly a passion for a battle feel,
 E'er yet they know their buttons are genteel;
 And they themselves well arm'd to take the place;
 With bombs and snuff — with cannon, and with lace?

To shield the warrior now in dire alarms,
 The sempstress and perfumer find him arms;
 And, ah! what terrors must the foe invade,
 To view his ladyship a general made!
 No scented curl; or single hair amiss,
 Seeming at distance a fierce fighting miss;
 Relying on his looks, and dresses power,
 He wants no sword, or head-piece, from the Tower.

Our sons all bred to ogle, dance and smile;

Ah, give us girls, kind heaven, to save our isle!

But, hear, the trumpet summons to the fight!

Say, are his pistols charg'd, and ruffles white?

With his brave pike, to push, and to pursue,

Has he, to press the foe, his tweezers too?

In modern armour sheath'd, secure enough,

Cambrick his steel, and soft brocade his buff;

Which must, no doubt, the bullets fury bilk,

Impenetrable — thro' a mail of silk.

On the spruce chief the ball some pity take,

Sparing the captain, for his velvets sake;

Not hurt a hero, or a suit of note,

For if it kills the man — it spoils the coat:

In whose sleek face no rugged scar is found,

Each patch a pimple hiding, not a wound.

Touch but his beauteous face, the battle's o'er;

For who to spoil such cheeks would combat more?

Intent on death or glory, hark! he calls,

For which? — his bullets first, or *scented balls*?

In

In battle, and the rage of war, no room
For might to be display'd — without perfume.
Nice in his march, not half the captain's care,
The powder for his piece, as for his hair,
To terrify the brave, as please the fair.
Without his sword he may resist or fly,
Without his snuff he must submit to die.

Tho' hard the toil, and something odd the case,
Great *Cæsar* vanquish'd *Gaul*, not help'd by lace;
Rough rugged troops to fight his battles chose,
Leaving at *Rome* his *Beauties* and his *beaux*;
Whose ill-bred legions found a way to kill,
Without gumm'd locks, a ruffle, or a frill.
The world's proud lord, the son of *Philip* made,
Inspir'd by neither snuff-box nor cockade;
Help'd by no fighting gem, no valiant plume,
By a plain sword each rival met his doom.

Shew not *Pacuvius*, touch'd with fights more rare,
Your beauteous *Arab* horse or *Flanders* mare;

Nature's

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Nature's fair products, such is his disease,
Cou'd ne'er his eye attract, or fancy please;
More with her blunders, than her beauties fir'd,
His genius scorning one, with one inspir'd.
All creatures ravish, his discernment such,
That either want, or have a limb too much:
In his conceit, the fairest form alive,
A duck with three legs, or a colt with five.
What shou'd *Pacuvius* at *Newmarket* do,
Where horses have four feet, and jockeys two?
Had nature in his forehead plac'd an eye,
Whate'er the racer cost, the sage would buy;
In his plain shape, who can no graces find,
Whose ears both grow before, and tail behind:
Pleas'd with those births, which to appease the skies,
Rome was to expiate with a sacrifice.

At midnight thus, the comet's hideous blaze,
That shines not to delight, but to amaze;
With its red trail of light attracts more eyes,
Than all the golden stars that deck the skies.

The

The Manners of the Age.

S A T I R E XIII. and Last.

INSCRIB'D TO

Sir CECIL BISHOP,

O F

Parham in the County of Suffex, Bart.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per abenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus, mores animiq; virorum*
Apparent

Hor. Lib. II. Ep. I.

ONCE more her favourite's ear the muse attends,
And her last gift, tho' not the meanest, sends;
Where he surveys, thick spread in every page,
The modish follies of each sex and age;
By mytic rules, who fame or bliss pursue,
Which reason never taught, or wisdom knew;

More pleas'd, their sober dictates to despise,

And by new modern maxims to grow wise.

At seventy the court step to *K—rs* taught,

At ten years older yet with beauty caught;

Pleas'd at quadrille the midnight hour to pass,

When forc'd to find out *Ponto* with his glass.

View then this mirror, where your eye may trace

Virtue annex to blood, to titles, grace;

Guilt now, and innocence, but little more,

In the world's thought, than to be rich or poor;

Honour and sense the gifts of place and power;

And beauty always springing from a dower.

Here you behold a joy which sorrow breeds,

A merry visage wrapt in mournful weeds;

A heart all transport in dark fable clad,

Hir'd for its mistress to be grave and sad.

Gay wits here seen, with gilded leaves inspir'd,

And books for binding more than sense admir'd;

Crowds, that by wealth a fever's heat restrain,

Begging their gold to mitigate their pain:

After

After the trial quite amaz'd to find,
That heaps of gems bestow not peace of mind;
That, nor the miser's hoard, nor monarch's throne,
Can stifle cares, or stop the bursting groan.

But, thou! sedate in youth, and early wise,
Whose judgment senates own, and age might prize;
Against the torrent of nice custom led,
Genteel, and with frugality, well bred;
Thy happiness, to which so few advance,
Is the fair work of prudence, not of chance;
Not led by crowds to act or judge amiss,
If ever blest, who blunder into bliss;
Close by their leaders, jogging side by side,
And right or wrong, still govern'd by their guide.

Thy Vote, by power engag'd, nor flattery bought,
The strict result of conscience, and of thought;
In whose fair actions, *Britain* smiles, to view
A love of virtue, and example too;
The dictates of nice honour still obey'd,
Warp'd by no interest, by no passion sway'd;

Factions unskill'd a weakness to impart,
 To awe thy firm, or taint thy upright heart;
 What wicked schemes they plan, or wise design,
 Thy country's friends, and foes, for ever THINE.

View the wide world, and half mankind shall owe
 The noblest gifts they prize, to art or show;
 Whate'er their owners think, their strongest claim,
 To honour, faith, religion, sense and fame!
 Each worth they boast a latent fraud betrays,
 Beauty but *wash*; and shape but nicer *stays*;
 Conscience a *tool*, to work the worst designs,
 And duty — but a *christian* dread of fines:
 The man within is nothing, 'tis the suit,
 Must plead, harangue, fight, reason, and dispute;
 Whose varying parts appear still coarse or fine,
 Just as his rubies weigh, or brilliant shine;
 A rich or plain, a gay or homely dress,
 Shewing our mystic wisdom more or less.
 Cloath but a form in fur, and add a mace,
 The strutting phantom takes a prator's face;

Each

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Each vertue, which the age can boast or feign,
In rows, all hanging from his golden chain!
On a fierce red a deep embroidery sow,
You view it strait into a warrior grow;
And if the coat is rich, and fashion nice,
It rants — and is a general in a trice;
In fields of death, whose sinking courage tir'd,
Is oft again with oils and essence fir'd!
How oft has sound divinity been drawn
From a sage look, and fatten tagg'd to lawn;
From velvet chairs, good sense how oft convey'd,
And scarlet fought, and pious tissue pray'd!
A place at court denotes your parts sublime,
And birth, the absence of each single crime;
Which every worth does to its sons dispense,
Titles and arms produc'd for truth and sense;
With deaths and arrows each rich head-dress fill'd,
The mistress harmless, when her lace has kill'd;
The crowd of victims at her feet who lie,
Slain by her rubies oftner than her eye!

In flaxen curls eternal wit we see,
 Powder, conceit, perfume, strong repertee;
 The bold cockade, the hero's noblest pride,
 And valour, to each daring sword-knot ty'd.
 No other proof is wanting — we believe,
 That poet must have parts — with such a sleeve;
 From his nice cane and box his wit divine,
 Nor doubt his genius — if his buckles shine;
 No vulgar thought requir'd, such stars to chuse,
 So well dispos'd, to glitter on his shoes;
 Which all the winter long their lights display,
 Too large and sultry to be wore in *May*.

Yet live none else beside the *brave* and *fair*,
 Who thrive on vapours, or subsist on air;
 Too many — the most blest on earth who dwell,
 The happy two, who furnish wit, and sell;
 Of heaven and hardships, who not once complain,
 Enrich'd with glory those, and these with gain.
 Ask *V—l—re* how his last new epic took —
 He begs your hand, and smiling on the book,

Devoutly

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Devoutly thanks his * God for its renown,
 The smile of kings, and plaudit of the town ;
 Beyond his hopes, that senates shou'd adore,
 What in a term or less was huddled o'er ;
 Since heaven can witness, that the piece was wrote,
 When half his rules from *Horace* were forgot ;
 Odly compos'd by fits, the learned lays,
 In winter evenings, and on windy days ;
 When now and then he stole away a-nights,
 From peers by stratagem, and garter'd knights ;
 The verse to smoothe, and numbers to refine,
 Oblig'd sometimes, without a duke to dine.
 Yet, what its fate ? — he blushes quite to tell,
 (Tho' trifles often please the age, and sell).
 Such as no curious eye can hardly meet
 In twenty shops, unfold — one single sheet :
 To speed a next impresson all the cry,
 The ink and paper of the first scarce dry.
 To *Tonson* you repair, and ask the price,
 " A guinea, sir ; how small ! for verse so nice ;

* See the *Tale of a Tub*, Chap. 12.

" Such

- " Such strains a nation both adorn and bless,
 " Give fame to realms, and credit to a press:
 " Of twice two thousand printed, you behold,
 " On all my shelves, ten volumes scarce unfold:
 " Credit my word and faith, I have no more,
 " Now twelve — you'll see 'em all gone off by four.
 " While sense and wit are priz'd, these rhimes will last;
 " *Shakespear* and *Pope* went hardly off so fast.
 " This for your self — and if you have a friend,
 " Let him with speed, you see my number, send.
 " The *Queen* her self, if she approves the strain,
 " When these are gone, desires one more in vain.
 " The piece will please you, sir, I make no doubt;
 " Tho' sparing this, some peers must go without."

You pay your guinea, thank him, and depart,
 And find the sheets, next meal, beneath a tart;
 In piles heap'd up in your cook's learn'd abodes,
 With *Caleb's* journals, and with *Cibb's* odes:
 His fires too scorching, to abate their rage,
 And save his fowls; a pullet with a page.

Round ducks and teal, while deathless *Epiques* fry,

Whose authors wou'd not grieve to be as nigh?

In the bright list, whom then shall we admit,

If the gay poet often fails in wit?

Too oft he fails — its mystic nature such,

'Tis lost, if little — nothing — if too much;

When false, like shining bubbles strikes our eyes,

Glittering, like them, the moment that it dies;

Which to the sense appearing strong and fair,

With one soft touch dissolve away in air,

The eye amaz'd, the mirror now retir'd,

To lose so soon the phantom it admir'd.

Wit, to which all advance the same pretence,

Is the strong off-spring of exalted sense:

Fancy and genius o'er its birth preside,

And kind good nature always is its guide;

Which in due limits does her pupil hold,

Restrains when hot; chastises when too bold;

Got loose from this, each owner's pride and boast,

Offending all, it hurts it self the most;

From

A a a

With

With venom tinctur'd, such is still its fate,
 For five that will applaud it, fifty hate;
 Like the drawn sword, which all with terror view,
 'Tis bright indeed, but then 'tis killing too;
 Which does its point to all alike extend,
 Nor in the thrust discovers foe from friend;
 Falshood from truth, the vilest from the best,
 Victims alike, if they assist the jest:
 No difference, if the base or guiltless bleeds,
 If in the laugh the murderer succeeds;
 Part of his impious joy, whose'er is near,
 To raise the blush, or draw the flowing tear.

Of sacred wit wou'dst thou the glory claim,
 More than thy own, regard another's fame;
 Be fond to praise, and cautious to offend,
 Nor in the sprightly lose the upright friend.
 'Tis tyranny, not wit, that throws the dart,
 Where poison rankles round the guiltless heart;
 For every fame and praise whose pen wou'd call,
 Were its keen point not dipt so oft in gall;

From

From vertue's eye less pleas'd to force the tear,
 Delighted less the wretch's sigh to hear;
 The shafts now scattering, with a baleful breath,
 Remorse and anguish, bitterness and death.

When wit then spreads her sails, let reason steer,
 Thro' rocks and shelves direct her vessel clear;
 Still at the helm her sober pilot stand,
 To shape her course, and guide her safe to land;
 Her fire to check, and sallies to restrain,
 And curb her, when too wanton or too vain;
 Her tutor banish'd, fancy boasts a power
 To paint the humid bow without a shower;
 In every line to jumble nice extremes,
 And fill the night with rays, the cloud with beams;
 On every part bestowing equal grace,
 The ear as killing as the eye or face:
 Whose beauteous sallies are her worst disease,
 So fond of pleasing she can never please:
 She has the art, when studious to delight,
 To make the snow both warm as well as white;

In *Scythia's* lawns to shed a rich perfume,
 Make *Lybia* green, and *Africk's* deserts bloom;
 O'er her parch'd globe eternal springs to pour,
 Wak'd by no dews, and cherish'd by no shower.

Give her but leave, harmonious as she sings,
 To mix the motley images of things;
 The pole shall burn beneath too sultry skies,
 And mounting tides to swell the *Caspian* rise;
 In her own thought how wise, and how discreet,
 If truth and falsehood lov'd, and loving meet,
 To smooth the rhyme, and make her strains more sweet.

When *** then in print shall next appear,
 Let *Bradley* teach him, how to paint the year;
 To dress each month, direct his wanton quill;
 His *Aprils* warm us, and *Decembers* chill;
 Let not his springs with summer fruits look gay,
 Nor fragrant *Marab* usurp the sweets of *May*;
 Though his, 'twas never nature's wise intent,
 To give us figs in *June*, and plumbs in *Lent*;

SAT. XLII. *The Manners of the Age.* 565

For autumn to reserve the purest air,
Or cloath the winter in a garb so fair!

Yet who wou'd toil in life to gain a name,
A writer's glory, or a warrior's fame;
In arts to shine, or courage to excel,
When the thin shade of each will do as well?
Pay but the artist; and where'er he dies,
The coward shall be brave, and idiot wife;
The laureat's muse deserve a nation's praise,
And Britain bless him for his odes and plays.
Pistols and pikes around the marble spread,
That scar'd the living, grace the hero dead.
How shall the mimic from the peer be known,
If Bird erects, and * * * adorns the stone?
Who the chaste vestal from the w—e divide,
Bovey and Oldfield, sleeping side by side?
A * midwife's crumbling near great *Holles'* dust,
As rich his marble, and as high his bust?
In reach of death what warrior wou'd be found,
Of each engraver who cou'd buy a wound,

* Dr. Chamberlaine;

More prudent far to let the field alone,
 Conquer in *elegy* — and bleed in *stone*:
 On the gay tomb his acts and triumph wrought,
 Renown'd for battles which he never fought;
 Each vertue which you want, your gold will buy,
 Teach brass to flatter, monuments to lie:
 Let the large fee direct the chissel right,
Charters shall blush, bawds pray, and *W-m* fight;
 Lewd popes in piety the night shall waste,
 Their nuns be virgins, and their monks be chaste:
Craftsmen in place with faith discharge their trust,
 And base in life be upright in the dust:
 No art but this their vertues to display,
 Bribing the tomb to be as false as they!

Yet trophies round his stone, and future fame,
 Are not *Pompilius*' choice, or after-game;
 His pride, while yet alive, to please and shine,
 To sup with knights, with peers to drink and dine:
 In his nice judgment nothing half so dear,
 As pomp and noise, his Lordship's eye and ear;

More

Though

SAT. XIII. *The Manners of the Age.* 567

Though not his own, through spacious walks to roam,
A crowded levee, and a splendid dome;
Freedom, a name, like life we ought to prize;
The gods best gift, for shadows we despise;
Proud of our bondage, boast a servile chain,
And bear a gaudy shame without a pain!
What in return does the gay vassal find,
For life enslav'd, and liberty resign'd
To drink, perhaps, each day on better wine;
To sup on partridge, on ragouts to dine;
Ravish'd with sound, with rapture quite oppress'd,
When treated with a low, or bawdy jest:
Dullness oblig'd in duty to admire,
With smock enchanted, which he takes for fire.

With him, enclin'd or not, you drink and eat,
Shiver in summers, or in winters sweat;
Throwing, if he approves, your cloak away,
In hot *Decembers*, to be wore in *May*;
Oblig'd with him to think, sometimes to swear,
That moist and foggy is the purest air;

Soft

Soft fumes unpleasing, while your well-bred nose
 Sucks sweets from hemlock, poison from the rose; A
 Which with a nauseous scent your nostril strikes,
 No smell approv'd — but what your master likes.
 Say, wretched man! shall pride with madness join,
 Within thy breast to quench that light divine;
 Thy generous heart inspiring to disdain,
 And dread at once the stars ignoble chain;
 When brib'd by fame or honours, to fulfil
 The haughty dictates of another's will;
 To reverence birth, and greatness to adore;
 Thy senses, thoughts and heart — thy own no more!
 But name what mighty gifts thou hast to boast,
 For misery entail'd, and freedom lost?
 A furniture more rich, a pad more sleek;
 A bow, perhaps a visit once a week;
 A nicer quilt, a couch of softer down,
 To share by turns, a tyrant's smile and frown!
 That liberty no more thy great delight,
 For which our troops contend, and navies fight;

Thy

SAT. XIII. *The Manners of the Age.* 569

Thy peace, and thy content each wretched hour,
 The alms, and bounty of another's power!
 With smiles how often forc'd to hide the smart,
 And stifled woes, that swell and burst thy heart!
 The steed he spurs, more unconfin'd and free,
 And less his property and slave — than thee!

What looks of proud contempt does *Paulus* throw,
 Lofty himself, on all the mean below!
 Thinks heaven, who cast the common mould, to blame,
 That knights and peasants shou'd have much the same;
Davus who waits, born with as many hands,
 And feet and eyes — as *Paulus* who commands!

With him, all low born merit is a jest,
 Unless improv'd by honour, and a crest,
 Lord of that worth his great forefathers lent,
 Valiant by blood, and witty by descent;
 Who now resolv'd to be a chief of note,
 Selects his glories from his uncle's coat;
 His courage to assert, and wisdom prove,
 Good vouchers brings — his *Gules* and *Bends* above.

Ask him, what acts of his that *Lion* bought;
 He tells you, at *Poitiers* his grandfires fought:
 And tho' no *Gallic* foe he ever saw,
 He claims their fame — as *the next heir at law*,
 Which does each worth into his heart instill,
 Transmitted to him, like his lands, by will;
 That by entail secur'd, for ever run,
 Direct, and lineal down, from sire to son,
 Fully convinc'd, for want of nobler blood,
 That *Laches* has no title to be good;
 The sage quite bold, when honour'd with a trust,
 To dare without a 'scutcheon to be just;
 Whose virtues, all indeed might well admire,
 Had he but chose himself a better fire;
 The world's derision now, and publick scorn,
 Suffering himself to be so meanly born.

Bellair, nor whig nor tory, high nor low,
 For king, nor court — and no man's friend or foe,
 In a calm indolence of heart does live,
 Which nothing can oblige, and nothing grieve!

Let our ships swim at home, retire or fight,
 Whate'er they do, our captains still are right;
 Whose sleep is sweet, and bosom feels no pain,
 Whatever flag, or lord, controuls the main.
 Whether the statesmen we send o'er to *France*,
 Bring o'er a peace, a fashion, or a dance;
 In the wise sages conduct nothing wrong,
 Whate'er we gain — a treaty or a song:
 For nice in judgment, he exactly knows,
 The number of our blessings and our woes;
 And each compar'd with each, not once complains,
 Content to take our losses with our gains.
 Let vertue pine, our schemes not meet success,
 " Have we one tumbler, or one tune the less?
 'Tradesmen in credit, and in wealth decay,
 " Who ever knew the *British* court more gay?
 At creeds let *Osborn* sneer, and *Tindal* jest,
 " Our anticks, and our fiddlers are the best,
 Tho' few in temples now their God adore,
 " For their thin pews the theatres have more:

And who can think that country in the wrong,

" Sinking in faith — if she excels in song,

Let others grieve church doctrines are not found,

" While nymphs are wholesome still, and w—res abound:

A little hard to moan all virtue fled,

" When wines were rich last year, both white and red,

To fight, for now and then a luckless chance,

" When *Britain* still has boxes, dice and dance.

What, though our good old faith no more we view,

" When kind free-thinkers bless us with a new,

" Which nor in scripture nor in reason found,

" *Bellair* has hopes, may saving be, and found,

" Oblige the court, and ladies full as well,

" Foes to all cruel creeds that mention hell?"

Is it for fame or feed pert atheists write,

To pay a debt, or to be deem'd polite?

Of all the sins by man committed, thirst

And hunger, two the greatest and the worst,

No heavy guilt, like that of being cold,

On scraps to feed, in garrets to grow old:

Wife,

Wife, against faith and canons to dispute,
 If blasphemy will buy a better suit;
 Impiety discharge a doctor's fees,
 And fold the rabbies in a warmer freeze!
 Who, though believing may be often good;
 Wou'd think it better if it yielded food;
 That church, in their opinion purest found,
 Whose faith is savoury too, as well as sound.
 Macer wou'd own a God, and dread a hell,
 Like gainful unbelief, did scripture sell;
 The power he now derides wou'd learn to fear,
 Were *miracles* like lyes and legends dear:
 And who can blame the sage, in judgment nice
 Blaspheming yields of late so good a price;
 Like callicoes, by fraud and stealth brought o'er,
 Because forbid, which please the town the more:
 He likes a faith that reck'nings will defray,
 And only leaves his God for better pay;
 A choice, in his opinion, more discreet,
 To laugh at heaven, than quiver in the street:

By rich prophaneness nicely cloath'd and fed,
 And wisely wicked, *for his daily bread;*
 Burlesquing creeds, with no ill thoughts, each year,
 To keep his parts in play, and tradesmen clear;
 To shew from *Blunt* what wisdom he can glean,
 And what his skill, when pushing at a *Dean*;
 Give him a quart at ten, a chop at two,
Jesus, and all his wonders shall be true;
 In falsehoods who would never waste his ink,
 If truth would find him diet, drams, and drink:
 Starving on this, he fattens on a cheat;
 Few folks can reason well, but all must eat:
 In the short circle of one changing moon,
 Priest, quaker, critick, deist, and buffoon;
 The letter now, and now the type a jest,
 Just as the stews and taverns lik'd it best.

With learn'd *Free Britons*, what has heaven to do,
 Who their own bliss, by their own light pursue?
 No saint, and no apostle, ever chose,
 Amongst the members that their house compose;

Who

Who faith and fable piously forfake,
 And own no laws but what their leaders make.
 'Twou'd be a scandal to their learned ink,
 Should *Bibles* teach free-thinkers how to think;
 To fages, dreaming saints point out the way,
 Or prophets venture to be wise as they;
 Who reason, for their great director use,
 Still in the right whatever path they chuse,
 In vain against their faith old laws to quote,
 Enacting which, heaven never had their vote;
 Since *Magna Charta* does all subjects free
 From statutes they themselves did not decree.
 Entirely right, dark musty schemes forsaking;
 For gospels never were of *Tindal's* making;
 Forg'd to amuse the dull, or lead the blind,
 And thus impos'd can ne'er oblige or bind.

Alonzo, with no puzzling doubts perplex,
 Can find out truth and heaven without a text;
 No creed or canon in the search admits,
 For how shou'd deities know more than wits?

Too.

Too bold, for knowledge to prescribe a rule,
 Or wisdom, to instruct the letter'd fool;
 Of his own parts and imperfections proud,
 A foe to light — and ravish'd with a cloud,

When villany well lash'd he does espy,
W—lt—er, the rogue tho' nameless, cries, 'tis I—
 No venom in th' unmeaning verse is seen,
 Whoe'er applies the censure, makes it keen;
 With passion if you read the poem o'er,
 The poet then has touch'd some secret sore:
 Guilt only can be angry with the rhyme,
 For he that damns the satire owns the crime.
 From your own breast the shaft will glide away,
 No wound its point inflict, or dread convey;
 If generous, upright, friendly, brave, and true,
 You know no reason why the arrow flew:
 Its random rage your solid virtue flights,
 Of power, to ward the blow, where-e'er it lights;
 Whose steel the impious bosom only gauls,
 There entering deep, it festers where it falls.

At atheists then if you let fly your wit,
 And *Fuscus* is an atheist — he is hit;
 Why shou'd he own the picture, yet accuse,
 For drawing it so like, the honest muse?
 He sees the features just, the image true,
 Yet damns the pen which so exactly drew.
 At his pert satire then no longer grieve,
 Whose wit is lost — if thou canst but believe;
 For then, uninjur'd by the ridicule,
 Glancing from thee, it gauls some other fool.

His spleen to quell *Paulinus* scarce has power,
 Hearing his preacher idly waste an hour;
 To modern truths opposing ancient dreams,
 And *Hebrew* plans to *Britain's* learned schemes;
 Although, perhaps, the old one may be right,
 He loves a faith more decent and polite;
 Favouring clean systems that are neat and new,
 And such as heaven and *Moses* never knew;
 That build a world without almighty pains,
 And drown'd it, after, without help of rains;

For who wou'd tire a Godhead to create,
 The work much better done by *Hobbs* and *fate*;
 Whose brisk *effluvia's* mount, and dull descend,
 No need of deities one orb to mend.

Pity, with stale conceits his patron vex,
 The priest from *Burnet* does not chuse his text;
 Whose learn'd harangue the audience sure must fire,
 With wonder fill, and pious thoughts inspire;
 Cou'd he each Sunday touch each ravish'd ear,
 With *Galileo's* glass, or *Tycho's* sphere;
 The warmest passion piety e'er felt,
 Infus'd by *Jove's* *Satellites*, *Saturn's* belt:
 His flock in tears, to hear him talk an hour,
 Of the earth's motion, and the magnet's power;
 What gives to eastern skies their rich perfumes,
 And in what latitude *Elisium* blooms,
 Wou'd the dull sermon save one single soul,
 Without a circle, center, line or pole?
 No systems urg'd devotion to encrease,
 No theories — to puzzle, and to please;

Where the glad audience for salvation seek,
 As pleasing almost to their ears — as *Greek*;
 No quoted proofs from *English* authors good —
 What the pretence? — because they're understood.

A different talent is to *B—rg—s* lent,
 To rescue souls, and make the bad repent;
 Boasting new arts, when *Satan* does detain
 His saints in slavery, how to break the chain;
 Who all, with horror struck, must hate their sins,
 When the gay preacher with a smile begins;
 Whose hearts he oft has soften'd, sometimes broke,
 To deep contrition melted — by a joke;
 Feeling, with dread, their conscious bosom swell,
 The preacher quibbling on the pains of hell;
 Who thanks his God, now better understood,
 That people own at last — his jests are good.
 How wou'd their piety his passion raise,
 Shou'd they repent, and yet forget to praise?
 With dulness, or ingratitude how curst,
 To bless their preacher last, and Maker first!

A vertue to grow wise, but something more,
The tongue that taught 'em wisdom to adore;
At whose petition pardoning the distress,
His God has half the praise — and he the rest.

How few, misled by error, or by pride,
E'er chuse to follow nature for their guide?
Who, when she reads each crude production o'er,
Pities the fool, and bids him print no more;
Who, deaf to her sage counsels, in meer spite
Of sense, will argue, and of genius, write:
All have their different talents, and they find
What feats they chuse — the muscles of the mind;
By their own choice to sure destruction led,
Less on their hands relying than their head:
Some in the pulpit, at the bar, unprais'd;
The friendly oar, or anvil, might have rais'd;
Others been wealthy — but their trade mistook,
Left the kind chissel for a fatal book;
What fame has — lost, now quite undone,
Chusing to work in verse instead of stone?

Who.

SAT. XIII. *The Manners of the Age.* 581

Who twice a day in plenty might have fed,
Had he not trusted to a muse for bread,
Mistook his parts, and thought it less genteel,
To live without a laurel than a meal:
Learn then thy genius to discern in time,
Sell laces, lobsters — any thing but rhyme;
Though *Phæbus* and the muses are thy foes,
Starving in verse, thou yet may'st thrive in prose;
Like bankrupt tradesmen, who by fates command,
Grow rich by sea, who must have begg'd by land.
'Tis luxury and ease that taint the mind,
The poor and wretched seldom mad or blind;
Seldom for gay impiety renown'd,
Who with spare diet keep their senses sound.
A lopt off limb has made the patient whole,
And the maim'd body often cur'd the soul;
Agues, the best physicians, which command
The soul to tremble, while they shake the hand;
Acting at each return a double part,
Make pale the visage, and alarm the heart.

Orlando,

Orlando, long polite, sincerely griev'd
 For each dull fool, who heaven or hell believ'd;
 A fever seiz'd him, while the burning fit
 Remain'd, his fools had each a share of wit,
 The next return more fully clear'd his eyes,
Collins was then an ass, and *Sherlock* wife;
 To thought and reason had a fair pretence,
 And though a parson, had his share of sense.
 Again relapsing, his enlighten'd mind
 In faith grew vigorous, as his strength declin'd;
 Scriptures and creeds now both begin to please,
 So good a casuist is a learn'd disease;
 Till now convinc'd at last, and thinking right,
 His third kind sickness cur'd the patient quite.

What made *Orlando* his old *maxims* quit;
 A reasoning, or a wiser shaking fit?
 Which argued best, his powders or his brain,
 His pills, or dread — gives *Tranio's* heart no pain;
 His sorrow from another source begins,
 Taxes with him the worst of *British* sins;

Not much perplex'd, where souls hereafter dwell,
 Were his lands clear, and oaks wou'd better sell;
 We own the justice of his woe — but still
 Has he for this retrench'd his vint'ner's bill?
 More frugal now, abated his excess,
 Contented with one dish, or bottle less.
 Do *Britain's* debts at courts, or balls appear,
 Tho' every hour of duns she lives in fear,
 Sparkles one jewel less in *Thais's* ear?
 Or, has her lessning train, or splendor told,
 That last *Judy* her lord's last wood was sold?
 Who, by her chariot, which she bought of late,
 Cou'd ever guess, 'twas purchas'd with her plate?
 That her best ruby was for *Mecklin* fled,
 Or, that she robb'd her ear to please her head?
 (The brilliant, beauteous once upon her breast,
 Decking some broker's wife on sundays dress,)
 Unpaid her sempstress, and her laceman's bill,
 For whisk and ombre she has guineas still.

Our wants but serve to make our prudence less,
 Our poverty conceal'd by our excess;
 Which modern wisdom has no way to hide,
 But by gay luxury and scenes of pride;
 Covering with greater pomp our meanness o'er,
 As Casks, when emptied, always sound the more!
 Acting that * *Roman's* part, who chose to throw
 His loaves, when strait besieg'd, against the foe,
 To give the *Gaul* a proof how well they fed,
 Tho' half his troops then pin'd for want of bread.
 How hard the task, to make the proud believe,
 The sad can sorrow, or the wretched grieve?
Valgius lives well, does no one want sustain,
 Ne'er knew a hardship, scarce e'er felt a pain;
 And wonders, as he walks the streets, to view,
 That all he meets are not as merry too!
 Amaz'd with tears they shou'd their cheeks bedew,
 For wants and sufferings which he never knew;
 How can mankind, says he, with hunger pine?
 " At ten I always sup, at two I dine ;

* *Manlius Capitolinus.*

"Murmur at fate and fortune, since I find
"Their gifts still flowing, and each power still kind?"

Can birth or pride attend the pris'ner's groan,
The wretch's sadness or the captive's moan?
In the deep anguish kindly bear a part,
Pour'd from the pensive eye, or throbbing heart?
Extend a smile, when sadness breathes a prayer,
To worth in pain, or virtue in despair?
Who no one sorrow of the mourner feels,
Deaf to the sighs of misery, when it kneels.
'Tis not enough that *Valgius* self is blest,
Unless the mean and wretched are his jest;
Part of his impious bliss it wou'd destroy,
What he partakes, cou'd you or I enjoy:
In human woes, whose eye a pleasure meets,
As bees, from poisonous herbs, extract their sweets.
Tho' seeming pleas'd, 'tis faintly we commend
The virtues, or the merits of a friend;
The cheek, at his success, oft taught to feign
A smile, which stings the terror'd heart with pain;

Whose fame, like *Egypt's* mystic cloud is made,
Which throws a light on him, on us a shade:
Those honours, which possess by him we view,
Pride whispering, tells us, are by right our due.
Let others then the fav'rite's worth adore,
Each man knows one man else, who merits more:
One real joy, howe'er, our heart wou'd bless,
Cou'd we behold his fame, or fortune less;
The glory of a friend we prize, decline,
Or like our own, with fainter lustre shine.

The task is o'er; proud poet ask thy heart,
Can satire there transfix no rankling dart?
Glow not thy breast with sparks of latent pride,
Wise to thy self, and weak to all beside;
Nourish'd with hopes, by phantoms richer made,
Fond of delusions, panting after shade?
Hast thou no folly that demands thy quill,
No vice to mark, or vanity to kill?
No passion to indulge, or spleen to ease,
Nursing, instead of health, some dear disease?

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Self-love, with smiles, has taught thee to endure,

Which reason can't remove, or satire cure!

Thy pen, does virtue or ill nature guide,

Fond of thy own, to lash all faults beside?

A scorn of baseness, or a thirst of fame,

Inspire thy rage, and help thee to declaim?

The verse that pertly does the world deride,

The Dictates not of pity but of pride.

Take then the wreath, with smiles which I resign;

The world's each praise, each fault and frailty mine!

The muse gives up the fame the many boast,

Severe to all, who hurts her poet most.

His own lov'd follies he who first disclaims,

Some mercy must deserve, whoever blames;

The object of mankind's compassion lives,

Dying himself, by the same wound he gives.

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